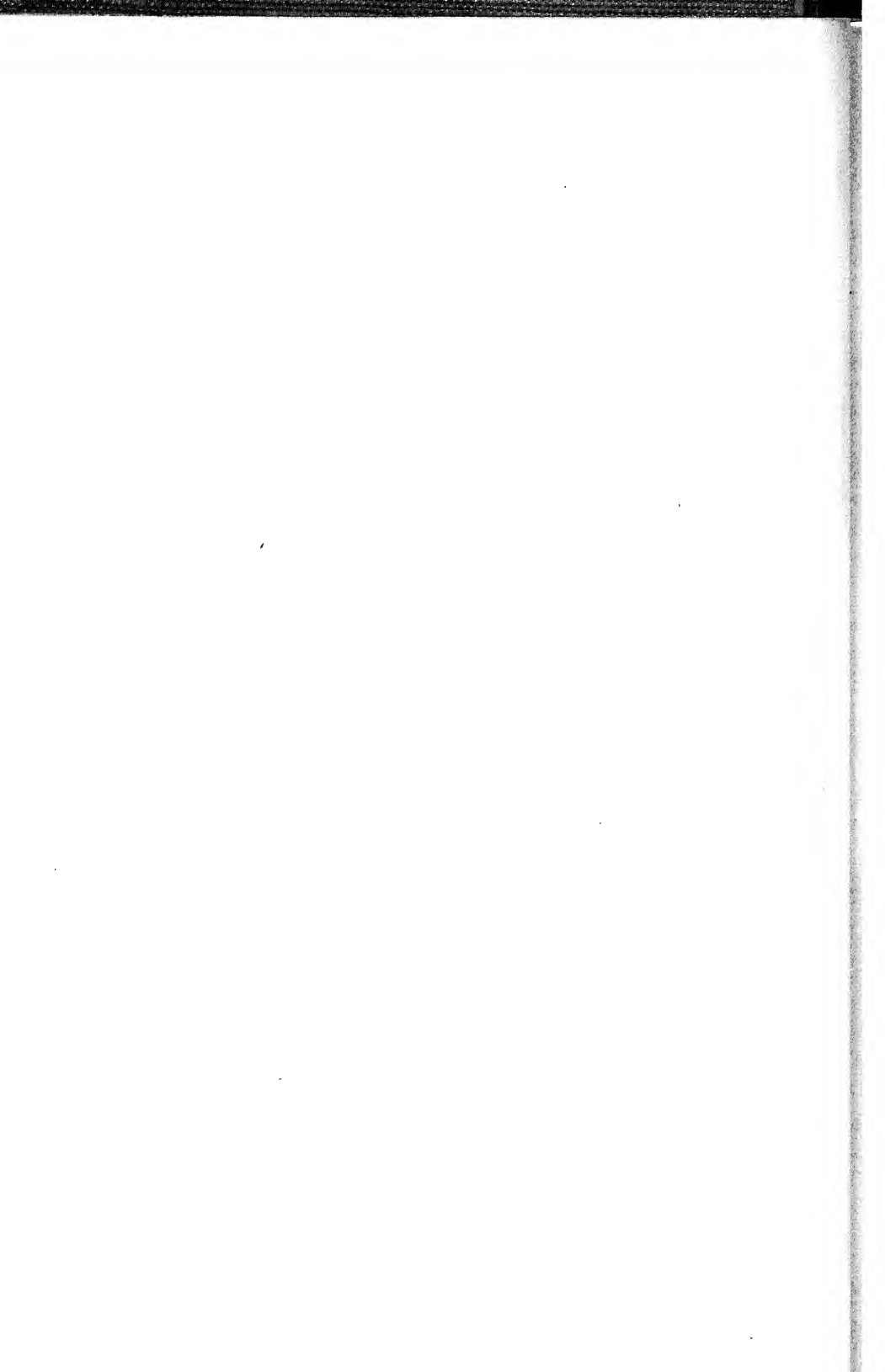


The
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CURT SACHS

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STYLE IN THE FINE ARTS
MUSIC AND THE DANCE



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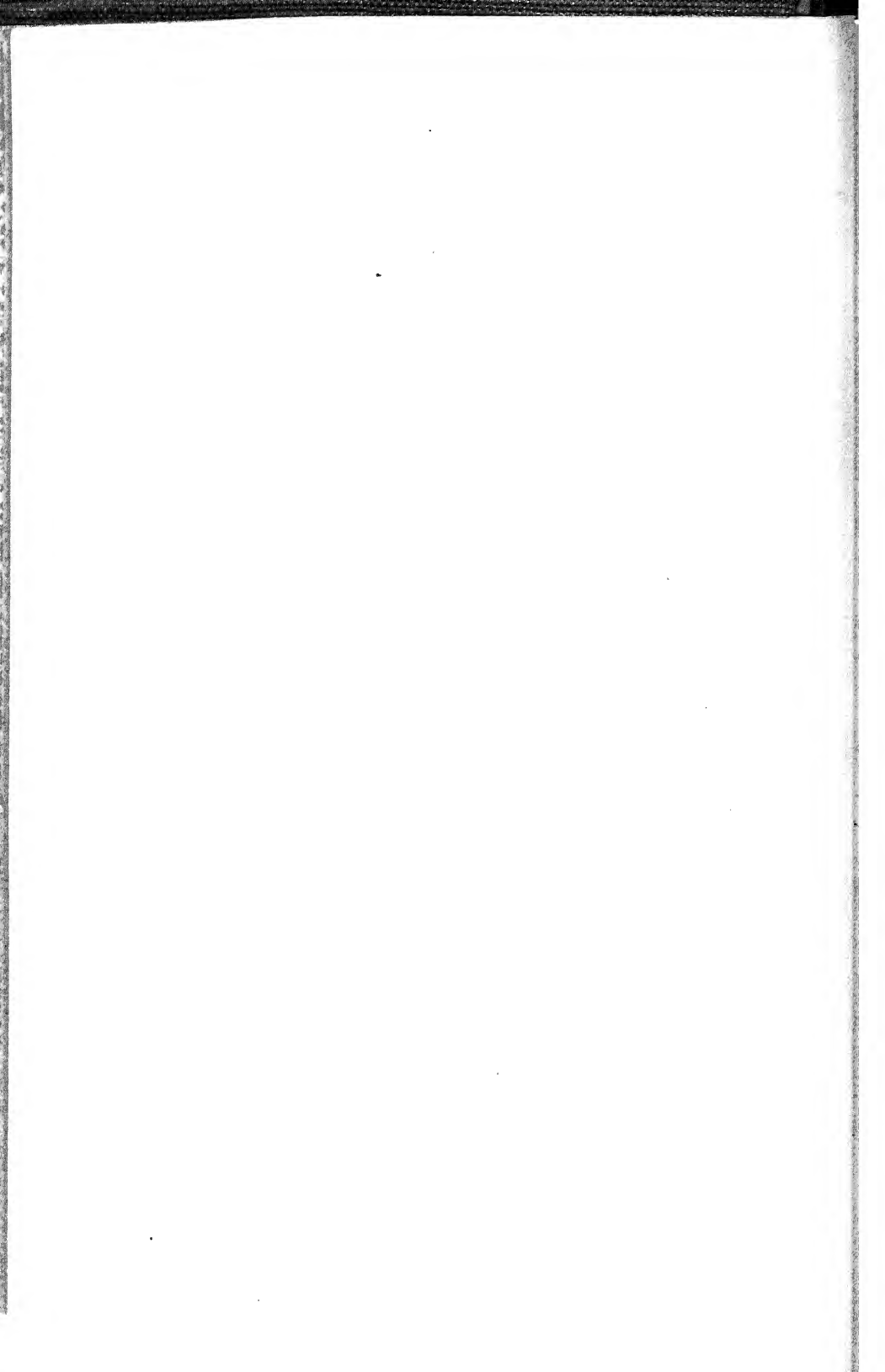
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Just as carefully as the pedant secludes his special learning from all other branches of knowledge, the philosopher strives to enlarge its domain and to re-establish their union. I say: to re-establish. Only abstract reasoning has built the partitions between the arts. The philosophical mind unites where the pedant parts. He is convinced that in the provinces of both the intellect and the senses all things are linked together, and in his desire for synthesis he cannot content himself with fragments.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER (1789)

संस्कृत) राजपुत्रस्य लक्षणवर्णनम्

Introduction

THE COMMONWEALTH OF ART, the life and the concurrence of all individual arts under a common law and fate, is not a vain, utopian wish, to be realized only in a distant future. It has been a reality, an inevitable fact from the very outset of civilization. From whatever different sensations the arts may derive, from touch or vision or hearing—on to whatever the artists may project their visions, on statues or murals or melodies—they are one in spirit and meaning. They are as different and as one as the parts of the body with which a man expresses his glee and grief, his hope and despair: the bright or saddened eyes, the speaking gesture of eloquent hands, the cheerful or listless sound of the voice. They all, though controlled by different physiological systems, obey one motor impulse under one will or reflex. The arts, like gesture and speech, are expressions of man; they confirm and corroborate, in their own individual ways, what their sister arts reflect: man's emotive reaction to stimuli from without and within.

The artists themselves have not hesitated to profess the unity of art. Fifteen hundred years back, in the brilliant Gupta period of India (4th–6th century), painters expressly derived their art from dancing, and the dancers theirs from music. Vitruvius, the Roman, urged architects to make themselves familiar with melody and rhythm. Johann Reichardt, *Kapellmeister* to the court of Berlin around 1800, discussed the crescendo and decrescendo of the Mannheim orchestra as giving “a darker or a lighter shade to the whole coloring” and, in almost the same words, Dr. Charles Burney, musical sight-seer from England, characterized in 1773 the Mannheim

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achievement "as new colors—the colors in music having their shades as colors like red or blue have them in painting." And more than a hundred years later, Vincent van Gogh felt so strongly the sameness of painting and music that he eventually persuaded an old organist to teach him the elements of piano playing so he might better support his parallels.

Reichardt's and Burney's metaphors are not exceptions. Language often has freely borrowed appropriate words from the vocabulary of some other art whenever the terminology of one of the arts is defective; this very shifting to and fro acknowledges the close relationship between the basic qualities of either art. Melody is often said to describe a 'line' or a 'curve,' which might be 'smooth' or 'jagged'; orchestration gives 'color,' and the orchestrator has a more or less well-assorted 'palette.' Painters, on the other hand, have or have not 'tone'; a painting with much light is 'high' in 'key' or 'pitch,' and one with little light is 'low.' To such metaphors, which liken and unify the worlds of music and painting, language has added a number of semimetaphors which, making one forget that they have been transferred from art to art, bear witness to the existence of a common stock of qualities from which all arts are built, as: form and structure, symmetry, rhythm, color, clearness, movement, and numberless others.

Thus, inadvertently we often speak of what is dormant deep in our consciousness: that the basic forces at the bottom of art do not change whether we build, carve, paint, or compose.

This book, however, has no room for superficial comparisons or for the doubtful synesthesias in which some people associate colors, vowels, notes, tonalities, and even odors. Its purpose is to show that, and how, all arts unite in one consistent evolution to mirror man's diversity in space and time and the fate of his soul.

It also should be made clear from the very beginning that such an essay is little concerned with single personalities. Immeasurably

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strong as the importance and influence of individuals may be, the master, even the lonely genius, is never quite free from the bounds of his time and his nation; and while the things he has to say are greater, wider, deeper than those of lesser men, he says them in a language shaped by the anonymous, impalpable forces of ages and peoples. Indeed, the Himalayas can exist without Mount Everest, and the Sierra Nevadas without Mount Whitney, but Everest and Whitney could not be without their mountain ranges.

It has been essentially the fatal "tyranny of words" that precludes a full awareness of the unity of art history or even favors the isolation of the arts. As Mephistopheles sarcastically says to Faust:

*Im ganzen haltet euch an Worte,
So geht ihr durch die sichere Pforte
Zum Tempel der Gewissheit ein.*

Which might in English be:

Altogether stick to words,
Then you will slip through the gate
Of the temple of certainty.

One of the most momentous of these tyrannic words has been *style*.

The Greek word *stylos* literally means the writer's graver that scratched the letters in the wax tablets which served instead of paper in ancient Greece. Hence it figuratively denotes his personal mode of expression as Emerson's 'pen' or Rembrandt's 'burin' or Whistler's 'brush' denote the distinctive manners of the three men. In modern times, the conception of style has been expanded and used not only in literature but also in architecture, and was at last conferred upon all art, including the stage, the dance, and music.

Style, then, stands for the distinctive qualities of a certain group of art works, no matter what common traits have made it a group. It might describe the creations of one individual master and his followers—Palestrina's style or even Beethoven's last style; that of a whole generation or two—Louis Quatorze style; of a nation—

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Flemish style; of like-minded artists—Romanticism; or even of some special pattern and technique—symphonic style.

Yet, the general public, under the fatal spell of a word, is still connecting the notion 'style' by preference with terms that once denoted successive phases of building only: Classic, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque; they think of ancient columns, round and pointed arches, and gilded ornaments. They have been reluctant to share in the gradual expansion of these notions beyond the range of architecture, though they no longer hesitate to call the Chartres statues Gothic sculpture; the murals in Italian *palazzi*, Renaissance painting; the cabinets made in the seventeenth century, Baroque furniture.

The wider scope of these and other terms has been momentous; it implies the spiritualization of a once purely formal concept of style. If statues can be called Gothic, then Gothic is not just a pile of ogives, pinnacles, and flying buttresses; if Boucher's erotic canvases are Rococo, Rococo must be more than pierced shellwork and profuse decoration in curved lines. Style, it follows, cannot be defined in a few handy terms of architecture. It actually is the configuration of spiritual qualities that a certain man or age or country has created as the effigy of a certain will and emotion; and the easy characteristics that the handbooks teach are nothing but their outer marks.

Once we have shifted the focus from outer form and technique to the spiritual sources of style, we can no longer confine the field of view to architecture, sculpture, painting, and the minor arts. Will not the longing, mood, and character of living men in a particular age or place express themselves in music and the dance at least as well as in a carved chest of drawers or an illuminated Bible? Indeed, will not such expression be more spontaneous and powerful in these two arts, where matter and time do not interfere between the first impulse and the ultimate shape?

The question sounds almost rhetorical, and the expected answer

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seems to be a trite truism. And yet, when the author, from 1918 on, professed the unity of art history, he met with more resistance than encouragement. He was told by specialists (one did it "as a man and a Christian") to keep away from such dangerous, futile speculations and stick to music. Which is indeed much simpler.

One of the reasons so many people are not willing or able to see this unity is that, by nature or training, they are exclusively 'visual' or exclusively 'auditive' (not to mention those in whom no sense is properly developed). Because of this lack of balance, they are unfit to compare and to take their bearings by weighing similitude and dissimilitude—which after all is the basic form of all scientific reasoning—and they grasp the differences between the worlds of the eye and the ear more readily than their conformities. These aesthetic isolationists present us time and again with the old materialistic argument that music has developed according to immanent laws of its own and should be spared "false analogies" with other arts. So far, nobody has ever cared to show what these mysterious laws are like. Nor have their attorneys realized that, in establishing a self-sufficient, autonomous music history in which some symphony stems from some other symphony in virgin birth, they lead the catastrophic way to severing music from man and music history from the evolution of the human mind. This should not happen.

Rightfully, Erich Kahler says in *Man the Measure* (1943): "The autonomy of special departments of human activity is a disastrous phenomenon of modern times, and to extend the dividing lines backward into former ages is a falsifying interpretation of history. These fields developed as functions of man; their history is the history of their changing significance for man" (p. 25). And further on: Learning "will only be able to halt the growing process of specialization into fields that are increasingly losing connection with one another, if it accepts the artistic, philosophical principle of inner coherence and the trend toward a common order" (p. 517).

To be sure, comparison baiters will have the undoubted advantage of eluding the pitfalls of oversystematization and pedantry that lurk behind methodical reasoning. But they inevitably lapse into a com-

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plete negation of organic, meaningful growth—that is, into anarchy, indeed, into nihilism.

Damage almost greater than that done by the antiparallelists was caused when Friedrich Nietzsche, without denying a parallel development of the arts, spoiled the lawfulness of this parallelism by a wanton disregard of logic and historical facts: he seriously implied that music has always hobbled two hundred years behind the visual arts.

Many a naïve mind took this casual remark for gospel truth, and more than one delighted in elaborating on it. Indeed, not so long ago a German architect, Karl Weidle, author of a little book on *Bauformen in der Musik* (Kassel, 1925), tried to convince his public that Palestrina was an exponent of Romanesque architecture, Heinrich Schütz—after five hundred years!—of early Gothic, and Bach of central and late Gothic, and that Liszt was a Rococo master.

Whoever believes in pronunciamientos of such profundity must conclude that Bartók, Schönberg, and Stravinsky have at long last given an adequate musical expression to Louis Quatorze's courtly splendor and to Zinzendorf's sentimental pietism, while the actual chief composer to the *roi soleil*, François Couperin, ought to have lived in the times of Luther and Francis I; that Palestrina, so obviously misplaced in the time of the counterreformation by a stubborn law of nature, should better have provided the musical illustration for Boccaccio's *Decamerone*; and that, by right, Strauss should have performed *Salome*, *Electra*, and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* at the court of the first king of Prussia and of Queen Sophie Charlotte in Charlottenburg, not in William II's Royal Opera.

The reader should not smile. This is not exacting more of him than do the two misconceptions that gave birth to Nietzsche's hobbling theory: namely, that the Renaissance could conquer music only in 1600 instead of in 1400, and that Johann Sebastian Bach wrote Gothic music.

The Renaissance in 1600? Indeed, toward that year did not a

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literary circle in Florence support the aesthetics of the latest music with copious quotations from Plato, most Grecian of all Greeks, and did not its members believe the newly created forms of the recitative and the opera to be a faithful renaissance of ancient melody and drama?

The fact is correct but the interpretation naïve. Western scholarship has in all times been based on Greek and Latin studies, in the Middle Ages and in recent centuries as well as in the Renaissance. And if quotations from Plato and Aristotle were conclusive, all post-Greek Europe would have lived in a continuous renaissance. Actually, the musical Renaissance began exactly at the same time in which the Renaissance in the fine arts started, however one wants to date this beginning. The following cross sections will give the proof. It set in when the spirit of balance, strictness, limpidity outweighed the intense, eccentric freedom of Gothic music; when modern harmony replaced medieval counterpoint; when the judgment of the ear became supreme; when texts, in a truly humanistic spirit, were respected as never before; when composers followed the Greeks in imposing poetical meters on their melodies.

Imaginative listeners endowed Bach, in his turn, with the misleading epithet of a Gothic straggler. Overwhelmed by his grandeur, archaic language, and piled-up polyphony, such listeners found themselves reminded of the grandeur, archaic language, and piled-up architecture of the great cathedrals in whose shadows they happened to live. They did not even know that the German Baroque as a whole—and not by any means just its music—was in spirit very close to the last style of the Gothic, so close that in the lifetime of Bach a few churches were actually built in the Gothic style, which proves just the opposite of the point to be proved.

In a similar way, some writers have likened Mozart to Raphael probably because, since both the artists died in their middle thirties, they embody the pathetic idea of youthful, unfinished mastership, and such scholars see Beethoven and Michelangelo as "struggling titans." Such comparisons are feasible no doubt. But they rest on mere impressions which of necessity are dim, incomplete, arbitrary,

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and open to the contradictions of adversaries who insist, not on common traits, but upon the differences that the comparer had failed to take into account. And for all these reasons, they are more entertaining than elucidating. Goethe was right when, in his *Theory of Color*, he commented on Johann Leonhard Hoffmann's *Versuch einer Geschichte der malerischen Harmonie* (1786) that such a train of thought "can amuse us only in as far as we play with certain vague similarities and, dropping one, seizing another, and so on, skilfully teeter hither and thither."

Vague resemblance or dim reminder will not do. Nothing but strictly methodical analysis can show that each generation has shaped its cathedrals, statues, paintings, and symphonies in the image of its will and dream exactly as emotion will shape at once the features, speech, and gestures of a man, to indicate one mood, one act.

In this analysis, we must not forget that, between the arts of space and time, there is the art that lives at once in space and time:

Hence with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame.

Soame Jenyns, *The Art of Dancing*, 1730

Even fashions, however erratic they seem, must not be omitted where the topic is taste and expression. Not before can we create the ideal history of art.

So comprehensive a history is not only more complete but also more unequivocal than the histories of individual arts. Just as we find in a man's gesture the confirmation of his words and vice versa, so the various arts confirm and elucidate each other's trends and those of their ages and nations. The history of the fine arts has the advantage of an older standing and the plain perceptibility of its objects. But the history of music (and to a certain degree the history of the dance) contributes its sharper contours: while there have always been reliefs, statues, and murals, which do not as such belong to any definite stylistic group, music has developed in clean-

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cut types—motets, fugues, sonatas—which, more precisely staked off in their lifetime, nationality, and social conditions than any form of sculpture or painting, leave no doubt of their stylistic relationships.

The three parts of this book are planned to sketch the scope and outline of such a comprehensive history. Part I, An Outline of Comparative Art History, gives not yet a true history but, as the initial step, a chronological sequence of cross sections, which co-ordinate the fine arts, music, and the dance of an age, with side glances at fashions and poetry. Part II, on The Nature of Style, tries to create an adequate terminology and to gain insight into the fundamentals that such co-ordination has in the ever-changing mind of man. Only then, Part III, on The Fate of Style, can lay bare a few of the hidden laws that rule the gigantic pageant of art history. It shows that neither the current trivial conception of eternal 'progress' to an ever greater mastership holds true nor—as readers of Part I might mistakenly suspect—the pessimistic idea of an eternal marking time on the same spot, in the sense of the resigned adage of the French: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—the more things change, the more they are the same.

The Fate of Style, on the contrary, shows that the reversals from generation to generation are only parts of similar, larger reversals and that these latter, in their turn, are embodied in reversals, similar again, but of gigantic size. This eternal recurrence of general trends appears to be the inevitable law. But within the law, the style of art, man's truest mirror, has unlimited freedom and never repeats itself; just as man, within his human bounds, is never the same. "*Die Natur schafft ewig neue Gestalten; was da ist, war noch nie*"—Incessantly, nature creates unprecedented configurations; whatever lives, did not exist before. So Goethe said and to the pessimistic words of the French we oppose their optimistic inversion: *Plus c'est la même chose, plus cela change*—the more things are the same, the more they change.

INTRODUCTION

There is no marking time or standing still. Nor is there a restless progress that aims at final, utopian perfectness and leaves to furnace and pickaxe all the once beautiful, now superseded, works of the past. But there is something better than progress: a ceaseless, ever-new adaptation of art to the changing needs of man. And in such adaptation, art slowly uncovers one by one the inexhaustible potentialities of human senses and souls, to which we bow in wonder and awe.

Writing such a book means incurring serious dangers. For it rests on the interpretation of facts, and no author can ever hope to elude the reproach of having misinterpreted the facts for the sake of his theory. Alas, the history of art, like all humanities, discusses the freedom and fancy of man and not the rigid laws of nature, from which the scientist derives irrefutable proofs. But then, in the physical world, too, only details, and nothing but details, can be proved. The ultimate conception of the universe and its forces has changed from age to age and remains no less debatable than any conception of the nature and fate of style in the commonwealth of art.

This is a solace, if a negative one, in the face of the fallacies of interpretation. The author has found another, positive encouragement in Walter Pater's memorable words, that "theories which bring into connection with each other modes of thought and feeling, periods of taste, forms of art and poetry, which the narrowness of men's minds constantly tends to oppose to each other, have a great stimulus for the intellect, and are almost always worth understanding."

PART ONE

An Outline of
Comparative Art History



Introduction

By lengthening the historic perspective, one gains power to throw off the partialities and relativities of one's immediate society; likewise, by facing the totality of human experience, one becomes aware of elements that the fashion or habit of one's own particular epoch may arbitrarily have neglected: archaic elements, primal elements, irrational elements, neglected mutation and concealed survivals, often overlooked by the wise in their too narrow wisdom.

LEWIS MUMFORD, *The Condition of Man*, 1944.

THE IDEAL HISTORY of art should embrace all arts. It cannot reveal the essential issues unless it shows and compares the simultaneous reactions in every field of artistic activity. The ideal history of art should not be a collection of monographs, in which the individual arts or even the individual branches of one art are separately treated. Nor should it deal with the various nations one by one, unless they travel on byways rather than on the highways of Western civilization. All monograph collections disintegrate history and distort its perspective.

Nor is it advisable to organize the material in all too vast expanses of time. Centuries as means of chronology falsify the facts because they seldom coincide with spiritual revolutions; and conventional stylistic epochs, such as Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque, wrong the often so much more vital developments in shorter periods and take for granted the very slogans that every new approach to history ought to challenge.

OUTLINE OF COMPARATIVE ART HISTORY

The following short outline is based on the lifetimes of individual generations, that is, on spans in which a will and a trend have space enough to make their way, after which they generally yield to the different aims of another age. In accepting a plan based on generations, I have refrained from mechanically partitioning each century into three ages—as 1500, 1533, 1567. Rather I have selected years marked as focal by the significant coincidence of decisive events in the field of art. The introductory chapter on Prehistory and the Orient is of necessity vaguer in its chronology; the history of Eastern art provides but few reliable dates, the art of the primitives and of the Stone Age none at all.

The essay is based on architecture, sculpture, and painting, on music, and the dance. But wherever I felt that a casual glance at philosophy or drama, at poetry, or even at the costumes and coiffures of an epoch might round off the picture, I did not hesitate to call them to the witness stand.

Completeness of facts or names is not intended nor any exhaustive characterization of the styles and masters discussed. The outline confines itself to the traits indispensable from the particular viewpoint of this book. And wherever I anticipated that the reader might suspect me of being partial in stressing and interpreting these traits, I have taken care to quote the words of men to whom my train of thought was foreign.

CHAPTER ONE

Prehistory and the Orient

1. PREHISTORY AND THE PRIMITIVES

THE LATER PALEOLITHIC AGE, dawn of civilization, has left some documents of an astonishing art: small statuettes of women with exaggerated female details; bones engraved with figures, reindeers, and wild horses; and decorative objects of many kinds. Colorful murals in dozens of caverns in France and Spain represent the animals that the ancient hunters knew and chased, some in rest and some in an astounding movement, racing along, turning their heads to look back, or collapsing with an arrow in the flank—so incredibly done in daring realism and perfect craftsmanship that they were long thought to be modern falsifications.

In the later *Magdalenian*, last phase of the Paleolithic Age and culmination of nomadic life, style changed entirely. Murals in the caverns of eastern Spain give preference to man over animals. The proportions of the human body are willfully neglected and the torsos, immoderately stretched, often become mere strokes of the brush and almost ornaments. Their movement is powerful, intense, and concentrated. While the artist's concern glides away from the realistic conception of single objects, it focuses on rhythmic composition and in growing stylization leads to outright geometric designs.

It so happens that both styles also depict dances. In the abstract eastern Spanish group, a rock painting at Cogul in the province of Lérida shows nine dressed women dancing around a naked boy—a typical round dance, which in similar forms has survived in all

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countries of primitive civilization, in the branles of the Renaissance, and among our own children (Plate I).

In the naturalistic French group, on the contrary, we find mask dancers, attired with the natural heads and pelts of animals and moving in characteristic gaits. The most beautiful of these is a picturesque stag dancer in the cavern of the Trois Frères in Ariège in southern France.

This outlines a distinct dualism in the styles of at least two arts as far back as the Paleolithic Age, maybe ten thousands of years before our time: on the one hand, a vigorous extravert, sensory realism or even naturalism, descriptive and imitative; on the other hand, an introvert irrealism, imaginative, abstract, and stylized.

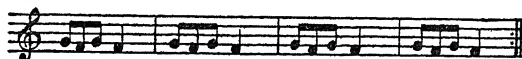
Careful research into the development of primitive art has, despite contradictory arguments, shown that the realistic, 'sensory' period can be divided into sections of growing realism, while the irrealistic, 'imaginative' period became increasingly abstract. The ultimate question, whether or not the former period represents the earliest stage of human art, has been answered in the affirmative by Herbert Kühn and a few other specialists in prehistoric art. I must confess that I am not convinced. Such a start would contradict the 'ontological' facts: it is not the way in which our children begin their artistic endeavors. The situation of music and the dance in the life of those primitives of today who have not developed much since the Paleolithic Age gives a different answer.

The prehistoric dualism that underlies painting and the dance reappears indeed in the music of living primitives and has been studied in detail in the author's book, *The Rise of Music in the Ancient World* (1943). Section One deals with two distinct styles, which I called logogenic or word-born and pathogenic or passion-born. The logogenic style is seldom more than a convenient vehicle for words, be they prose or poetry; it is strict in form, stylized, unemotional and often sung to dances of the round Cogul type. Its

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simplest and probably earliest melodies have a range of no more than two neighboring notes and slowly creep on in the endless repetition of a tiny motive (Example 1). Evolution in logogenic

Example 1. Botocudos *after Strelnikov*



music is additive: in the course of time, more and still more tones crystallize around the original nucleus of two, now above it, now below. But even before such development set in, primitives on the lowest level of civilization had from the endless repetition of tiny motives progressed to the well-wrought symmetry of answering phrases; to the distinction of a focal point similar to the one that we call the final or tonic; to the sequential repetition of motives on different pitch levels; to regular part singing; indeed, to a strict canonic imitation of the melody in a second voice (Example 2).

Example 2. Moni, Malacca *after Kolinski*



Logogenic music—like the murals of eastern Spain—has led the way to styles that rely on structure rather than on expressiveness and naturalism.

The opposite, pathogenic style does not try to carry poetry. It derives from violent outbursts of passion or ecstasy, from savage shouts and convulsive panting. Its earliest melodies are cataracts all through the range of pitches and intensities from high to low, from strong to weak, but these are eventually dammed up: the voice, still attacking at the peak of height and strength, no longer plunges in random jumps, but learns to mark and stress the essential musical intervals—octaves, fifths, fourths, and thirds—on its way down in a

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steady process of organization (Example 3). With all such development toward melodic strictness, the pathogenic style and all

Example 3. Zuñi Indians

after Stumpf



its descendants keep an improvisatory, spontaneous character and openly show the singer's emotions without submitting to frigid abstraction.

This dualism is partly a matter of race and geography. The logogenic style has its finest examples in the pygmoid districts of south and southwest Asia and, in this hemisphere, in Patagonia; and the pathogenic, in and off Australia and among our North American Indians. But a similar contrast often occurs between the sexes, even within the same tribe. In northwest Siberia, the men would sing in free, rhapsodic effusion without melodic or rhythmical ties while the women arrange their songs in simple, short, symmetrical phrases. A hundred similar examples could easily be added: all over the world, the character of man, impetuous and violent, forms unrestrained melodies; but woman, patient and careful, leans to tidiness and symmetry.

The two opposite styles also differ in rendering: the logogenic type, as a rule, is even and soft in performance; the pathogenic type, shaped by bodily strain and exhaustion, contrasts *fortissimi* and *sforzati* with almost inaudible *pianissimi*.

Which of the two styles preceded the other? One fact appears to favor the logogenic style, if we 'ontologically' presume that the child repeats the development of the species: it remarkably parallels the recorded babble songs of Western children three or four years old. The geographic and the sexual findings, on the other hand, appear to make the two styles simultaneous. But in neither way can the realistic, sensory style be claimed to antedate the unrealistic, imaginative style—not in music or in the visible arts.

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EGYPTIAN ART was so static that even Plato, the purist, commended its stationary style. Its pyramids and obelisks were the most abstract imaginable geometrical patterns. It was as impersonal as art can be and never betrayed emotion: even the Wailing Women in Thebes are not more convincing in their despair than the hired professionals who served as the models. If Egypt did not strive for beauty in the Greek sense, it strove at least for permanence and absolute values. Art historians even have seen a binding canon of perfect human proportions in works of the Fourth Dynasty, two thousand five hundred years before Polykleitos.

Egyptian art was not unrealistic. Its painters were keen observers of nature. Their birds are paragons of exact rendition, and the Dog in Beni Hasan, so tense with his tail and ears up, is unforgettable. Man is depicted in all his occupations as a hunter, warrior, dancer, servant, or workman, in the fields and on the Nile, in the bakery, the kitchen, and the slaughterhouse; nothing is too petty. True, the many domestic scenes on the walls of Egyptian tombs are chiefly due to the belief that depicting the wealth and amusements of the dead secured an equally comfortable existence in the life to come. But then, the specification of such tasks is only possible in a realistic country.

Egyptian art was realistic; at the same time, it was nothing less than illusionistic. Painters never attempted actual perspective or three dimensions. Indeed, they thoroughly submitted to the law of frontality: all parts of the body were shown in their broadest views to avoid the detested accident of foreshortening—the head in profile, the eyes in front, the legs in profile, the torso approximately in front or one-half of it in front and one-half in profile—and women were given only the one breast that in the three-quarter view of the torso would affect the outline. Nor did the painters indicate shadows since these were accidental results of light, not permanent qualities of man.

Composition followed similar principles; always, the mental image

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mattered more than the optical impression. Persons and objects were drawn to different scales, with the chief figure often towering over the lesser ones. A proper arrangement in depth of the scenes represented, impossible without perspective, was circumvented either by displaying all figures side by side in one plane notwithstanding their actual position in space or by stacking such strips. Thus, multitudes usually appeared as a multiple repetition of the same figure. Empty spots were carefully avoided, and even hieroglyphic script was used to fill them.

Color, in tempera, was glaring and unbroken. The painters did not use it actually to contradict reality but in a conventional distribution—white for linen clothes, blue for water, green for all plants, black for hair, yellow with red dots for sand and desert.

This classic style of Egypt lasted to the end of the Old Kingdom, about 2200 B.C., and had its golden age in the Fifth Dynasty around 2700 B.C. There was not too much of a change in the Middle Kingdom (2200–1580 B.C.) although a certain pitiless naturalism, as in the wrinkled nude of an old woman in Cairo, has no parallel in earlier times.

One must turn to the New Kingdom, and particularly to the Eighteenth Dynasty (1580–1350 B.C.) to find a slightly freer spirit, liveliness and elegance, gesture and intimacy, a bolder conception of space and the human body, and an increased interest in things feminine. Nothing is more delightful from these viewpoints than the painting of the daughters of King Amenophis IV in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

But the conservative spirit of Egypt did not permit a deeper change, and the art of the Eighteenth Dynasty was not much more than a brilliant episode in an otherwise uniform quiescence of three thousand years. The Nineteenth Dynasty (1350–1205 B.C.) already reverted to archaic, indeed, to cubic forms.

Our knowledge of Egyptian music and dancing is almost entirely restricted to the meager information from pictures of performing singers, players, and dancers and from a great number of actual instruments, kept intact by the arid sands. Facts from instruments are

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reliable but insufficient. Interpretation of dance pictures is dangerous, especially if, as in Egypt, the drawing style follows convention rather than optical impression. But it is safe enough to oppose the round and gliding movements of the Eighteenth Dynasty to the angular steps and attitudes of the Old Kingdom.

In music, too, a fateful change of style in the Eighteenth Dynasty, paralleling the principal change in the arts and the dance, can hardly be overlooked in the face of pictorial evidences and actual instruments. Performance passed partly into the hands of women. Among them were many slave girls imported from the newly conquered southwest of Asia with novel instruments—lyres, lutes, oboes, and the stimulating dance paraphernalia, timbrels and clappers. While this unmistakably hints at a turn to sensuality, the lute from Mesopotamia with its long neck, narrow-set frets, and one melody string must have brought to Egypt (as it did to Greece) the more refined tonal system based on the division of a string, to live alongside the older cycle of fifths and fourths.

We do not know at what time the subsequent reaction in the fine arts encroached on music. Anyway, a musical reaction must have been in full swing when the Greeks became familiar with Egypt. Herodotos related in the fifth century B.C. that the Egyptians excluded all foreign music. Shortly after him Plato reported with hearty approval how wicked music was being kept away from youngsters who, under the censorship of the priesthood, were allowed to learn only those melodies that bridled and purified the passions.

Ancient western Asiatic art, at home chiefly between the Tigris and the Euphrates in the successive kingdoms of Sumer, Babylonia, and Assyria, was for thousands of years more inert than any other art. Striving for permanence and reserve, it represented impersonal rulers in blocklike statues without the slightest gesture or even as much movement as one foot placed ahead of the other. This rigid art had neither the relative freedom of Egyptian art nor its charm

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and delight in life. On the contrary, it excluded whatever could appeal to human feeling: representation of women or younger people and, with them, of grace and emotion. Ornament was strict and symmetric, indeed heraldic, with preference given to those composite monsters, half-lion, half-eagle or bull-headed men, that after thousands of years the Romanesque art of Europe still preserved together with Babylonian vaults and portal-flanking sculptures.

Very late—after the collapse of the Babylonian empire and not before the maturity of Assyrian art about the middle of the seventh century B.C.—western Asiatic art achieved a certain degree of naturalism, dynamism, and picturesqueness. In their epic reliefs with landscapes and architectural backgrounds, sculptors made only modest attempts at perspective but they attained a mastery in representing lions, horses, and dogs, in which no later art has ever surpassed them.

The dance and the music of the nations between the Tigris and the Euphrates have unfortunately faded away without leaving more than insufficient traces.

Although we know a good deal about instruments and some generalities about temple singing, we have no musical relics nor even a clear idea of the scales that the Mesopotamians used. True, we are allowed to conclude from the attraction that certain music centers between the Tigris and the Euphrates had at the end of pre-Christian times—Al-Hira for instance—that music must have reached a respectable standard. We see from the form of religious hymn texts that the Assyrians, at least, must have performed in answering, antiphonic half-choruses as the Hebrews did; from the long-necked, fretted lutes and certain cosmological conceptions which linked the seasons to musical intervals, that the Babylonians devised their system, or at least one of their systems, according to the harmonic division of the string; from the headings of their psalms, that they had melodic patterns like those of the Jews, the Arabs, and the Hindus; from the description of Nebuchadnezzar's late-Babylonian orchestra in the book of Daniel, that, again as in the Arabian world, the individual instruments used to improvise in a first movement,

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while only in a second movement all instruments played together.

But all this is not enough to draw a parallel with the arts of the country.

The art of China has in all its amazing diversity one aim: to press on life and nature the seal of essence, dignity, unearthly aloofness, eternity. In its boldest realism, it is still unreal, fantastic, and dreamy; and the seeming simplicity of its subjects often conceals a profound religious symbolism. "The Chinese does not deal with a material, mechanical world. The world is still for him the passing expression of eternal spiritual Being. . . . He depicts not what he sees, but what he feels" (Fairbanks).

Against this common background, art history becomes set off in periods of different trends. The little that has been preserved from the Chou Dynasty (1111 or 1122-249 or 255 B.C.) is austere, solemn, and somewhat cubic. The subsequent Ch'in Dynasty (255-206 B.C.) shows unmistakable signs of grandiloquence. It indulged in giant bells and statues of bronze; Emperor Shih Huang-ti is said to have built two hundred and seventy palaces, the most famous of which, A-fang, needed seven hundred thousand workmen; it took eight days to traverse his capital; and his tomb has been estimated at a volume of fifty million cubic feet. The Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220) strove for more realism, elasticity, and elegance but its art was basically classic, clear, and almost heraldically strict, if not austere. In the centuries after the Han, painting came to the fore. A famous example, on silk, is the Admonitions of the Instructress of the Court Ladies from the fourth century, in which both space and depth are perfectly well indicated. The altar in the Boston Museum of Fine Art, of A.D. 593, and other sculptures around A.D. 600 began to separate body and cloth, to stress the third dimension, and to drop the conventional dreamy serenity of faces. Then, under the T'ang, from 618 to A.D. 907, art was particularly open to foreign influences. Sculpture again strove for gigantism and ostentation. The three hundred sixty foot rock Buddha of Chia ting fu (A.D. 730)

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probably established a record. Painting achieved striking portraits and an almost independent landscape and thus prepared for the human and sensuous styles of the Sung Dynasty, from 960 to A.D. 1279, which marks the beginning of modern times in China.

A complete outline of Chinese art history is not necessary, since Chinese dancing and music, particularly poor in chronology and without datable evidence, are hard to co-ordinate with the evolution of fine art. Still, their basic attitude is the same.

This shows at once in the 'genus' that dominates Far Eastern music: being pentatonic, the scale has only five, not seven, steps to the octave, three of which are whole tones and two minor thirds (like the sequence of black keys on our pianos). There is no semitone (Example 4) and consequently no leading note (like our B

Example 4. Chinese Song

after van Aalst



before C) to secure, indeed, to enforce a purposeful march of melody: the Chinese pentatonic genus is thoroughly static. The same is true of the *salendro* genus in Java and Bali, in which this scale has been tempered to a uniform series of five (more or less) equal six-fifths of tones in the octave, and also of the Siamese genus with its irregular six-sevenths of tones. It is not true, on the contrary, of the (probably older) pentatonic genus of Japan with its two major thirds and two semitones beneath (in descending order: third—semitone—third—semitone) nor of its offshoot, the *pelog* genus in Java and Bali.

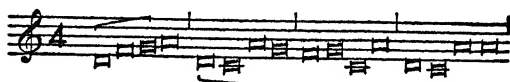
Besides, the music of ancient China, at least religious music, was founded on the essential importance and self-sufficiency of the individual, motionless tone: melodic movement was viewed as a set of such tones rather than as a configuration in itself. Each note according to its pitch and each instrument according to its material was involved in a complicated network of symbols and represented some cosmic force that connects with the seasons and months of the year.

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with the animals, elements, planets, colors, and cardinal points.

This at once symbolic and static character appears no less in the completely stylized dances of the Far East, the most colorful of which were the masked *Bugaku* ballets that Japan got from China and Korea at the end of the seventh century. The Chinese hymn to Confucius (Example 5)—to show one example only—was accom-

Example 5. Hymn to Confucius



panied in the temple by a dancing *corps de ballet*. However, "by the word dancing is not meant anything like the foolish jumping or endless turning to be met with in our ball-rooms; the dancers are grave performers who by their attitudes and evolutions convey to the eye the feelings of veneration and respect which are expressed by the words" (J. A. van Aalst, *Chinese Music*, Shanghai 1884, p. 31). Actually, just as music had stationary notes somehow connected to form the melody, the dance consisted in eleven positions, upright, stooping, kneeling, prostrate, forward, to the right, to the left, and so on, the passages from one to another being purely accessory.

Music, especially in the theater, seems here and there to veer to the realistic or even naturalistic side. But it always keeps an element of irreality; the singers would impersonate their ferocious heroes with unnatural falsetto voices and fantastic turns without ever attempting actual imitation.

Ferocity, though, has not been normal to Chinese music. "The noble-minded man's music," says Confucius, "is mild and delicate, keeps a uniform mood, enlivens, and moves. Such a man does not harbor pain or mourn in his heart; violent and daring movements are foreign to him." Music should be serene: *yüo*, music, and *lo*, serenity, had the same graphic symbol. No staccato, no accelerando, no strong crescendo had a place in such music, nor anything that might arouse unrest, passion, lust. A vulgar-minded man's performance, on the contrary, "is loud and fast, and again fading and dim, a picture of

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violent death-agony. His heart is not harmonically balanced; mildness and graceful movements are foreign to him." And vulgar was the noisy music of the tyrants of Hia and Yin, who "deemed the loud sounds of big drums, bells, stones, pipes, and flutes beautiful and thought that mass effects were worth while. They aimed at new and strange timbres, at never heard-of tones, at plays never seen before. They tried to outdo one another and overstepped the limits" (Lü Pu-we).

This antagonism is at once a piece of music history as well. For Confucius represents the classic ideals of the Chou period while Lü Pu-we, who lived in the third century B.C., witnessed the grandiloquent trends of the Ch'in Dynasty.

A similar coincidence of style in music and the fine arts appears during the T'ang Dynasty (618-907)—first of all in two qualities: large size and receptivity to foreign influences. Size is reflected in the climax of orchestral development; graphic ground plans of court orchestras record, among other instruments, no less than two hundred mouth organs, one hundred twenty-eight lutes, and a hundred twenty harps; and for outdoor processions, the imperial court entertained a huge band of 1,346 men. Receptivity to foreign influences shows in the cosmopolitan character of indoor music: the number of orchestras was increased to nine; these were imported from India, Japan, Burma, Cambodia, Turkey, and other Asiatic countries.

In a narrower sense we know three stylistic facts. The first concerns the music for mouth organs. The Japanese court orchestra, modeled after Chinese patterns in the time of the T'ang, still clings to an ancient Chinese technique of playing full chords of three, five, or six notes on the pipes of this small instrument; in China herself, these complicated harmonies have been given up for simple parallels in fourths and fifths. The second fact is the elaborate polyphony in which the Japanese court orchestra plays the ancient music, of which it claims to have an unadulterated tradition from the times in which the T'ang ruled China. The third fact is the adaptation of

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elaborate Indian patterns of poetical, and hence musical, meters. An it should be added that at that time, so very reminiscent of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt, women played an outstanding role in Chinese music also: the emperor entertained a women's orchestra at court and founded a large female academy of music, The Garden of Everlasting Spring.

India's music has mainly kept to the emotional side. All its melodies conform to one of the dozens of *rāgas* or melodic patterns, in a way comparable to the three compulsory orders of Grecian architecture. They differ in the scales they use and in the moods they express. As early as approximately 400 B.C., in the great national epos *Rāmāyana*, a *rāga* is expected to arouse one of the nine temperaments and sentiments—love, tenderness, humor, heroism, terror, anger, disgust, surprise, tranquillity. Indeed, the very word *rāga* means passion and color.

In contradiction to Chinese conceptions, the individual note has little meaning in itself; it gets its weight and character from added graces or *gāmakas* and is subordinated to melodic movement. Even cosmic symbols and forces, connected with music no less in India than in China, refer to *rāgas* rather than to single notes. Structure is regular and rhythmically ruled by one of the *tālas* or metrical patterns, which organize the melodies as inexorably as the rhythmical *modi* did around 1200 in the polyphonic music of the Western church. However, such a strait-laced piece is preceded by an improvisation entirely free in rhythm and structure, the *ālāpa*; and, significantly, this unbridled, luxuriant prelude is often longer than the *rāga* proper.

It is almost impossible to outline any history of Indian music, since native sources show no interest in development and chronology and frequently even they cannot be dated. The main evidence of ancient music, Bharata, has in recent literature been given a time latitude of no less than a thousand years, from about 500 B.C. to

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about A.D. 500. The evolution of music in India seems to have been weak anyway; the musical system that Bharata describes is in principle similar to the system of modern Indian music.

It is therefore practically useless to present here a history of the other arts in India; co-ordination is feasible only in the common character of all Indian art, not in the parallelism of their developments.

The drama, queen of Indian arts, is definitely emotional—*rāsa*, the emotional reaction of the audience, is its dominating conception. And from the ancient Indian theater have come the earliest evidences of sympathy and applause, of clapping, smiling, laughter, acclamation, bristling hair, and jumping up.

Fine art in India presents a similar basic feature: it is emotional and even passionate, though never personal. It often strives for strictness and intricate rhythm but hates the frigid emptiness of unbroken lines and surfaces, decorating them profusely. Sculptures and paintings are often crowded and excessively agitated: on the temple in Aihole (sixth century A.D.), the limbs of Vishnu and his followers seem to serpentine like snakes. The approach is often realistic without much idealization; still, the artist does not study models or nature and rather relies on his memory images.

Some Indian architecture looks almost as tectonic as an Italian edifice of the Renaissance or Baroque but the architect hardly ever is satisfied with harmonic balance and simple contours. Often, as in the temple at Sanchi (first century B.C.), the outline is so jagged that the building almost seems to fly apart. The Lakshmana Temple at Sirpur (seventh century A.D.) is, from a Western viewpoint, overdone and destructive in its decoration. In the Kandarya Mahadeva Temple in Khajuraho (c. A.D. 1000) and other structures, all parts, the angles, the columns, the domes, are so redundantly multiplied that the whole gives the impression of a forest of stone. In Bayon (ninth century A.D.), a gigantic head unexpectedly and quite inorganically emerges from the front of a tower. Or, as in the overwhelming stupa of Borobudur in central Java (c. A.D. 800), sculpture obliterates architecture so much that we fancy we see a huge, though

organized, mound rather than a building as we understand it. But then, the stupa or shrine is actually a rounded and, in principle, massive pile of earth devoted to terrene divinities.

Of historic developments within this world of dynamic art, the most striking is the turn it took in the seventh century A.D. The preceding Gupta Dynasty had been comparatively classic with trends toward balanced beauty, harmony, and limpid composition. But the period after the Guptas has on good grounds been called the Indian Baroque. Indeed, while Brahmanism developed into the colorful rituals of Hinduism, the arts and even architecture indulged more than ever in picturesque unrest, inebriate passion, and irrational profusion. But the characteristic monuments of the time, like the temples in Māmallapuram, could in their almost unbelievably piled-up redundancy of glittering details more rightfully be called flamboyant.

The nearest musical relatives of such stupefying, luxuriant growth are probably not the finely chastened chamber *rāgas* which dominate in modern India but rather the *gamelans*, the glistening orchestras of Java and Bali, with the confusing polyphony of dozens of hammers on resonant bronze. Javanese orchestral music seems at first hearing to be in continuous movement; the restlessly tinkling dissolution of the melody in the higher gong chimes, metallophones, and xylophones suggests motion. But it is a purely decorative motion—the movement goes on and on without leading anywhere. Rhythm and structure, very static, are of the regular square kind, the phrases and periods being cut in multiples of two; and the periods and sections are marked by disjunctive gong beats which serve as commas and stops. There is no passion; Javanese music breathes impassive serenity.

Bali's orchestras, however, similar but more archaic than those of Java, show a degree of dramatic tension, indeed of passionate violence, that gives the lie to the apparent serenity of Java. A glance at the loud and lively colors of Balinese batiks and the moderate and softer hues of Javanese batiks confirms that the present style of Indonesian art is of recent date.

The Indian dance is not social but spectacular and professional,

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like almost all the dances in the East beyond the tribal stage. Performed to be looked at and inextricably connected with temples and courts, it is on the highest technical level. It renders well-known scenes from Hindu mythology and from the national epics but its narration is long, long past the stage of realism. All the deeds and thoughts that it tells are frozen into conventional gestures of the hands, the head, the eyes, the brows, the neck—gestures of the highest beauty but not altogether comprehensible unless one knows the vocabulary. The Indian dance has become abstract and imaginative. And since all abstract art is two dimensional, its motion is side-ward, and the parts of the body present themselves in frontal view on a plane.

The Islamic Orient from Morocco and Spain to Persia and India has generally lived on the dynamic side. Its art is unrealistic and mostly decorative rather than functional. This is true of architecture, with façades that rarely betray the organization of the interior, and with profuse decoration that often cuts across pilasters, panels, frames. And it also is true of the smaller province of book painting, in which, far from Western spatial conception, men, houses, trees, and animals are ornamentally displayed in carpet fashion. Ornament itself, in its gracefully twined 'arabesques' and geometrical patterns, vibrates with a life entirely its own. "Wherever the eye rests, it finds one design merging in another, a device fatiguing to the intellect but stimulating to the emotions" (Fairbanks). Slender, needlelike minarets, spiral towers, bulging domes, lobated ogives, stalactites in fantastic shapes, and forests of columns add to a restiveness that seems strange in a world of impassive stability.

The picture would not be complete without mentioning their curious delight in overwhelming sizes, as the colossal rock reliefs of Sassaniden times about the middle of the first millennium (and therefore pre-Islamic), or the palace of Balkuwara near Samarra, built A.D. 854-59 on a ground area of more than twenty-one million square feet.

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All this art is strictly typical, never individual.

Islamic music, emotional and high-strung, is just as unindividual; it shows the same unconcernedness with tectonics and a similar interest in free effusion and ornamentation. Every melody is bound to follow one of the *maqamat* or patterns which, established once, forever determine its key, mode, curve, tempo, mood, and even certain melodic formulas. In a similar way, every melody is bound to follow one of the admitted rhythmical patterns. In ensembles, each instrument produces its own soloistic improvisation in florid *passaggi* without submitting to rhythm or form before the whole group joins in a strict and rhythmic movement. Coloratura and expression, unluckily parted in Western music, still live together in the East. The audience, rapt and often ecstatic, reacts with the same transport to well-done coloraturas, endlessly flowing and gracefully curved, as to the inimitable accents of love and mourning that Moslem musicians give their melodies.

Jewish music in Biblical times is clearly divided into two periods: the second millennium B.C., with the essentially vocal, Bedouin music of nomadic cattle drivers, and the first millennium B.C., with the more sophisticated and often instrumental music of sedentary townsmen, with a painstakingly organized temple music and an annexed preparatory music school, and with the motley influences of a royal court and its international host of singing, playing, dancing slaves.

There are no actual relics from either period. But tradition has been so strong that, from the forms of ancient poetry and modern musical practice, we can conclude the existence of two distinct styles. One is the style of women who, while singing, danced and beat their timbrels. It can be traced back to the times of Genesis and Judges, to Moses' sister Miriam as the leader of the women's chorus and to Jephtha's daughter welcoming her father. It is sufficiently well illustrated, both by the forms of poetry preserved in the earlier parts of the Bible and by remains found today in the secluded con-

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gregations in the Yemenite part of Arabia and the Isle of Djerba off Tunisia. Its melody is regular, symmetrical, repetitive, and clear in structure, since the lines are separated by drum or cymbal beats and alternate between soloists and choruses.

Alternation, in the two forms of response and antiphony, was also fundamental to the second style, as far as we know it from the later cantillation and the later lyrical forms of the Bible. But their meters and structures are free, dynamic, and expressionistic (Example 6). And when we read that instrumental music hypnotized

Example 6. Yemenite Jews

after Idelsohn



the prophets so "that the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon them," we can assume such music to have been nearer to the second than to the first style. Whether or not the strict and the freer style represent in the main two subsequent phases is not quite certain.

Israel had unfortunately no genuine fine art to compare with its music. The earliest works that we hear of in connection with Solomon's temple were made by Phoenician artists and doubtless in the Phoenician style. While the Hebrews, like the Arabs, were willing to express themselves in verses and melodies, they hated to reduce to outer form what to them was boundless spirit. Hence the commandment: *Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any manner of likeness.* And hence the words of Paul in II Corinthians 4:18: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The words of Paul, spoken on the soil of Greece, were in a broader sense the Semitic answer to the Greek Aristotle, who once said that "evil was a form of the infinite, and good, of the finite." It is to this worship of the finite, of visible, tangible form that Hellas owed the bloom of her art, to which we shall presently turn.

CHAPTER TWO

European Antiquity

1. CRETE AND MYCENAE

CRETAN AND MYCENAEAN ART, the styles of the pre-Grecian inhabitants of Hellas, had overstepped their zenith long before the Greek invaders conquered the island and the Peloponnesos. After an abstract, geometrical period in the third millennium B.C., the arts of these lands, shortly before 1500 B.C.—in coincidence with the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egypt—revealed an unprecedented delight in life, nature, and movement. Motion—free, audacious, elegant—appeared in curling fish and the whirling corkscrew tresses of fashionable ladies; murals showed breathtaking circus and hunting scenes, landscapes, delicate flowers and admirably well-observed animals. Decoration, drawn from organic nature, ran and rolled without rest. And the very legend of the labyrinth on Crete—a reflection of the gigantic palace at Knossos—proves that picturesque complication was preferred to limpid simplicity.

At last (we do not know the exact time) the Cretans veered back from their gay naturalism to cold, geometric abstraction. The continental Mycenaean style, universally known by the strict, heraldic gate at Tiryns with the two lions face to face, had long preceded it in this process of denaturalization.

We know but little of music and dancing in Crete, and nothing of music and dancing in Mycenae. This is the more unfortunate, as not only Homer but also later Greek authors exalted the matchless perfection of Cretan dancers and their importance for their own art of dancing. On paintings and sculptures of the second millennium B.C., the Cretans dance around the lyre player; couples perform at

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religious rituals; large choruses of women dance in public, and professional female dancers appear in long and bellying dresses. Many group dances must have been accompanied by choral singing—another accomplishment that the Greeks admired and appropriated.

In the seventh century B.C., a famous Cretan musician, Thaletas, accepted an invitation to Sparta in order to fight the plague with the magic, curative power of Cretan paeans, which then passed into the hands of the Greeks as hymns in honor of Apollo, the god of healing. Thaletas is also credited with having introduced the Cretan sword dance *pyrrhiché* with its lively meter of two shorts, or eighth notes (♩ ♩). But the typical meter of Crete seems to have been the *kretikós*, a foot of long-short-long or five time units (♩ ♩ ♩) which in its spirited unevenness reflects the freedom of later Cretan art and its aversion to all too simple, static patterns.

Before leaving Cretan civilization, a glance at the remarkable costume of the dynamic, naturalistic Minoan Age will show—as in all times of a similar trend—that fashions strive for amplitude except for a narrow waist. Carl Köhler, who as the author of *A History of Costume* (Philadelphia, 1937) is better equipped to give a professional description than the author of this book, speaks of “skirts put together in an almost fantastic manner that betrays a highly developed knowledge of the technique of dressmaking. These skirts are constructed in tiers, separated by strips of rich ornamentation. There are even examples of what are called *volants*, or flounces—i.e., narrow strips of patterned material, the upper projecting over the lower, and, if we are to judge from the perpendicular lines, disposed in fine accordion pleats. Over these falls a rounded kind of apron. The waist is slender, and surrounded by a rolled girdle.” How different is this costume from the dresses of classical Greece!

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AFTER THE DORIC MIGRATIONS (c. 1200 B.C.). the archaic arts of Greece were no less abstract and geometric than the last Mycenaean

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art had been. Even human figures on vases and in metal work were reduced to lines and triangles and arranged in simple, often superimposed, rows. Vase painting changed only at the end of the eighth century B.C. Color was introduced and the former serial arrangement of co-ordinated figures yielded to an almost unified composition; straight lines were replaced by curves; the figures of men and beasts gained volume and steadfastness; strict frontality succumbed to designs in several planes, to overlapping objects, to interlocking groups; and instead of domestic animals, Oriental models—as later in Romanesque art—suggested ferocious, fantastic monsters. While Asiatic and insular Greeks thus stuck to decoration, the mainland dropped all filling ornaments and developed realistic narration.

Modern authorities attribute the definite form of Homer's poems to these generations. For Homer, against all later classic ideals, sings of an immoderate world. He brings outbursts of passion, tirades, and eruptions of laughter; he dwells with relish on Philoktetos' stinking sore and the desecration of Hektor's corpse; he believes in size—the size of his own two epics and the size of the wooden horse which accommodates an important part of the army; and his analysis of the shield of Achilles shows that artists depicted scenes from the life of the gods and of men—just as his own two epics narrate them in detail.

During the seventh century, bold emancipation from static forms and ideas took place in music as well. Of the celebrated Terpander's work we have no clear idea, to be sure. But another great man, Archilochos, was by later writers credited with the use of lively iambic meters and complicated, changing rhythms, with the introduction of speechlike parts between melodic sections, and with the *kroûsis hypò tèn ôdén*, which, whatever the term specifically meant—playing under the melody is the literal translation—was a richer form of instrumental accompaniment than had been customary before.

The dynamic style lasted at least a hundred years. At the end of the seventh century, Attica seems to have reacted against the latest

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exuberance in subjects and style. However, Corinth, the important center of vase pottery, either went on with the older trends or else created a new descriptive style, which not only resumed the narration of mythological scenes but also depicted the workman's life in mines, by the oven, and at the potter's wheel.

Because of the uncertainty of most of the dates, it is hardly possible to follow the train of style generation by generation: art works of the sixth century are dynamic rather than static. But then that century witnessed Herakleitos' philosophy of universal change and flow. And it saw the creation of the tragedy (534 B.C.), which was essentially antiserene in its aim to stir up "pity and fear," however much it later periodically quieted down to less exciting expression.

Even painting and sculpture in their tempo *allegro molto* had a truly dramatic character. Everybody is in quick motion; a winged victory flies, and the goddesses on the frieze of the Siphnyan Treasury in Delphi (c. 524 B.C.) who are attending a meeting of the gods, act with the spirited eagerness of the stage. Though the sculptor most probably did not mean this scene to be comical (as it appears to us), art in the time of the tyrant Peisistratos and his sons (561-510 B.C.) had a good sense of humor, as a part of that sense of character and reality that showed in the delightful representation of old and young, dwarfs and Negroes, Egyptians and northern Barbarians. However, Peisistratian art marked a victory of the gentle, smiling genius of the Ionian tribes and even of the decorative, dainty costume of Ionian women. But the century also strove for the gigantic: the Naxians dedicated a colossal sphinx to Delphi; the temple of Apollo Selinos was given a length of no less than three hundred sixty-six feet; and Samos had a dyke thirteen hundred feet long and a hundred and thirty feet deep.

Dynamic, Dionysian styles had the lead in music, too. An unmistakable sign is the amount of consideration given Asiatic pipes at the cost of stringed instruments. Pipes, not lyres, accompanied the tragedy, and pipes as concert instruments were played at the public contests. Several detailed descriptions, written many centuries later,

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report how Sakadas, a piper and composer, was awarded a prize at the Pythian games of 586 B.C. for performing, on a single pair of pipes, Apollo's fight with the dragon in five movements—an introduction, the preparation for the duel, the challenge, the combat, and the victory with the last hiss of the beast and the trumpets of triumph. This remarkable piece of description shows that music shared with painting and sculpture the delight in narration. Dionysian, too, was the fact that the ecstatic Phrygian dithyramb, song of intoxicated followers of the god, was made an art form in the hands of Sakadas' contemporary, Arion of Methymna in Corinth, and later in the century, it was forced upon Athenian contests by Lasos of Hermione—again with the stirring pipes as the only accompaniment.

A less 'archaic' and less dynamic but essentially more realistic style sets in about 480 B.C. In contradiction to the stiff *kotlos* type of naked men's statues in the sixth century, the famous Critian Boy from the Akropolis rests his weight on one foot only, and thus his perfect anatomy is slightly asymmetric. J. D. Beazley has nicely said: "The old kouros stood at the ready . . . his successor stands at ease." 470 B.C. is the approximate year of the Delphic Charioteer, described at the beginning of Part II of this book; and a little later came the admirable Zeus from out of the sea off Cape Artemision with his incomparable balance of strength and levity. All haste disappears; all forms are plain and pure; female statues sacrifice the pretty, plaited Ionic *chiton* and go back to the graver, simpler Doric *peplos*. It is remarkable that the chief representatives of the style—the sculptures on the temple of Zeus in Olympia (c. 460 B.C.) and the lost, renowned wall paintings of Polygnotos—avoided showing violent action and preferably depicted the acts and moods preceding or following the climax: the preparation for the chariot race between Pelops and King Oinimaos, the morning after the taking of Troy, Odysseus after slaying the suitors.

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There is no environment, though, either in time or in space. Scenes and individual figures are insulated.

The classic trends were not abandoned in the Golden Age of the second half of the fifth century. Repose and serenity were even deepened; but movement was varied and intensified, and the illusion of space became more important. Even the works of earlier sculptors of the time were full of life and daring in motion. Myron's Diskobolos, one of the best-known statues in the world, has been admired for the bold, almost baroque, contortion of the athlete who, poised on one foot, is about to rebound in hurling the disk. Myron is also said to have made the statue of a runner in the most breathtaking tension and movement "like Jean de Bologne's famous Mercury." His Sick Philoktetes was so true to nature that whoever saw him felt the pains himself. Even coins, which by their very character tend to the static rather than to the dynamic side, show delight in 'interesting' motion: bulls are turning their heads; the suffering Philoktetes, once more, is dragging his rotten legs along; or a silenos sits on the floor with legs far apart in audacious foreshortening.

The time of Athens' ruler Perikles, between 460 and 431 B.C., with the Parthenon (447-432), the sculptures of Polykleitos and Pheidias, and the paintings of Apollodoros and Zeuxis, set for thousands of years the paragon of classical style. It achieved, for once in mankind's history, the balance of all the counteracting forces that drag the artist forward and back: the real and the perfect, rest and motion, truth and beauty. It had indeed the "noble simplicity and quiet grandeur" that J. J. Winckelmann mistakenly attributed to all Greek art. The *Doryphoros* of Polykleitos is a symbol of this balance. He could not be more real in his thorough anatomy and yet, in the classic sense of the word, he has a beauty that no single being has. He is all force and energy yet cool and relaxed. And the horse's head from the pediment of Pheidias' Parthenon, is truly *the* horse, not one of a million horses.

But in all its perfection, this style could not avoid the impassivity inevitably connected with balance and flight from the individual. Lewis Mumford is right in saying: "Life arrested meant art per-

fect. . . . Unfortunately, art perfected may also in time mean life denied."

Departure from the ideals of the Golden Age began as early as the Peloponnesian war (431-403 B.C.). The young generation, restive and individualistic, denounced the frigid standard of impassible serenity. Even Sokrates, though older, reprimanded the artists of his time with lack of expressiveness. "The sculptor should show the soul in visible form." The new goal was life, emotion, movement. Parrhasios led painting to psychic subjects and the expression of grief: the Battles of the Amazons and the Centaurs on the frieze of Apollo's temple at Bassae show a new type of dramatic agitation.

The drama itself had a parallel development: the "dignified grandeur" of Aischylos (525-456 B.C.) had yielded to the "reserved beauty" of Sophokles (496-406 B.C.) and the "violent passion" of Euripides (484-406 B.C.).

The musical situation is of necessity dimmer. Not more than eleven pieces and fragments of Greek music are left, and few of them can be accurately dated; nor do the bare notes of their melodies convey a sufficient impression of their true character. Greek music was primarily vocal; instruments had a subordinate position except in more dynamic generations. We conclude this from many facts—that Sakadas' single performance belongs in such an age; that Plato declaimed against instrumental music as a meaningless art; that the words *aulexis* and *kitbarexis*, expressing the solo playing of pipes and lyres, occur much less often than the terms *aulodia* and *kitbarodia* which, related to ode, denoted the accompaniment of a singer; and that instruments were kept in an amazingly primitive state down to the postclassical times about 430 B.C., when one Pronomos of Thebes devised keys which allowed the piper to modulate from one tonality to another. That generation was indeed 'modern.' A few literary sources of the time, sneering at the latest developments, leave no doubt that under the leadership of Phrynis of Mytilene, who lived during the Peloponnesian war, music broke away from severe simplicity and indulged in "patched-up melody."

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The two generations between the end of the Peloponnesian war (403 B.C.) and Alexander the Great's accession to the crown (336 B.C.) vigorously increased the dynamic trends of the preceding age. Alexander's teacher, Aristotle, attempted—in Erich Kahler's words in *Man the Measure*—"to justify growth and decay and the varying conditions of earthly life by rendering dynamic the principle of the soul and spirit. To him the spiritual world was not, as Plato saw it, an immobile heaven where ideas hung like remote stars, and the moves and perceptions of earthly creatures were but dim, mirror images and shadows of eternal beings."

Growth and decay and the varying conditions of earthly life shifted to the focus of art. The ageless gods became young, and the watchful relaxation of Polykleitean statues turned to the playful, languid ease of Praxiteles' Hermes, on the one hand, and to the violent stress and torsion of Skopas' Raging Maenad. Naturalism reigned supreme. "Things," said Aristotle, "that in nature we cannot see without distaste, become pleasant when an artist represents them true to nature; as, for instance, ugly beasts or corpses." Preferring—in the words of Quintilian, the orator—"resemblance to beauty," the sculptor Demetrios pitilessly depicted the general Pellichos with his bald pate and paunch or old Lysimache, who had been priestess for sixty-four years; Skopas provided his statues with famous pathetic eyes; Silanion rendered Iokaste's deadly pallor by silver-inlaid cheeks; and the painter Aristeides caused a sensation by depicting pathological themes. At that, a sense of grandeur inspired the Artemision in Ephesos and the Mausoleon in Halikarnassos during the 350's. But the time was no less fond of elegance and appreciated the dainty proportions of the Corinthian order as much as it admired the graceful nudes of Praxitelian gods.

Music was no less revolutionary. Timotheos of Miletos, the best disciple of Phrynis and musical leader at about 400 B.C., who boasted that he did not sing "old stuff," was heavily scolded for his twisted style, lack of dignity, and display of virtuosity. Still, no lesser an advocate than Aristotle said: "Without Timotheos, we would miss many a beautiful melody, and without Phrynis, we would not have

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Timotheos." The poet-composer Philoxenos introduced solo parts into the choral dithyramb and Timotheos added choral parts to solo forms.

These were the "leaders of musical illegality" who, in Plato's angry words, "frenzied and unduly possessed by a spirit of pleasure, mixed dirges with hymns, and paeans with dithyrambs." Timotheos also knew how to imitate all kinds of natural sounds and other noises in his music (though one of his contemporaries irreverently remarked he had heard more savage tempests in boiling waterpots). Other poet-composers were derided for bombast, both in music and verse; and though none of their melodies are left, at least we know Philoxenos' astounding word creation, *pyrbromoleukerebintoakanthumiktritoadu*, which possibly proves that words were little more than vehicles of melody.

The age of Alexander the Great and of Hellenism persisted in shifting from classic ideals. Its extraordinary evolution is perhaps most evident in the growing elegance and lightness of architecture. Doric was replaced by Ionic or else, in elements and natural proportions, was mingled and mixed with Ionic, and the slender Corinthian was fully admitted as the third architectural order. A more important development led to a significant connection and interplay of the rooms inside to a façade, which expressed the inner organization of the building; to a definite orientation in space and therewith a purposeful relation to the surroundings instead of the earlier isolating all-round display; and to the conception of the individual building as an integral part in a unified whole, indeed, to town planning.

With an eye on such great and often gigantic tasks, the builders and sculptors strove for exceptional sizes and Wonders of the World: the lost statue of Zeus in Tarentum is reported to have been fifty-six feet high, and the bronze colossus of the sun god in Rhodes, a hundred feet; the Didymaion in Miletos had a length of three hundred fifty-three feet, and the Artemision in Sardes, of

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three hundred sixty-one feet; the lighthouse at Alexandria was nearly four hundred feet high; and the one relief of the Battle of the Giants on the altar in Pergamon measured four hundred and thirty feet.

Besides gigantic tasks, grandiosity, and splendor, much devotion was spent on small and intimate art. Delightful birds and kitchen still lifes were so delicately put together in mosaic that in one of them, of pigeons, three hundred seventy-five tiny tesserae have been counted per square inch—enough to fuse the single dots of color into one impression. At the same time, a busy industry of small terra-cotta figurines, in Tanagra particularly, amused its clientele with effigies, not only of charming girls but also of barbers, bakers, cobblers, and urchins.

At the same time, large-scale works in stone and paint did not lag behind. Tired of gods and heroes, they relished the malodorant reality of craftsmen, beggars, toppers with rags and wrinkles in the spirit of Plautus' comedies and in strict parallel with the leveling doctrines and antiaristocratic habits of the Cynic philosophers. And while unheroic oddities became a recognized branch under the official title of *rhopography*, one Graphikos had to accept the personal pun-title *rhyparógraphos*, dirt painter.

But the artists were also deeply interested in specifically picturesque problems, in light and shadow, perspective, chiaroscuro, and, as with the powerful Battle of Alexander, in the masterful composition of masses in motion. Apelles was famous for his brilliant high lights, and Antiphilon has been cited for his painting of a boy blowing up a fire and getting its glare on the face. Even the sculptors, like Lysippos and his school, paid heed to the changing effects of light and combined them with a never heard-of momentariness in attitude and movement and with a new three dimensionality which allowed the onlooker to get a satisfactory view of the statue from all sides.

Masters of great art, Lysippos or Apelles, have left us gods, heroes, and mortals in beauty and grandeur (Plate II); they hardly ever lapsed into the lowlands of genre. But they did not refrain from appealing to the senses: the gods, once ageless, grew youthful and

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the goddesses, in classic times correctly dressed, exposed their charms unveiled. The athletes, on the other hand, often were no longer paragons of virile perfection but Herculean towers of brutish muscles. And even great art took to themes that stirred imagination. Orestes slaying his mother and stepfather, Cassandra's premonitions, the raving Thamyras, Demeter mourning for her daughter Persephone, Niobe with her dying children, Laokoön choking with his two sons in the constriction of serpents (Plate III) were subjects dear to the heart of later Grecian art.

In reports of Hellenistic dancing, the solemn *emmelic* patterns of the classic age were overshadowed by *kômos*, the dance of professionals performed with the generous exhibition of bodily charms but also with the display of repulsive deformities. Particular stress was laid on learning *phorai* or gestures to express emotions and actions and *schémata* or gestures to characterize definite persons. Greek dancing had become emotional and descriptive and joined the novel art of portraying. True, Polybios, a writer of the first half of the second century B.C., relates that the Arcadians still performed public, nonprofessional group dances every year; but, from his description, this seems to have been an exception at so late a time.

However, the anticlassic trends of the Hellenistic age did not progress uninterruptedly. In the first half of the second century B.C., a replica of Pheidias' Athene for the King of Pergamon released a rage of ordering copies from older masterworks. Around the middle of the century, the creative artists themselves, led by the Peloponnesian sculptor Damophon of Messene, reverted to the styles of the Golden Age. Damophon's work testifies, to quote from Bernard Ashmole, to a new "sedulous study of the past. The forms in which this study manifests itself may be said to be two, which however merge into one another—the borrowing of older elements which are worked up into a more or less homogeneous but somewhat nerveless academic style, and the borrowing of older types which are modified and worked out in detail in the style of the day."

Two of the eleven musical relics from Greece, the two hymns in honor of Apollo engraved in stone in the Athenian Treasury at

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Delphi, have on paleographic grounds been attributed by philologists to the middle of the second century B.C.—contemporary, then, with Damophon. And here, too, the style has unmistakable traits of reversion to earlier types, of “the borrowing of older elements.” They are written in the so-called earlier enharmonion, a strange, archaic gender, in which the scale (like that of Japan) alternately jumps in major thirds and creeps in semitones. Since Euripides, three hundred years ago, had already composed in the so-called later enharmonion with the semitone cleft into two microtones—a short fragment from his *Orestes* is still extant—the Delphian hymns re-adopt a preclassical pattern abandoned hundreds of years ago. They are archaic also in their frequent modulation from the then usual modes organized in octaves (fourth *plus* fifth) into the corresponding obsolete modes organized in heptads (fourth *plus* fourth) (Example 7).

Example 7. Second Delphic Hymn



Small as our knowledge of Grecian music is, it gives unmistakable evidence of an evolution parallel to the essential destinies of the visual arts.

3. ROME

THE ROMAN WORLD, which in sculpture and painting more than in architecture greatly depended on Greece, reacted during the reign of the first emperor Augustus (30 B.C.—A.D. 14) against the exaggerations of later Hellenism and against the uncouth naturalism of its own ‘Italic,’ republican style. In an attempt to revive the quiet ideals of the Golden Age of Greece, the poets—Virgil, Horace, Ovid—

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turned back to the standards of the Periklean century, to reserve and noble simplicity; and the artists did not stay behind. Cicero who, born in 106 B.C., belonged in an older generation, wonderingly asked why people were preferring ancient art to what he had been calling the much-improved modern style. There was no outstanding sculptor or painter, however; the great name of the age was Vitruvius, whose book *De architectura* has been the bible of all classicistic architects since.

However, in the following age, the Claudian emperors from Tiberius to Nero (A.D. 14-68) departed from the solemn coolness of the Augustean classicism and again tended to a moderate naturalism, based on Roman, un-Greek love for country life and nature. This dynamism climaxed in the 'Baroque' of the Flavian emperors (A.D. 69-96), and particularly of Emperor Domitian (A.D. 81-96). Gigantic buildings of a distinctly Roman character were then erected, the Colosseum and the almost seven hundred feet long Porticus Divorum on the Field of Mars. Sculptors overdid decoration, gave their picturesque reliefs architecture or landscapes as backgrounds, tried to present their scenes as casual sections from infinite space, and excelled in fascinating portraits of a pitiless naturalism. And murals of the so-called fourth Pompeian style were no less illusionistic than Italian murals of the seventeenth century. To make the picture complete, the ladies then wore enormously high coiffures in artful curls.

Reversion in the times of Trajan (A.D. 98-117) led to a new classicism. Under Hadrian (A.D. 117-138), overdecoration was avoided, composition became clearer and simpler, the backgrounds of reliefs again were left in the neutral emptiness of classical Greece, and the general tempo slowed down. It was consistent with such trends that the most stationary form of architecture, central building on a circular ground plan, reached its climax in the Hadrianic Pantheon, the Temple of All Gods.

Once more, a passionate, flickering Baroque succeeded under the Antonines between A.D. 138 and 192 until, in the early third century, another classicistic reaction set in. . . .

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J. de Wit's recent book on later Roman portraits, *Spättrömische Bildnismalerei* (Berlin, 1938), justly characterizes the time from about A.D. 240 to 270 as impressionistic, and the following age as realistic. A subsequent period of expressionism reached from about 290 to the death of Constantin the Great (336) with increasing classicistic tendencies. Classicism in an Augustean sense was again in bloom under Valentinian I, about 370, and degenerated to mannerism under Theodosius I (379-395) and Honorius (395-423).

It was at about that time that the Romans began to illuminate their manuscripts which later, studied, copied, and imitated, begot the most important part of medieval painting.

Of the dance in Rome we know but little outside the facts that about 150 B.C. Scipio, the destroyer of Carthage, closed the dancing schools to which the Romans were sending their daughters and sons, and that Cicero, in the genuine rationalism of Rome, once remarked: "No sober person would dance." But professional dancing was highly developed under the influence of Etruria and Greece, and it might not be mere chance that the poet Lucian, though a Greek, recommended, in a special book on the dance, the greatness of pantomimic dancing in the empire at a time when the Baroque of the Antonines favored descriptive art.

There are no relics of Roman music, though several of the Greek remains doubtless belong in Roman times. What we know about Roman music comes mainly from poetic satires written against its nuisance and impropriety. Seneca, who lived in the age of the Claudii, complained that choruses and orchestras—never used in Greece proper—were growing to gigantic proportions, so that the theater often held more performers than it once had had spectators; and five hundred years later, Marcianus Cappella described lyres "as big as sedan chairs." Private teachers and conservatoires trained the daughters of the bourgeoisie to strum on the lyre—obviously, instrumental music played a role that Greece would hardly have tolerated and which seems to be confirmed by the fact that all the

ROME

musical treatises from Rome present the scales in the ascending order characteristic of instrumental scales. Day and night, the slaves of the wealthy drove the neighbors mad with their singing and playing; and at table nobody could talk for music. At that, an intolerable host of virtuosos, capricious, insolent, intriguing, strutted the stage.

This is the picture Roman poets trace. But it must be incomplete. It is hard to believe that Roman music as a whole was in a state of disintegration for more than five hundred years. Such a prejudice is not compatible with the laws of evolution. And it is still less compatible with the fact that the cantillation of the church, generally treated under the heading Middle Ages, was actually a creation of Roman antiquity. To be sure, church music derived mainly from Jewish and Syrian sources. But as early as the fourth century, in the liturgy of St. Ambrose in Milan it had a character of its own, neither entirely Eastern nor entirely Western, which by way of elimination must be called Mediterranean and, still more narrowly, Italian (Example 8). Again, when two hundred years later St. Gregory undertook the redaction of the official musical liturgy, it differed not only from the Ambrosian version but also from the

Example 8. Jubilate Domino—Offertory—Ambrosian *after Gustave Reese*

The musical score consists of five staves of music in a single system. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are in Latin and are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'Jubilate - te Do-mi-no De - o' and ends with 'ut - ni-ver - sa ter - ra'. The second staff begins with 'ra - Jubilate - te Do-mi-no De - o' and ends with 'ut - ni-ver - sa ter - ra'. The third staff begins with 'ra - Jubilate - te Do-mi-no De - o' and ends with 'ut - ni-ver - sa ter - ra'. The fourth staff begins with 'ra - Jubilate - te Do-mi-no De - o' and ends with 'ut - ni-ver - sa ter - ra'. The fifth staff begins with 'ra - Jubilate - te Do-mi-no De - o' and ends with 'ut - ni-ver - sa ter - ra'.

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Byzantine, Syrian, Coptic, and Armenian chant; and so far was it from the ways of Western music that it had to be forced upon the Gauls and Germans who, as Roman singers complained "with their barbaric voices crushing the melodies in their throats," were unable to master the outlandish style.

It seems then that the musical mission of Rome was not so much the preservation or even the development of Grecian art and music, in which she would have failed in half a thousand years, but rather the anonymous evolution of an innate folk song, which in Italy is stronger, more general, and more beautiful than anywhere else in the world.

As the mature fruit of so precious a gift, Rome tendered to the Middle Ages the imperishable treasures of the Gregorian chant just as, along with her language, she handed over her architecture, mosaics, and illuminated books.

CHAPTER THREE

The Romanesque Middle Ages

A.D. 800

THE TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE, which witnessed the passage from tribal to imperial art in the West and the center of Europe, the transition from wood to stone construction, and from ornamental to monumental expression, is the logical starting point for the medieval section of this book. It is the more logical, as the times before A.D. 800 provide no datable facts of music, let alone of the dance.

The style of Carolingian art is mainly due to influences from the Mediterranean world and its two civilizations—Rome in the West, and Byzantium in the East. Its outstanding architectural monument, the cathedral in Aix-la-Chapelle (under construction in 798), derived from a northern Italian church of the sixth century, San Vitale in Ravenna, and could not be more classic in the perfect balance of its regular octagonal form, tectonic neatness, and energetic disjunction of parts and subdivisions. Ivory carvings of the time, which mostly served as book covers, were symmetrical in structure and calm in pose (Plate IV); and the books themselves were under the supervision of the Imperial Office of Calligraphy illuminated in noble simplicity and moderation.

Charlemagne's efforts to introduce Italian architecture were in line with his fight for the (supranational) Roman chant in St. Gregory's edition against the (national) Gallican version of church music. This chant was occasionally given the richer, more festive polyphonic form of the *organum*, in which a liturgical melody, solemnly proceeding in notes of equal, considerable length (like the hymn to Confucius in China), was accompanied throughout and

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note against note by a second voice moving on, as a rule, at the distance of a fifth or a fourth. Indeed, the principal voice could be doubled at the octave below, and the organal voice at the octave above, so that the melody advanced in four parallel lines (Example 9). No music could be more static or impassive.

Example 9. Simple Organum at the Fourth

after *Gustave Reese*



850

UNDER CHARLEMAGNE'S SON, Louis the Pious, basilican churches were given transepts or cross naves, which must not be considered classical since Italy, homeland of the basilica, has always been averse to stressing such counteraccent. The one relic of secular architecture, a gate of the monastery in Lorsch, Hesse (c. 830), in its prim decorativeness, is no less against the spirit of classical art.

The ivories carved later in the ninth century, too, are unmistakably different from those in Charlemagne's time. All the figures are high-spirited, agitated, tempestuous; they rush and fling their arms beyond the framing vignettes while their garments float in a gale. The Adoring Magi on the cover of the gospel in Paris, Bibliothèque Nationale *fd. latin* 9393, almost dart to reach the Virgin and, in the Slaughter of the Innocents, one of the mothers, horror-stricken, shrieks and throws up her arms in helpless despair (Plate V).

Painting followed in the same direction, whether we reach for the almost illusionistic gospel of Aix-la-Chapelle, for the famous Utrecht Psalter of 867 in Leyden (despite its ancient models), or for the English *Liber Vitae* of the same time with its distorted postures, diagonal axes, and restive drapery. How precipitate is the movement in the two Bibles of the French kings Charles the Bald and Charles the Fat! How stormy is the opening illumination in the

incomparable Golden Psalter at the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland! King David on his throne is playing with his two m while two dancers with fluttering streamers perform below thing is in violent motion: the very floor undulates as if the had meant to represent the agitated sea; all limbs turn out; all bodies twist; all garments flutter and fly; the king sits as if he were about to spring up, and his feet stand on a church model awkwardly placed aslant. Even the flanking columns which tradition has imposed are given energy and restlessness by golden spirals that all the way up to the capitals wind like the screw columns of Romanesque and Baroque times.

Describing the Bible of Charles the Fat makes it almost unnecessary to speak of the Gospels of Ada or of Lothar, or of the Bible of Moutier-Granval, which Alfred Leroy has called a *premier essai de naturalisme sans lendemain*. Indeed, "without a tomorrow." Did he expect a straight evolution?

The chant of the church cannot have been much less Baroque at that time. Otherwise, Archbishop Hrabanus Maurus of Mainz (776-856) would not have declaimed against the worldly, theatrical style of his singers.

900-981

IVORY CARVING, ONCE MORE, shows a reaction from the dramatic style of 870 to the strictest symmetry and reserve. The Liturgical Act in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, England and the Célébration of the Mass in the Municipal Library at Frankfort on the Main are perhaps the strongest and most beautiful evidences of this return to classic ideals.

It is consistent with this attitude, as Chapter X (Addition and Unification) will show, that the outstanding edifice of the time, the older cathedral in Mainz, is, in the words of Paul Frankl's *Baukunst des Mittelalters*, "additive, composed of self-sufficient units."

Datable music or musical facts of the time are not available. True,

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two outstanding monks connected with music are known, **Notker** the Stammerer (d. 912) and **Tuotilo** (d. 915), both of **St. Gall** in Switzerland; but the textual and musical additions to the liturgical melodies, known as tropes and sequences—the invention of which is wrongly attributed to these two men—had in fact existed before their time.

Of the more dynamic middle of the century, it will suffice to mention the jerking, broken, violent dashes of the **Aethelwold Benedictional** in Chatsworth (A.D. 966).

It was in those dynamic times that the cathedral in Winchester, England, was given the earliest monster organ (between A.D. 935 and 951). From a Latin poem of that time, we learn that nobody ever saw its like. "A dozen bellows lie above and fourteen below, which, providing enormous masses of wind by alternate blasts, are worked by seventy vigorous men, who, sweating, labor their arms and egg their companions on to pump with all their might and make the spacious work with its four hundred pipes resound." Specialists of the organ might be interested to hear that the four hundred pipes were furnitures of ten ranks on forty sliders serving as the keys. One readily believes the poet when he admiringly tells his readers that "the audience stopped their ears with their hands" and that "the sound of the pipes was heard all over the town."

Toward the end of the century, style again reverted to calmer trends. The gospel lectionary for Archbishop Egbert of Trier, written and painted between 977 and 993 as the outstanding work of the illuminating school in the monastery of Reichenau on the Lake of Constance, fascinates us by its unexpected equilibrium. "It is indeed an introvert style, tending toward closed contours in the figure's silhouette," says C. R. Morey. The same is true of the illuminations in the gospel book of the German Emperor Otto III in the Staatsbibliothek at Munich, drawn in the quiet symmetry of the so-called Ottonian Renaissance.

The new monastery of Cluny was in 981 erected in a similar spirit: Paul Frankl praises its "limpid clearness" and "great and quiet train."

1050 PUT AN END to the life of one of the greatest reformers in music, the Benedictine monk Guido d'Arezzo, to whose uncontested authority innumerable generations of European musicians have bowed. He introduced the four-line staff, to this day in use in Catholic chant, and reintroduced solmization, that is, the use of the tone-syllables *ut re mi fa sol la* notwithstanding the absolute pitch, *mi-fa* always denoting the semitone in the melody wherever it occurred—on *e-f*, on *b-c*, or on *f-sharp-g*. Thus, he facilitated the correct rendition and the memorizing of songs so that, in the words of a letter written to a monastic friend, "his choirboys were able to learn in a couple of days what before they had needed weeks to learn." Like most reforms, this, too, seems to indicate a loss of tradition and, hence, a new epoch.

In polyphonic music, both Guido's *Micrologus*, the musical Bible of the later Middle Ages, and the contemporaneous Winchester Tropers, more than a hundred and fifty *órgana* on one of the codices of Winchester in England, display an increasing interest in contrary notion (one voice ascending, while the other voice descends, or vice versa), especially in approaching the end. This means a definite strangement from static ideals.

Of composers, the greatest known were two German masters: Heriman the Cripple, latinized as Hermannus Contractus, and Bruno of Egisheim, the later Pope Leo IX. Heriman's three beautiful antiphons and sequences in honor of the Virgin—*Alma redemptoris mater*, *Ave praeclara maris stella*, and *Salve regina misericordiae* (Example 10)—have lived to this day both in their original unaccompanied forms and disguised in polyphonic settings of later composers. Bruno of Egisheim's *Gloria in excelsis* in the seventh (Mixolydian) mode is no less a part of the present Catholic liturgy. And this holds true also of a fifth piece of the time, attributed to Wipo of Burgundy, chaplain to the German emperor Henry III, who died at the same time as the two other masters: the immortal Easter sequence *Victimae paschalis laudes* (Praise to the Easter victim),

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which has uneven verses, no rhymes, and the wide range of an octave and a fourth, unusual in church music. Not many pieces throughout the centuries are as ecstatic, powerful, and solemn as these five; not many have so passionate a tension.

Example 10. *Salve Regina misericordiae*

Hermannus Contractus

[Free]

Sal - ve, re - gi - na mi-se-ri-cordi - ae, ad te cla-ma - mus.
 Vi - ta, dul-ce - do et spes no-stra, sal-ve!
 ex-su-les fi-li-i E-vae, ad te sus-pira - mus ge-men-tes et flen -
 tes in haec la-cri-ma-rum val - le. etc.

It was at that time, or shortly before, that Bishop Bernward (d. 1022) commissioned the bronze doors of Hildesheim Cathedral which—with their dramatic, picturesque scenes from the Bible and their twisted, excited relief figures—are one of the most remarkable relics of those agitated ages.

Painting, all through the first part of the century, with a climax around its middle, was fantastic, restless, violent. The Odbert Gospel in Boulogne (somewhere between 989 and 1008) and the gospels from Bamberg in the State Library at Munich, which must have been painted in the dozen years between 1002 and 1014, show the same excitement in the strong emotion, vivid gestures, and flowing garments of their figures. And still more exciting is the gospel in Amiens, Bibliothèque Publique no. 24, from the middle of the century, where the garments whirl like waterspouts around the bodies and the Evangelists, unreal and distorted, flare up in the crackling flame of an almost painful ecstasy.

Even as far away as Greece, in the Katholikon of Hosios Lukas in Stiris, the mosaic of Christ in Limbo shows the same spirit of dash and emotion.

It may be permissible to add here a unique work of art from the

end of the eleventh century (a period that otherwise does not provide sufficient data for a section of its own)—the almost unbelievable Crucifix in the abbey church at Werden on the Ruhr, which with its exaggerated, suffering eyes is so strikingly expressionistic that nobody would be surprised to find it among the sculptures in a museum of modern art (Plate VI).

1120

THE YEAR 1120 approximately marks the culmination of Romanesque architecture with the rich chorus of the third abbey church of Cluny in Burgundy. And it also approximately marks the culmination of Romanesque sculpture in France. Inseparable from architecture and without interest in actual realism, this style adapted its objects to the panels or capitals to be filled in. And whether it represented the human body or plants or animals, it gave their motion a breathtaking tempo: legs run, arms jerk, robes flow, and ornaments creep in convulsive twist. On the tympan of Moissac in southern France (Plate VII), Christ, larger than life-size, is enthroned in the center while the many minor figures, small and crowded, are *secundum ordinem* aligned in horizontal tiers at each side and below. The tympan is almost static in its canonic majesty and symmetry and in the strictness of its hieratic grouping. But the souls and the evangelists and the elders revolt against confinement. Charged with excessive energy and restlessness, they claim an active part in the drama; they twist their bodies in eloquent gesticulation full of fervor and passion. How much this art is meant to be expressionistic can be read from the Latin motto of the Last Judgment on the tympan of Autun: *Terreat hic terror quos terreus alligat error*—Let this terror appall those bound in earthly sin.

It is in keeping with such trends that the cathedral of Modena sent for Master Wilhelm, a man from expressionistic Germany. His sculptures are coarse and ugly but full of life and drama and impressive in their tenseness.

These and other Romanesque figures are by no means realistic.

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Their strong expressionism is due to inner vision rather than to keen observation—"the Romanesque sculptors, having eyes, saw not," says Salomon Reinach.

For the history of music and the history of the dance at this time unfortunately there are no dates available. It is true that the art of the troubadours had its first bloom, and that we know the life times of many of them: Marcabru of Gascony and Jaufré Rudel flourished about 1120. And it is true that their melodies look neat enough in the beautiful *chansoniers* in which they were collected. But, alas, the tidy squares and diamonds of their plain-chant notation do not reveal the time value assigned to the individual note, the spirit of the performance in general, or, for that matter, the instrumental accompaniment.

There has been much controversy as to whether and to what degree the time values depended on the poetic meters of the text—long-short, or short-long, or otherwise—the long syllables being supposed to have taken just twice the length of the short. With or without this hypothesis, the general idea seems to have been that the poetry of the troubadours had syllabic melodies with each note or at the most a ligature of two notes corresponding to one syllable, the whole tune following a strict and even beat. If this were true, then all the songs, in the two hundred fifty years of troubadour and trouvère music, would be on the side of simple, symmetrical, more or less unemotional structures. But there is no proof, and the whole idea may be merely one of those illicit backward projections of modern habits to which music history has so often fallen victim. Johannes de Garlandia, a theoretician of the first half of the thirteenth century, expressly said that certain melodies could be performed *aut sono ordinato*, that is, in strict form, or else *in florificatione soni*, that is, in free coloratura; and the English Anonymus confirms this statement. Both discuss church music, but such freedom, then, would apply so much the more to secular music. Actually, some troubadour melodies have survived on western Mediterranean islands in forms quite different from the sober notation the troubadours left. This island music is not at all syllabic or strict in

beat but very free and expressive in the florid, melismatic style of southern Europe. The troubadours were southerners, after all, and the very fact that they always wrote their melodies in the noncommittal plain-chant notation, even after the introduction of mensural signs, hints at a basic vagueness of rhythm rather than the contrary. And as is true so often in older music, notation as a whole might have been skeletal. In this uncertainty, we had better refrain from assigning troubadour music to any definite style.

The Gothic Middle Ages

1140

WHILE GERMANY AND ITALY adhered to the Romanesque style for a hundred years more, French sculptors and architects changed their idioms so thoroughly that from 1140 on, specifically from the building of the western portal of the cathedral at St. Denis near Paris (begun in 1137), most art historians believe that an entirely different style began—the Gothic. Sculptors were no longer interested in dragons, griffins, apes, or monsters with two bodies to one head or with two heads to a single body. No lesser man than St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, had become aware of the *ridicula monstrositas* of late Romanesque church decoration and exposed it about 1130 in his famous *Apologie*. Restlessness disappears with the monsters and the once flowing garments quiet down: repose is the new ideal. Many porches are given typical column men: the statues of saints, instead of being decoratively pasted on the columns, now support the arches as parts of the structure, in the way the caryatids of ancient Greece had done.

And all over France, static ideals led the sculptor's chisel. The tympan in Conques, in the *midi*, which (in Porter's chronology) was carved "not much later than 1130 or 1135," is partitioned and hence less unified and flowing than the older ones. The scene of the keys of heaven being given to St. Peter in Nevers (central France), attributed to the middle of the century, has an almost classic sedateness. But these and the many other monuments of the new mentality are pale against the glory of the time—the Royal Portal of Chartres Cathedral (supposed to date from between 1145

and 1160, before the older church burned down) against the smiling majesty of its partitioned, symmetrical and of the quiet, elongated column men in neatly (which call to mind the fashions of ancient Greece

As-
A-1

At this time, indeed, "whatever the material, the a crimped or gaufered appearance that recalls the (of the Ancients," which "contrasts with the heavy 'Doric' draperies that preceded and followed it." This statement, found in Kelly and Schwabe's *Short History of Costume*, is a remarkable illustration of generational reversals, which play so dominant a role in the history of taste. Two distinctive feminine features of extreme fashion at this date were "first, the exaggerated prolongation of all parts, which was at times such an encumbrance that the draperies had to be shortened by tying them up in knots; secondly, the abrupt widening of the sleeves below the elbow into a kind of exorbitant streamers trailing sometimes as low as the ground." Thirdly, the upper parts of gowns were "skin-tight to below the hips." The ladies' hair made "an almost sensational appearance among the highest classes between c. 1120 and 1150, being parted in the middle and arranged in two long tails, either braided into plaits, twisted with ribbons, or enclosed in cases of silk bound with ribbon. These generally hung down in front and (length being a fashionable desideratum) were often eked out by means of false hair, tow, or other devices, reaching down to the knee or lower and ending in ornamental ferrules." No costume could be more vertical.

During this time in history, it is difficult to co-ordinate music with the other arts. The manuscripts have dates just as uncertain as those of the reliefs, to say the least, and the compositions that they include may or may not come from the time at which they were copied. The nearest musical monuments are the Codex of Beauvais and the Codex Calixtinus of Santiago de Compostela, both attributed to about 1140. But the notation of the polyphonic *órgana* and monodic *conductus* they contain fails to indicate time values and rhythm and hence does not convey a clear idea of living music.

The only composer's name that we know from this period was

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Adam de St. Victor. About 1130, he became a monk in his abbey, died at a Biblical age in 1192, and therefore must have flourished about 1140. His field was the sequence, a strophic, nonliturgical poem to be sung on a nonliturgical melody during the service, and never was sequence simpler, stricter, and evenner than Adam's.

All these traits coincide with a rebirth of classical learning, which has stamped the age as "the Renaissance of the twelfth century."

1170

FRENCH SCULPTURE RECHANGED its style after a very short time. There are the two almost violent ascensions in the cathedral of Cahors and the parish church at Collonges. But more violent are the Passion on the abbey church at St. Gilles, with the unruly drapery of its folds and the overdecoration of all structural parts, and the relief of Cain and Abel in the same church, where fantastic leafless trees are writhing in a gale. The high watermark seems to be the Death, Resurrection, and Triumph of the Virgin on the cathedral at Senlis (Ile de France), which in the powerful curves of its drapery and the dash of its movements suggests the epithet Baroque.

To this picture, England contributes a truly turbulent Last Judgment on enamel in the Victoria and Albert Museum. England also veers from the static Romanesque Anglo-Norman to a mature Gothic, the so-called Early English Style in architecture, with the cloisters of Fountain Abbey and the choir of Canterbury Cathedral (c. 1175-78) as its earliest monuments. And Spain contributes one of her best-known sculptures: the naturalistic, dramatic Puerta de Gloria of the cathedral in Santiago de Compostela, which Master Matteo carved from 1166 to 1188.

Fashion, the faithful, sensitive barometer, responds with a radical sinking of the waistline, which in all times seems to coincide with a dynamic trend in the arts.

At long last, the cautious search for musical contemporaries comes to an end. Around 1163, it seems, we are confronted with a world center of music, the school and choir connected with the cathedral

of Notre Dame in Paris, and with its outstanding personality, Master Leoninus. An anonymous and probably English writer a hundred years later mentions him by name, in contrast to the impersonal attitude of the earlier Middle Ages in matters of art. He reverently calls him *optimum organista*, meaning, not an organ player but a composer of *órgana*. Leoninus wrote a whole *Magnus Liber* with a year's supply for all the mass and office services that needed such polyphony of soloists for the responsorial parts of the liturgy *pro servitio divino multiplicando*. Unfortunately this unique document is lost, but several copies have been preserved. In the *órganum* of Leoninus, sections of rigid counterpoint note-against-note in strictest rhythm with the Gregorian *vox principalis* below alternated with free counterpoints of long coloraturas, which in powerful tension and an almost rhapsodic freedom effusively flowed over the solemn, if not eerie, endlessly drawn-out pedal notes of the Gregorian *ténor* or 'held' melody (Example 11).

Example 11. Órganum

Leoninus



PEROTINUS OF PARIS, the earliest musician on whom his contemporaries conferred the title Magnus, the Great, remodeled Leoninus' *Liber Magnus* in the reserved taste of the turning century. He dammed the free effusion of the melodic voice parts in the *órganum*

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and forced them into clean-cut periods of answering phrases; he played with short motifs and sequences, interchanged the voice parts to create a limpid symmetry, and arranged the *cantus firmus* or *ténor* in regularly reiterated patterns (Example 12).

Example 12. *Órganum*

Perotinus

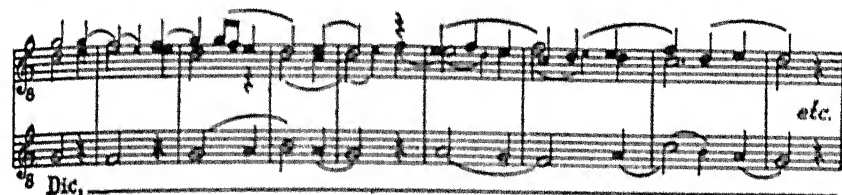


Out of the most clean-cut episodes in the *órganum*, Perotinus and his generation also developed a new, dominating form of polyphonic composition, the *motet* (which should not be mistaken for the later choral form of this name). A previously existing melody in lengthened notes was used as its *ténor*, and one or more additional voice parts, in shorter notes and strictest form, accompanied above. Each voice had a different text and later even a different language. Still, the texts were mostly somehow connected: one voice would sing *Virginalé decus et presidium*, or *Gaude super omnia*, or *Anima mea liquefacta est*, a second, *Descendi in ortum meum*, while the *ténor* played the melody of *Alma Redemptoris mater*, August Savior's Mother, on some instrument. The result, truly Gothic in

conception, is a unity in spirit rather than in sensuous perception (Example 13).

Example 13. Conduct

after Jacques Handschin



So strict was Perotinus' generation that, going beyond the motet, it created in the polyphonic *conductus* a wholly unified form—*consonans*, says one writer. A melody with a metric Latin text was accompanied by one, two, or even three higher voices, vocal or instrumental, all of which followed the same beat and rhythm. Thus the parts, denied independence and individuality, grew together into a sequence of chords. An important, perhaps the most important step toward harmony had been taken.

French sculpture, in contrast to the preceding style of Senlis and St. Gilles, was classic, simple, sedate. Outstanding examples are St. Anne's portal of Notre Dame in Paris, dated "not much earlier than 1180"; the statues and reliefs on St. Trophime in Arles, "possibly 1185"; furthermore, St. Peter and St. Paul on the portal of St. Pierre de Maguelonne (1178); and the closely outlined statues from the shrine of Lazarus at Autun ("1170-89"), once in the cathedral, now in the museum of that town.

Italian sculpture had the same classic attitude and even provides some inscribed dates: Maestro Martino's wooden Virgin with Child in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin (1199); or the symmetrical lunette of the principal doorway in San Michele degli Scalzi at Pisa (1204); or Maestro Marchionne's solemn lunette in the parish church at Arezzo (1216).

In architecture, the year 1200 marks the first work on the Drapers' Hall in Ypres, so classic in its steady, uniform rows of windows under the dominant calmness of its overpowering gable roof.

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Fashion accented this closeness by the new wimple, a tight-fitting linen cloth that framed the face of the lady.

In keeping with the strictness of the time, Pope Innocent III interdicted dramatic performances in churches in 1210 and the synod of Trier in 1227 renewed this ban at the climax of classicistic trends in the arts.

1230

THE EARLY THIRTEENTH CENTURY witnessed the beginnings of the chief group of Gothic cathedrals: Magdeburg in 1209, Reims in 1212, Amiens in 1218, Salisbury in 1220, Beauvais in 1225, Cologne in 1248. At the same time, France reached the climax of classic perfection in sculpture with the northern porch of Chartres, the porches of Amiens and Reims, the incomparable Virgin Portal of Notre Dame in Paris (Plate VIII), and the noble statue of the synagogue on the south façade of Strasbourg Cathedral.

In Germany, Naumburg Cathedral was at the same time given its famous 'classical' statues of the Prince and Princess, the *Schloßkirche* at Wechselburg its Crucifixion, the cathedral of Freiberg in Saxony its Golden Portal, and the cathedral of Bamberg its St. Elizabeth (Plate VI).

Art historians have rightly compared this heyday of the Gothic style with the Golden Age of Greece: there are no archaic features left; all scenes are dignified and quiet without being stiff; symmetry has lost its hieratic rigidity; garments, in art and in life, are extremely simple and fall in a few, almost majestic, folds; and men and women have learned how to stand and to move, to smile and to mourn. In a similar sense of dignity, the council of Trier, in 1227, denounced the secular texts that had crept into hymns and plain song.

The outstanding, datable music relic is the *Dies irae*, Day of Wrath, which still forms the second section of the Requiem mass. But Thomas of Celano—if he is the composer—follows the age-old form of the sequence so closely that the time is not characterized.

The other relics are once more the songs of northern French

trouvères and German minnesingers and once more we do not know their rhythm nor their accompaniment. More important from the viewpoint of history are two developments in polyphonic music. One of them is the codification and, in a double sense, the classification of rhythm. Thus a whole piece from beginning to end, or one of the voice parts, was pressed into the strait jacket of one of the Greek poetic meters—trochees (2-1 units, ♩), iambs (1-2 units, ♩), dactyls (3-1-2 units, ♩), anapaests (1-2-3 units, ♩), or otherwise—and therewith kept away from any free effusion of melody. The reader may form an idea of such modal compositions if he thinks of the dactyls at the beginning of the slow movement in Beethoven's Seventh or of the scherzo in his Ninth, or of the anapaests in Bach's Brandenburg Concerto for strings in G major.

In view of these *modi*, as the monks called the metric patterns, the author was pleased to read in Hans Karlinger's *Kunst der Gotik* (Berlin 1927, p. 78) that the contemporaneous Sixtus Portal of Reims Cathedral was to his taste "all too metrical in structure." This scholar, quite unaware of the implications of his statement, had found an extraordinarily strong sense of metric arrangement in the sculpture of that time, thus stressing that the musical codification of meter (probably unknown to him) was far from being exclusively a musical trait.

The rigid *modi* were fortunately valid only in polyphonic music, motets and conductus (Example 13, in the first, trochaic mode).

Secular monophonic melodies were, however, spared the *modus* regulation. We do not know their rhythmic organization, since their script ignored time values; but the very choice of so vague a notation seems to prove that rhythm played a rather subordinate role, indeed that the troubadours and other singers might not always have cared at all for regular time beats. Two or three generations later, Johannes de Grocheo in his fascinating treatise on music—to be discussed anon—significantly feels uncertain whether this kind of music should be described as immeasurable or as not so precisely measurable, since it was sung *totaliter ad libitum*, as you like it.

The stricter attitude of the times around 1230 was not satisfied

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with so vague a notation. To be sure, the plain-chant script, noncommittal and easy, was kept for all unaccompanied melodies (monophonies), both religious and secular, such as the chant of the church and the songs of the troubadours. But for polyphony, where the simultaneous progression of two or more voice parts had to be carefully related, the exact time values of the notes became so vital that a 'measuring' notation seemed indispensable. This *mensural* notation, the direct forerunner of our modern script, was achieved by assigning different shapes, and ascending or descending stems to the squares that symbolized the various time values, *longa*, *brevis*, *semibrevis* and, later, *minima* and *semiminima*.

With both developments, metric *modi* and mensural notation, the French polyphonists had radically turned their backs on the rhythmical vagueness of Leoninus' style. Both served strictness in structure and presentation.

1265

AFTER THE CLASSICAL CLIMAX, Gothic art grew lighter, more elegant, louder, and livelier. In architecture, the turn is unmistakable in one of the most beautiful buildings of France, the Sainte Chapelle in the Court of Justice in Paris, which was finished in 1248 after six years of work. The edifice—in fact two chapels one above another—has scarcely solid walls; the stained windows occupy more space than had been usual before. All this interior, stone as well as glass, is lavishly colored; without color, the building would have little effect.

The English parallel of this postclassical Gothic is the so-called Decorated Style, which reaches from about 1270 to about 1370 and sets in with St. Ethelbert's Gateway, Norwich (1273-78), the choir and transept of Exeter Cathedral (1279-92), and the hall of the bishop's palace in Wells (1280-92).

Statues from the Sainte Chapelle, carved at a somewhat later date, but in the same century, are already Baroque in their prettiness and the would-be grandiosity of their bellying folds. At about the same time, the west front of the cathedral in Poitiers and the church

of St. Seurin in Bordeaux (1267) are florid, overloaded, restive. But then, the turn had been visible as early as the west front of Amiens Cathedral (c. 1225-36).

In painting, the illuminations of the psalter of St. Louis (shortly before 1270) stand out with their dramatic verve, expressive contours, and eloquent gestures, and Witelo, a Polish friend of St. Thomas Aquinas, writes the earliest treatise on perspective. Fashions, in contradiction to the preceding mode, have "a certain amount of elaboration" (Mary G. Houston), particularly in the padded, netted hairdresses, and a "greater freedom of arrangement and gaiety of treatment." Significantly, the waistline descends.

Music, too, can be said to have grown lighter, more elegant, and livelier. The Franconian style in the second half of the century—named for Franco of Cologne, patriarch of mensural notation—abandoned the chordal conductus in favor of the freer motet and in the motet gave predominance, speed, and smoothness to the upper voice. The *ténor* or spine of the composition, once the melody proper, was reduced to a short and ever repeated *ostinato* motive, which could unhesitatingly be taken from anywhere, even from secular songs, from popular dance tunes, or from the traditional cries of Parisian street peddlers. At the peak of this style, under the leadership of Pierre de la Croix or Petrus de Cruce, upper-voice melody reached a highly expressive, free-flowing, and almost rhapsodic manner reminiscent of Leoninus a hundred years before (Example 14).

Italy, for centuries defenseless in the wake of Byzantine art, then at last emerged from its stupor and came to the fore with its earliest masterworks: the pulpits of the baptistery in Pisa (1260) and of the cathedral in Siena (1265). Their creator, Nicola Pisano, trying to reconcile archaic tradition and modern currents, avoided symmetry and other features of strictness (Plate IX). His reliefs are often crowded and always animated, dramatic, and even naturalistic: the Crucifixion in Siena, in its gamut from gloomy mourning to screaming despair, is one of the most moving works of all time. And it is probably more than mere coincidence that the naturalistic passion

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Example 14. Motet

after Adler

(Triplum) Au - cun ont tro - veit chan par u - sa - ge, mais a moi en done a - cai - son
 (Motetus) Long - - - tens me sui te - nus

(Tenor) Annuntiantes.
 a - mur, ki ren - bau - dist mun co - ra - ge ...
 de chan - - - teir ...

plays, representing the last days of Christ's life, were being introduced in these decades—in Padua 1244, in Rome 1264.

1300

AT THE BEGINNING of the fourteenth century, a victorious citizenry was taking over the cultural role of noblemen and priests; poetry began to admit the vernacular beside the conventional Latin, and things secular were slowly conquering a dominant place in spiritual life. Dante was writing the earliest of his greater works, *La Vita Nuova*, a book of prose and poetry thoroughly personal and Italian. Nor did his *Divina Commedia* refrain from the personal, the political, the Florentine.

To the greatest contemporary painter, Giotto, the saints, though solemn, were warmhearted human beings in Tuscan towns and settings who, with eloquent gestures, expressed their awe and bliss and passionate despair and, in their benevolence, did not hesitate to mingle with men of the street and beggars on crutches.

In a similar way, Duccio di Buoninsegna in Siena tried to rid his art of the static tradition in which he had been educated; the front of his *Maestà*, painted in 1311 for the cathedral, still clings to the solemn symmetry that the subject imposes; but on the back, the

master depicts the life of Christ with an unparalleled dramatic power and freedom of conception.

An unusual genius led Italian sculpture into the fourteenth century: Giovanni Pisano, Nicola's son. His pulpits for Sant'Andrea in Pistoia (1298-1301) and for the cathedral of Pisa (1301-11) have an inner life and tension that no Italian master had ever achieved before him and that but few were to achieve in later times (Plate IX). In the years he was working in Tuscany, the west façade of the cathedral in Strasbourg was given its famous statues of the Foolish Virgins who, instead of being neatly aligned as a wall decoration in the customary way, perform a lively scene with stagy gestures, which the master might have seen in mystery plays.

The unsteady "Gothic sway" of the hips that gives these Virgins particular buoyancy—a common feature of many statues of the time (Plate VII)—has been called the expression of an excited mental state but also an affected mannerism (which it indeed became when it no longer had inner necessity). But maybe we should liken it to the contemporaneous trend in architecture toward sacrificing the capitals of columns to an urge for unobstructed verticalism and tossing the column ribs in one gigantic *élan* from floor to vault. A statue never would get such verve from steadfast verticalism but can easily get it from the graceful sway of the hips, which in its flexibility seems to relieve the pressure of gravity.

A similar trend appears in the tightening of modish gowns and tunics. Fashions turn radically away from the earlier reserve: the waistline sinks, the shoes grow in length, and the garments often become fantastically part-colored—the right half blue, the left half white or otherwise; coiffures are increasingly elaborate, and dignified gentlemen once again wear beards.

French music was still under the influence of Pierre de la Croix's intense and flowing melody. But it slowly moved to recognizing and using the third as a full-fledged consonance as the British had been doing for a long time. The clash of the two styles became manifest in an outstanding and fortunately datable musical document of the time. Interpolated in Gervais de Bus' satiric, anticlerical *Roman de*

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Fauvel (1316) were far more than a hundred secular or secularized pieces—motets, rondeaux, ballads, and others. One easily distinguishes among them an older layer without, and a younger layer with, third consonances.

Another symptom of a turn away from the traditional standards of church music was the *Theoria* that Johannes de Grocheo, probably a Frenchman, wrote about 1300. While earlier authors, secluded and aloof, had busied themselves with quoting and interpreting once more the authorities in which the Middle Ages blindly confided—Nikomachos, Boethius, and Guido of Arezzo—with solving the thorny problems of intervals, of consonance and dissonance, and of an adequate notation, without ever deigning to look at secular music, Grocheo unexpectedly changes front. When he begins his treatise, "As certain young people asked me to give them a survey of music," we realize at once that he approached a public the scholarly musicologists had never considered. A few pages later, the unheard-of happens: music, he says, "differs according to different habits, different idioms, and different languages in different cities and regions." Let us then speak of the music "according to the usage of the Parisians, and how it is needed in the practice and intercourse (*convictum*) of the burghers."

There it is all at once: the rise of nationalism and regionalism, of the citizenry and the secular. The supernational knot, in which the Christian world had been tied by both church and nobility, was broken.

1324

THE COUNTERATTACK from the church came in 1324 with the intransigent bull against the "new school" in music issued by Pope John XXII. This new school, he contended, strove for artificial meters, invented new melodies in a new notation rather than singing the old ones, forced rapid tempos on sacred music, dissolved the melody by ornaments, rests, and polyphony, and grafted the holy

words on secular tunes; in short, it disturbed devotion, intoxicated the ear, and perverted the listener.

The "new school" the Pope had in mind was very probably the free-flowing style of the preceding generation under Pierre de la Croix. The actual *ars nova* under the leadership of the versatile Philippe de Vitry—whom Petrarch addressed in 1350 as "the greatest, the only poet of the age" and Simon Tunstede in Oxford as "the flower of all the world of musicians"—shared with John XXII a spirit rather opposed to extravagance and aimed at strictness and balance. Reverting to an idea of the Perotinus generation, Vitry established his motets on the inexorable tectonics of isorhythm which will be discussed in greater detail in Chapter VIII (Symbols and Craft). Here it may be briefly described as the principle of forcing upon the melody a metrical pattern of some length—say, six, eight measures—and without any change repeating it as often as required to the end of the piece. In other words: the melodies of the various stanzas were different as to the sequence of higher and lower notes but similar as to the sequence of longer and shorter notes (as, with a very short meter, in the beginning of the slow movement in Beethoven's Seventh). On the other hand, de Vitry stressed the consonance of the third, an interval that the earlier theory had considered inadmissible and that even as progressive a writer as Johannes de Grocheo in Paris found too "hard on the ears" (*auribus dure*); and, quite in the spirit of 1230, he resumed a style dependent on chords.

It was in keeping with this turn toward harmony that the keyboard instruments which—contracting the independent voice parts of individual players to monochromatic chords on one instrument, promoted, and depended upon, vertical hearing—were contrived at that time. We hear of a clavichord with nineteen strings in 1323 and shortly later of English, harpsichordlike *cheekers* or *exaquiers*.

While this was happening in music, Boccaccio wrote his classical epic *Teseide* (1341) in imitation of the ancients, and Giotto's per-

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sonal style developed from the dramatic fugue of his Franciscan frescoes in Assisi to the solemn reserve of the murals in the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels in Santa Croce at Florence. In this new atmosphere of sedateness, Andrea Orcagna found his early style of sober, two-dimensional symmetry. And Lippo Memmi's or Ambrogio Lorenzetti's madonnas, "hieratic, Egyptian" as Bernard Berenson says, were no longer Siennese anachronisms but were in keeping with metropolitan trends.

There are at least some outer reasons for finding the same reactions in France since the Holy See was then in exile at Avignon in Provence; but the inner reasons must have been stronger. The tomb of Bishop Pierre de Roquefort (d. 1321) in Saint Nazaire at Carcassonne (near the Spanish frontier) is an excellent example of an almost archaic classicism. One should not minimize this testimonial by saying that the *midi* was anyway more classicistic than the North—the Rieux Chapel in Toulouse, which will be mentioned in the next section, was no less southern and yet entirely anticlassical.

A quite similar deviation from the dramatic ideals of the preceding generation appears in the sculpture of Germany, and in the quiet simplicity of fashions, too. The famous Lutrell Psalter (c. 1340) depicts its ladies in close-fitting, tight-sleeved gowns in one piece, which mold the bosom, waist, and hips.

1348

1348 was the fatal year in which the plague harassed the south of Europe. It gave Boccaccio the connecting link for his revolutionary set of one hundred short stories, written between 1350 and 1353, which, instead of evoking Mount Olympos or distant princely castles, lead the reader into the living rooms, bed chambers, and stables of lesser people. The hundred stories of this *Decamerone* or Ten Days are being alternately told by the members of a party of rich young gentlemen and ladies whom the plague has brought together in a manor near Florence to evade contagion. And every night, after having listened to ten tales, "the 'queen' ordered the

instruments to come," and one or two voices united in singing.

The pieces that the elegant young ladies sang with their cavaliers were just as revolutionary as the *Decamerone* itself. Music of those days no longer gave preponderance to religious subjects but, on the contrary, fostered secular topics and forms, and in this field had created two almost unprecedented types, the *madrigal* and the *chace*.

Not the structure of the madrigal or, for that matter, of the ballad matters here; the number of lines and the place of the refrain are unimportant. Vital in their novelty are, in the first place, the renunciation of any cantus firmus and of counterpoint in medieval style for an almost chordal, harmonic accompaniment of the melody and, secondly, in connection with this change, the energetic turn to anecdotic texts as well as to anecdotic music. One of the boldest pioneers of the new style, Giovanni da Cascia of Florence, wrote a delightful little madrigal on a bathing girl (Example 15). "My visage concealed in the leaves, I stayed. . . ." Forgetting how artful the form is, you follow the longing watcher who cautiously draws nearer and nearer, and at last . . . "No," he says, "I am not going to tell you how I felt"; and he says it in the breathless patter that we know from the Italian opera stage. This is Boccaccio's spirit as far as the situation goes. Musically, the flexible adaptation of melody and rhythm to the sudden developments of an anecdote was entirely novel.

The same delight in life, descriptiveness, and one-way motion shows in the most curious form of the *trecento*, that of the *caccia* or, in French, the *chace*. Its structural principle, a favorite among fourteenth-century composers, was the canon, in which a second voice beginning later imitated the first voice note by note at the same pitch. But there is little resemblance to our childish little canons of eight or sixteen bars repeated ad infinitum; the second voice follows the first at a considerable distance, and repeats are avoided; from beginning to end, the melody develops in a one-way motion without ever falling back on the same formulas. Some texts, with their music, depict hunting as the name implies; others describe adventures

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Example 15. Madrigal

Giovanni da Cascia

[ca. 108]

Na - sco - so el vi - so sta - va

fra le fron - de. *Din.*

bel giar - di - no sp - presso a me guar -

da - va *etc.* conclusion:

Piu

piu non vo' dir quanto quel di mi - piac.

que.

of fishermen, some, fire and showers, and several even market life. In the latter, we hear the joyful cries of *Ho! Houp! Ayó!* flung to the dogs, and the din and bargaining and the voluble arguments of sellers and buyers.

Contemporary painters found a similar delight in depicting trivial detail and local color. A master like Altichiero of Verona (who flourished in the 1360's and 70's) reduced, as Bernard Berenson puts it, "the crucifixion to something not far removed from a market scene, and the spectator is in danger of forgetting the Figure on the Cross by having his attention drawn to a dog lapping water from a ditch, a handsome matron leading a wilful child, or an old woman wiping her nose."

As so often, delight in petty detail is paralleled by a sense of dramatic effects and even a pitiless naturalism. Dramatic is Simone Martini's Annunciation in the Uffizi (1333). The master could not avoid the conventional hieratic arrangement, the picture being evenly partitioned by Gothic ogives and columns. But he boldly took the two middle columns out to make room for an impressive scene: the Virgin, utterly thunderstruck by Gabriel's announcement, shrinks back from the archangel as far as the nearest partition allows, which by the contrast of its impassible verticality increases the violence of her panic (Plate X).

As to naturalism, nothing could be more impressive than the Crucified Christ by some painter of the Romagna ("Workshop of Baronzio," says the Metropolitan Museum, its present owner). The revolutionary creator of this blood-stained, livid torso with its protruding ribs has studied life and death themselves with greater devotion than the fixed patterns of his predecessors.

The best-known and most representative documents of the new naturalism, however, are the *Trionfi della morte* which, as a consequence of the plague of 1348, were painted here and there in Italy. The strongest of them is—alas, was up to the battles of 1944—Francesco Traini's mural in the Campo Santo at Pisa, so unforgettable in its pitiless grandiosity, which did not refrain from the ugly and the repulsive. Even as unnaturalistic a master as Andrea

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Orcagna could not avoid creating a Triumph of Death in a naturalism quite foreign to his former abstract severity. And an inveterate Sienese like Pietro Lorenzetti, reneging the lyrical spirit of his town, carried the old themes—in B. Berenson's scolding words—"to the utmost pitch of frantic feeling. Form, movement, composition—even depth and significance—all have been sacrificed to the expression of the most obvious and easy motion. Such anarchy has seldom again overtaken an Italian master, even of the Bolognese. To find its like you must go to Spain and to certain Germans."

France was no less radical. Arthur Gardner, describing the sculptures in the Rieux Chapel at Toulouse (shortly before 1348), speaks of affectation, theatrical exaggerations, and "contorted attitudes with heads on one side, and hair and beards puffed out in most generous proportion, suggesting that they had been copied from actors masquerading in elaborate wigs."

Fashion, too, exaggerated again. The gentlemen padded their breasts and wore long streamers instead of flaps on their sleeves; the ladies widened their dresses and donned fantastic coiffures.

1372

TOWARD THE END of the century, the painter Melchior Broederlam, outstanding in the Netherlands, at long last gave up the spaceless ornamental backgrounds of the (northern) generations before him and laid his scenes in airy, perspective landscapes and architectures. A southern painter of the same generation, the Florentine Cennino Cennini, was then stressing imagination and its freedom at the cost of tradition and rules and recommending nature as "the most perfect guide" in drawing—in contrast to the ready-made canons and patterns used in the Middle Ages. Cennini actually wrote his *Tratto della pittura* years later; but he explicitly did it in the spirit of his master Angelo Gaddi, who had died in 1396. One of the very few dated documents of early French painting, King Charles the Fifth's illuminated *Bible historiale* of 1372, shows a "merciless naturalism"

or, in the words of the French art historian André Michel: "*une ressemblance criarde, presque cruelle.*"

Sculpture went the same way; a statue like the one in Amiens from the 1370's that represents Bureau de la Rivière is striking as a naturalistic and even dramatic portrait.

In 1373, St. John the Baptist's Chapel in the cathedral of Amiens inaugurated the momentous last style of Gothic architecture, the 'flaming' Flamboyant, which then triumphed for more than a hundred years over solid weight and restful simplicity. Height grew at the cost of width. And the walls that were kept in this process of dematerialization dissolved in dizzying fireworks of delicate traceries in complex, curved, free-flowing, fantastic lines with swarms of niches, canopies, rockets, and pinnacles.

At exactly the same time, English architecture passed to what the British call Perpendicular Style which, not continental in its details, was nonetheless built on the same principles of atectonic, luxuriant ornamentation and avoidance of surfaces. It made its first appearance in Edward III's tomb in Westminster Abbey (1377), the nave and western transept of Canterbury Cathedral (1378-1411), and New College in Oxford (1380-90).

Fashionable dress became eccentric. Shoes were made immensely long and pointed; the new *houppelandes* or full and often part-colored coats, had fancifully scalloped or 'dagged' hems; and feminine hairdress, very elaborate, "reverted to the types worn earlier in the century," as Mary G. Houston states. The waist was very low.

Music presented closely related traits. It is true that the great composer, poet, and canon Guillaume de Machaut, its brilliant head at the time of the dawning flamboyant, preserved de Vitry's isorhythmic structure of the motet. But in spite of this archaic trait, once more all energy, tension and expression were condensed in the upper voice. Melody, free and almost rhapsodic, proceeded in ever-changing beats and meters with rests, capricious syncopation, and frequent coloraturas; and the accompanying voice parts followed in contrasting rhythms and sometimes in the open work of rapid alter-

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nation with the melody in shortest rests and motives. It is hardly possible to separate this restless, glittering style from the laces of flamboyant tracery (Example 16).

Example 16. Motet

Guillaume de Machaut

[ca. 80]

Ne quier ve- oir la
Quant The- se- us, Her-
biau- té d'Ab- sa- lon
cu- les et Ja- son etc

And one more trait, closely related to this splendor: Guillaume de Machaut himself, as the author of the epic poems *La Prise d'Alexandrie* and *Li Tems Pastour*, delighted in describing gigantic random orchestras at courtly feasts with no less than thirty-six different kinds of instruments and several players to the part.

Such delight in timbre and fullness gave the organ its earliest solo stops (beside the previously exclusive mixtures), a second manual, and pedals. Proudly, Machaut exalted it as "*de tous les instruments le roi*," the king among instruments.

Two passages in Machaut's letters addressed to friends should arrest our attention. One is the little adage:

*Qui de sentement ne fait,
Son dit et son chant contrefait*

which could be translated into

If you do not feel your song,
Words and melody are wrong.

This sounds almost romantic. The other passage stresses that he had never given away a piece without having heard it: the earliest evidence of an antimedieval attitude that makes the ear supreme controller.

The contemporary musicians of Italy, under the uncontested leadership of Francesco Landino, *poeta laureatus* and blind organist of the cathedral at Florence, were in a way abandoning the national style of the last two generations and openly accepting the influence of French flamboyant music. However, their chordal sonority and the long-drawn-out lines of their melody, now sweet, now grandiose, are unmistakably Italian (Example 17).

Example 17. Ballad

Francesco Landino

Ex. 64
Gram

pian' a - gl'occhi greve dogli 'al

co - re, ab - bonda sem - pre l'anima, si

mo - re.

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1400

LANDINO'S ART, HOWEVER, was either too intellectual and far from the common taste of the public or else, which is more probable, the generational taste as a whole had changed at the end of the century. For one of Landino's madrigals, *Musica son*, I am Music, is a dreary lament of music itself:

To see, for street-songs, fickle wits forsaking
The sweet and perfect sounds that I am making.

(translated by Gustave Reese)

Once more, the public preferred the simple, square-cut forms which in Italy have always counterbalanced freedom and sophistication. The Italian word Landino uses for street songs is *frottola*. A hundred years later, this same song form, ever alive, again counteracted the sway from France and Flanders.

But even in France, musicians after Machaut returned to chords, syllabic, unadorned diction, and regular beats. Baude Cordier's and Jean Tapissier's pieces in the so-called Apt Manuscript of about 1400 are good examples. But F. Andrieu's double ballad on Machaut's death, for two instruments and two voices on two texts (whence the term double), already had shown the same characteristics much earlier, in 1377 (Example 18).

Chords assume a significant role: at the end of Andrieu's lament, four weighty chords, insulated by rests and *fermatas* like as many monoliths, interrupt the regular pulse on the plaintive words *la mort Machaut* (and incidentally the upper voice descends in the same tetrachord with the augmented second in the middle of its four notes that plays so essential a role in Bach's Easter cantata *Christ lag in Todesbanden* on almost the same words: *Der Tod, der Tod*, Death, death).

Italian sculpture confirms the transition to classic ideals. The Metropolitan Museum keeps two outstanding examples of small-size sculpture—Baldassare degli Embriacchi's two sets of delicate bone carvings of about 1400. The two greatest sculptors of the time, Nanni di Banco and Jacopo della Quercia, created solemn, epic

Example 18. Double Ballad on Machaut's Death

F. Andrieu

plou-res car C'est bien dreis la mort Machaut
 que car l'on plou-ra en France[et] en Ar-tois la mort Machaut.

le no-ble re-tho-ri- - - - - - que
 le no-ble re-tho-ri- - - - - - que.

statues full of quiet energy. Quercia's recumbent portrait statue on the tomb of Ilaria del Carretto in the cathedral of Lucca (1406) is the paragon of serene and noble simplicity. And classical in attitude also is the first (northern) bronze door of the baptistry in Florence, which Lorenzo Ghiberti created from 1401 to 1424.

But this is true of Italy only. French and Flemish artists carried naturalism to a climax of unusual strength. Cardinal Lagrange, who died in 1402, had himself portrayed on his tomb as a pitiful corpse, sunken, rotten, and desiccated; and his was not the only tomb in this macabre ideology.

The greatest master of the time, Klaas Sluter, was a naturalist, too, though a less penetrant one. He did not idealize the statues of Moses and Isaiah on his Well of Moses for the Chartreuse of Dijon, but lovingly depicted them after living models from the ghetto. At

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the same time, he had begun the famous forty alabaster statuettes for the tomb of Duke Philip the Bold in Dijon, which he left unfinished at his death in 1406. The figures, seemingly moving along a sinuous arcade around the sarcophagus in a funeral cortege, represent the mourners in all nuances of emotion, from the stolid apathy of the choirboys to the pathetic grief of the duke's next of kin, from solemn reserve to the bizarre attitudes and eloquent gestures of those unable to control their despair, and almost all in heavy, hooded mourning gowns, which betray the feelings of their wearers—"clothes that tell," Martin Conway called them.

CHAPTER FIVE

Renaissance and Baroque

1430

THE YEARS AROUND 1430 brought the Italian Renaissance, thus ending the Middle Ages and creating the ground in which our modern civilization has its roots. In this section, we will not attempt an exhaustive characterization of the crisis; far from anticipating the discussions of the Third Part of this book, we shall simply outline a few decisive facts that will later fall into pattern.

The unmistakable beginning is Filippo Brunelleschi's radical defection from the Gothic ideals and his creation of the Renaissance style in architecture with its well-known features: the semicircular arch instead of the ogive, the rehabilitation of the Roman column, a harmonious balance of vertical and horizontal forces and, hence, a clear, serene, and almost sober conception of space. In 1420 he was entrusted with solving the difficult problem of the dome of the cathedral in Florence, and in 1421, with designing the Foundlings' Hall in the same city (which has become so famous through Andrea della Robbia's swaddling children). In the following years, he built the Medici church of San Lorenzo.

While Brunelleschi's contribution was a half-classicistic restoration of native traditions after the Gothic interlude, the leading sculptors and painters complied with the new ideal from different sides. Donatello, *il terribile*, striving for realism against the predominant irrationalism of the Middle Ages, created the striking portrait, characteristic of the Renaissance, with his statues of Job (1422) and Jeremiah (1426) and the almost illusionistic painted clay bust of Niccolò Uzzano in the Bargello (1432) (Plate XIII).

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Masaccio, the greatest painter in Florence and probably in all Italy, laid his scenes in unified spaces, thus acting against the seriation of medieval art. Trained in the classicistic style of the early century, he turned to a passionately dramatic expression a few years before his premature death, which occurred in 1428 at the age of only twenty-seven. Two works, painted in 1426 and 1427, are particularly characteristic of this break at the eleventh hour. One is the Crucifixion in the National Museum at Naples, with St. John's desperate though quiet grief and the wild lament of Mary Magdalene who, prostrate at the foot of the cross, throws out her arms in almost hysterical violence. The other work is a set of murals in the Brancacci Chapel of Santa Maria del Carmine at Florence with the famous Expulsion from the Garden of Eden. Here, in pitiless naturalism, Adam, bent down and dejected, is depicted as he makes his exit with Eve who, repulsive in the miserable distortion of her face, is crying aloud (Plate XI).

Ghiberti's second (eastern) bronze door for the baptistry in Florence (1425-52) is both classicistic in a Roman sense and unified in the sense of Masaccio. Thoroughly picturesque, it combines the lowest relief for landscape and architectural backgrounds with half-relief for distant figures and high relief for the first plane, with a strong effect of light and shadow, convincing space, and a dramatic action that hardly lapses into staginess or agitation.

The opposite of both was Luca della Robbia, one of the most graceful and amiable representatives of quiet, classical trends. In whatever material he worked, in marble, bronze, or his favorite white and blue terra cotta, he was always strict and symmetrical in structure, simple and noble in drapery, and static—so static that his Resurrected Christ of 1443 does not fly to heaven, but quietly stands on a little mound behind the open sarcophagus. Two years later, he modeled his group of the Visitation for Pistoia in the spirit of truly Grecian reserve and purity.

It is only a seeming paradox that some men, unlike Luca, affected by the dynamism prevalent toward 1430 but too old to find their way to the Renaissance, developed a late Gothic style of an almost Ba-

roque character. Nanni di Banco and Jacopo della Quercia, mentioned in the preceding section, had swerved from the ideals of their younger years. Nanni's manner had changed after his Saint Eloy (c. 1415). His famous Virgin in Glory on the northern portal of the Duomo in Florence (Plate XII) is all ecstatic motion, with floating gowns and wildly jerking folds. Quercia's conversion came at nearly the same time as Nanni's: the Virtues on the Fonte Gaya in Siena (1409-19), the tombs of the Trenta family (1416), and the altar of San Frediano (for which one finds the two dates 1413 and 1422), both in Lucca, not far from Florence, are almost Baroque in the twisted poses of men and women and the heavy garments with their tortuous folds. The architecture of the altar, Gothic in the Flamboyant style, overdecorated and lambent, may be a relapse into bygone times, but was a logical frame for the restless motion of his sculpture. Jacopino da Tradate's Pope Martin V in Milan Cathedral followed in the same direction as late as 1421.

After 1440, relapses into Gothic were no longer possible; the Renaissance had won. Even a master so anachronistically conservative and Gothic as Fra Angelico, who was but little concerned with tactile corporality or space and hesitated to give up the golden backgrounds of the Middle Ages, changed sides as much as was possible for him. But one of his madonnas in the Monastery of San Marco at Florence, painted before 1445, belongs in another world and suggests a measurable space. The golden background is replaced by an architectural wall with fine Renaissance pilasters that Brunelleschi or Michelozzo might have designed; the Child is a true child, no longer a diminutive man, and some attendants turn their heads to lead the onlooker's eye inward and out.

It was at this time that theory began to support the novel art. The learned masters were sitting down to find the laws of perspective. Indeed, Paolo Uccello, burning the midnight oil over studies of foreshortening and vanishing points, would answer his wife, who called him from the bedroom by "What a good thing perspective is!" Alberti, the true Renaissance universalist, also wrote the fundamental books *De pictura* and *De re aedificatoria* (1452). As a faith-

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ful disciple of the old Roman Vitruvius and an enthusiastic admirer of Augustean classicism, he exerted himself with a canon of 'good' architecture and the 'correct' measurements of columns, bases, and capitals. Were this endeavor insufficient to prove his radical classicism, one should read how, in his treatise, he flatly urges the painter to idealize his sitters and to attenuate their deformities.

Portraits themselves were at that time often medal-like, painted in the strictest profile and set off against a contrasting background, like Pisanello's Princess of Este in the Louvre (Plate XIV).

The North, Flanders and France, was not interested in classic revival or in theoretical research. But it shared with the South the thorough realism and a three-dimensional space, which the masters achieved through aerial rather than linear perspective.

In 1414, the death of the ducal maecenas put a sudden end to one of the most charming works of all times, Pol de Limbourg's exquisite illuminations for Duke Jean's hour book, *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry* in Chantilly. With unprecedented observation of nature and life and with an equally unprecedented delicacy of brush, the master describes the courtier's amusements and the workman's toil; lovingly, he displays to delighted eyes his flowers, trees, and animals and shows us airy, blue-green valleys with woods, meandering streams, and turreted castles (Plate XI).

Not many years after Pol de Limbourg had put his brushes down, Flanders was to receive the altar of St. Bavon in Ghent, the greatest work of older Netherlands art and the earliest known painting in oil. It is irrelevant for our purpose whether it was created by a single master Jan van Eyck or by Jan and his brother Hubert. We are more interested in its style, which is a strange magnification of an illuminator's style: in the photographic exactitude with which each hair and thread is rendered; the delight in accessory details; the well-kept, cozy interiors and the boundless vistas into distant sceneries; a scope which reaches from the nude humanness of Adam and Eve to the papal majesty of God the Father in Glory; a truthfulness in individual portraits, rarely reached and never surpassed; a quiet

fervor and sincerity; and a total absence of eloquence, drama, or gesture.

The newly conquered landscape and widely opened space at last appears in southern Germany and Switzerland, too, and find their earliest climax in Konrad Witz's Geneva altar of 1444.

The two worlds, the North and the South, were connected about 1450 when the then outstanding Flemish painter, Roger van der Weyden, traveled to Italy on a portentous trip of give-and-take. He is said to have shown the art of oil painting to the Italians, who had known only the less glossy tempera painting until then and he brought home a decisive turn to the novel trends of the Renaissance. From then on, he renounced the profuse up and down of rustling, angular folds; he no longer neglected the third dimension or placed his actors all in a frontal row; and he restrained their lacrymose emotion and gesture. His Virgin with Saints in Frankfort on the Main was a true Italian *sacra conversazione* in symmetry and in quiet; and on the altar of the Three Magi in the Munich museum, he even allowed one of Mary's attendant maidens to look out from the picture in an unconcernedness entirely incompatible with the spiritual concentration of his pre-Italian works. One should not say all this was merely due to the accident of a stay abroad. For not just an accident urged him to travel but rather the fact that the northern style had no longer the unchallenged confidence of even its best representative while, on the other hand, the modern art of Italy had attained world importance and could not in the long run be ignored.

The general trend of calming down and classic purification in the second quarter of the century, which soothed even Donatello's violence, shows very clearly in the fate of fashion. From a determined reserve around 1400, it passed about 1425 to full and voluminous drapery and even to trains. The waistline fell; and hairdresses grew exaggeratedly large and fanciful. But in 1450 reserve was very strong again and, as Piero della Francesca's portraits of the Duke and the Duchess of Urbino show, remained very strong far into the 1460's. Indeed, the costumes were reactionary. Men wore

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the *capuchon* of the fourteenth century; gowns reverted to the tight-fitting *côte-hardi* type of the classical generation of the thirteenth century, and no longer were low waistlines, slashed skirts, or part-colored pieces fashionable. In Pisanello's portrait of a Princess Este in the Louvre (Plate XIV), an excellent example of feminine fashions, the waistline reaches the highest possible spot; the neck is free; and the hair, brushed back from the brow and up from the nape, is carefully tucked under a coif.

The evolution was no less unequivocal in music. In the dynamic days around 1425, Italian music under Matteo da Perugia and Bartolomeo da Bologna abandoned the strictness of the years after Landino and relapsed into the florid *bravura* of their grandfathers. But they were no longer in the van of the musical stage. Nor were the French or the Flemings in the lead. England had come to the fore, with Lionel Powers, John Bennet, and, one of the greatest masters of all times, John Dunstable. Parallel with the reawakened coloraturas of the Italians and very different from the preceding and following styles in the North, Dunstable's tense and ardent melody burst forth in boundless streams over the powerful chords of the lower two voices (Example 19).

Example 19.

John Dunstable

[ca. 112]

O - - san - na

O - san - na

O - san - - -

etc.

Style changed after 1430. The place of honor among composers went to the Burgundians and, particularly, to Guillaume Dufay, their patriarch. His rise, toward the middle of the century, marks the dawning of another day; and Johannes Tinctoris, his not much younger apologist, was not so far wrong when he enthusiastically claimed that from Dufay "dated the first music worth hearing." This music was serene and blissful, not fervent and passionate as Dunstable's was. Divine things had lost their inexorability: God was good, the Virgin smiled, and Dufay smiled back. With such felicity, melody grew cantabile and 'beautiful.'

At that, Dufay had been one of the many Burgundian masters who, serving in Italian chapels, had succumbed to the charm, not of the sophisticated last generation of *trecento* madrigalists, but of Italy's semipopular, clean-cut *laude*, *giustiniane*, *strambotti*, and in general of Italian simplicity, balance, and clarity. Back home they were ready to lead the Gothic North away from Dunstable's rhapsodic style to stricter, soberer forms. Their rhythm obeyed a regular time-beating in three-four or six-eight, with an ever-growing importance of duple, not triple, time; and, in an almost obtrusive neatness, every tiny stretch of melody was given an emphatic cadence or ending of its own, so that the whole appears to be trimly parceled out. The upper voice was entrusted with the melody proper while the two lower voices, singing or playing, accompanied harmonically rather than contrapuntally and without disturbing the rhythm of the melodic part. Indeed, one of them, the *contratenor*, hopped up and down to fill harmonic gaps, without any longer pursuing a logical course of its own. Occasionally, as at the stupendous end of Dufay's motet *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, the three voices join in solemn, drawn-out triads, which recall Italian *laude* and anticipate a master more than a hundred years younger: Palestrina (Example 20). Dufay had indeed absorbed so much of Italy's taste that the cathedral of Florence could in 1436 be inaugurated with one of his motets.

Dancing, about the middle of the fifteenth century, does not allow of direct judgment, though we get a satisfactory picture from

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Example 20. Alma Redemptoris Mater

Guillaume Dufay



indirect sources. The first indication of a new era is the rise of a theoretical literature, climaxed in Guglielmo the Jew's undated *De prattica seu arte tripudii vulghare opusculum* and, 1455, in Antonio Cornazano's *Libro dell'arte del danzare*. Spontaneity has gone; past is the time when everybody danced from natural inclination and learned the steps from watching and participating. Movements have become restrained; the lively *piva* is no longer considered decent, and even the *saltarello* needs no leaps. The dance, once a child of impulse and passion, is now a ritual designed for the leading circles of the Burgundian and Italian courts. It is an art, the correct figures, positions, and steps of which must be memorized according to rule.

Of the world outside the arts, the searching eye is caught by humanistic poetry. Lorenzo Valla, in a treatise on the *Elegantiae* of Latin speech, exalted the glory of the Roman language. Julius Pomponius Laetus in Rome was the first to perform dramatic plays in Latin, for which he had to expiate his 'paganism' in a papal jail.

1460

IN 1460, ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO in Florence painted his significant, large canvases with three of the tasks of Hercules. Few works have ever indulged in more savage action and crueller force. Its nudes are accomplished studies in anatomy: Pollaiuolo was indeed one of the earliest masters to dissect bodies and examine muscles, sinews, and

bones. But facial beauty was not in his province; he disregarded it completely (Plate XV).

At the same time, Niccolò Alunno in Umbria painted another gruesome subject, the Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew. Matteo di Giovanni joined him with a Slaughter of the Innocents in Sant'Agostino at Siena. Both works are overcrowded, dramatic, ferociously naturalistic, and not much behind Spanish execution pieces of the time, such as Alfonso's bloody Slaughter of St. Medin (1473) in Barcelona or Sanchez's brutal Road to Calvary in Cambridge, England.

About 1480, Filippino Lippi, who has been given the title of a romantic, painted the Legend of Virginia (Louvre): pell-mell, *fortissimo* and *prestissimo*, the women race against and from each other and scream with mouths wide agape and gestures uncontrolled.

Not all the artists of that time proved their anticlassical mentality in horror painting. A few chose *genre* as their world of expression: the Ferrarese Bernardo Parentino descended to the lowest layers of society and even delighted in the fantastic and spooky. And visitors to the Metropolitan Museum will not easily forget the unusual Chess Players that Francesco di Giorgio created in an epoch that seldom admitted scenes from everyday life.

A greater man, Andrea Mantegna, up to the age of twenty-five had been an austere student of Greek and Roman paragons. About 1460, he was entering a new stage, in which on his former classicism he grafted Venetian delight in color, rich decoration (as on the altar at San Zeno in Verona), and the boldest perspective ever achieved. He would depict the body of Christ lying, enormous feet forward, in the most unwonted foreshortening or a ceiling, seemingly open, which showed the sky and, on the roof, some persons who leaned over the rail looking in—anticipating what centuries later Veronese and Tiepolo were to do with so much virtuosity.

The almost fanatic delight in perspective and spatial illusion of the age is perhaps best shown by the admirable little study from the palace in Gubbio (c. 1480) which the Metropolitan Museum keeps in its original form. The walls, inlaid in many-colored woods, sug-

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gest not only a bench running around the room but also, above it, shelves with books and instruments both musical and scientific.

Sandro Botticelli, the best-known master of the last third of the century, was neither a horror painter nor an outspoken virtuoso of perspective. He had the quiet dignity that few of his contemporaries were seeking, and yet he shared in their dramatic trends and love of floating movement. There is one picture, though, unique in its attitude and still characteristic of anticlassical times, the *Derelict in the Pallavicini Collection* at Rome. It shows a girl thrown out of a palace, with her few belongings hurled after her, sitting on a step in dull despair, while the thickness of the walls and the door so tightly shut accentuate her hopelessness. It does not matter whether or not the woman was supposed to represent Tamar or some other Biblical figure; whatever scene may have served as a pretext, the painter who had this unusual vision was keenly conscious of human tragedy beyond the idyls and the beauty that his priests and princes set between themselves and the world.

Before the century drew to a close, Leonardo had written the main part of his *Trattato della pittura*, in which he disowned the hard contours of earlier painting and laid the fundamentals of *chiaroscuro* and *sfumato*.

Italian sculptors, like Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignano —“*il vago Desider si dolce e bello*”—had a peculiar technique, suggestive of the color terms *chiaroscuro* and *sfumato* and quite in keeping with the other trends of the age. In their flattened reliefs, *rilievi schiacciati*, all outlines were so delicately softened that no form was sharply set off against the background. And even in a wider sense, beyond the vague *sfumato*, most of Florentine and Italian sculpture was picturesque. What an amazing contrast between the noble simplicity of Luca della Robbia's pulpit in the generation before and Benedetto da Majano's pulpit of Santa Croce in Florence (c. 1475), so thoroughly ornamental and three-dimensionally picturesque! Or, for that matter, Vecchietta's relief of the Resurrection (1472) in the Morgan Gallery, New York, and Bertoldo di Gio-

vanni's violent relief of the Horsemen's Battle. Andrea del Verrocchio's marble group of Christ and Thomas in one of the niches outside Or San Michele in Florence (1483) is almost Baroque in the loudness of its folds and oratorical gesture. And Baroque, indeed Berninesque, are the marble curtains on Donatello's tomb for Pope John XXIII in the baptistry at Florence or on Antonio Rossellini's tomb for the cardinal of Portugal (1466).

French sculpture was in a different way unclassical. The best example of its strong illusionism is Philips Pot's sepulchral monument in the Louvre (c. 1480), which represents the bier with the body, not resting on the floor, but carried by eight solemn, hooded pall bearers in natural size and color.

In architecture, the flamboyant of the French came to a last peak with the florid open work of the Palace of Justice in Rouen (1493-99). Of Germany, too, Wilhelm Pinder could say that the last part of the fifteenth century was more Gothic than the beginning had been. Spain was having its 'plateresque' counterpart, that is, the late Gothic overdecoration in the style of the silversmiths (*plateros*), which climaxed in the Palacio del Infantado in Guadalajara (1461) and in San Pablo in Valladolid (1463).

Inside Italy, the Vendramin Palace in Venice (1481) and Omodeo's façade of the Certosa near Pavia (1492) provide the ideal antipodes of the buildings cited in the cross section for 1430. Vendramin, almost devoid of walls—and not only because there was no necessity for fortresslike defense—is opened outward in windows and balconies where the Florentine palaces had been strictly closed. The Certosa, completely atectonic, is a dream—classicists would say a nightmare—of motley, profuse, almost Indian decoration, in which the eye has no rest and no guidance. Overdecorated, though in a different way, is even Sant'Andrea in Mantua, the last work by the classicist Leone Battista Alberti, which was begun in the year of his death, 1472.

Such delight in overdecoration shows impressively in Ghirlandaio's Birth of Mary in Santa Maria Novella, Florence (Plate XV). Pro-

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fuse ornaments cover not only the architectural framework but also the pillars and pilasters, the ceiling, the friezes, the panels, and the very dresses of the calling and the attending women.

This general opening of form reappears in costume, which reaches a climax of foppish eccentricity. The shoulders are immensely broad and padded, and the sleeves, slashed at the elbows; the *chausses*, tight combinations of trousers and stockings, go straight up to the waist, and the shoes—*poulains*—become grotesquely long and end in needle points. Men's hair is allowed to grow freely and to overhang the forehead, and women's coiffures stick out. The fuzzy hair of the ladies on the Chess Players in the Metropolitan Museum and the well-known musician angels in Melozzo da Forlì's frescoes in the sacristy of St. Peter's in Rome are good examples. Or else, as in Botticelli's portrait of Simonetta Vespucci, the hair is an intricate nest of coils, plaits, and ribbons down to the bosom. Headgears take the forms of butterflies, horns, hearts, or steeples (*bennins*) and often reach a height of several feet.

Neither does Pulci's epic *Morgante* (1466–83), which “anticipated Rabelais,” show classical trends in poetry. It was at that time that Matteo Maria Boiardo's poem *Orlando Innamorato* first mentioned the ribald dance *gagliarda*. This, however, was eclipsed by the wild, grotesque, and acrobatic twists of the *morisca* dancers that Erasmus Grasser carved in 1480 for the reception room of City Hall in Munich.

In the field of music, the Burgundian masters around Binchois and Dufay were yielding supremacy to the Netherlanders under the leadership of the Flemings Ockeghem and Isaac and the Dutchman Obrecht (Example 21). The Burgundian melody, neat and disjunct with strong harmonic trends, was put aside for a style, reminiscent of the later *organum*, with a lengthy drawn-out cantus firmus and contrapuntal voice parts, which in boundless, flowing motion shaped fantastic, passionate lines. The number of voice parts was augmented from three in Burgundian times to four, and often many more. With this increase, the basso range, so anxiously shunned in the ages before, was now exploited to a maximum of depth and as-

sumed a prominent role in the weaving of parts, as testified by Johannes Ockeghem's curious *Deo gratias* canon for no less than thirty-six voice parts.

Example 21. Mass

Jacob Obrecht

be - ne - di -

ci - mus te Do -

mi - ne De - us rex coe - les - tis etc.

The history of musical instruments, too, records two events in keeping with emotionalism and the conquest of the lower registers:

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in 1491, the organ at Hagenau in Alsace was given the earliest tremulant, a device rapidly interrupting the sounds of all or several stops in order to cause a sentimental vibrato. And in 1493, Italy saw for the first time double-bass viols in the hands of Spanish players: *virole grandi quasi come me*, almost as tall as myself, reports Bernardo Prospero.

Exoticism, to be expected in an age of unrest and expansion in the arts, was not absent either: in 1477, William Caxton, the earliest English printer, published the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, based on a collection of oriental fables and parables. And two years later, the republic of Venice sent her painter Gentile Bellini to the court of the sultan in Constantinople. But then, voyages of Bartolommeo Dias, Columbus, and Vasco da Gama are unthinkable without the impulse to join the world of the East.

1504

1504 IS THE YEAR of Raphael's earliest masterwork, *Lo Sposalizio*, The Wedding of the Virgin. The temple, in front of which the ceremony is held, occupies the very center of the rounded upper part of the painting and is seen in the strictest front view. Inlaid paths lead to it from all sides, thus emphasizing its central position; the middle path has its vanishing point in the small door that allows of looking across the temple at the sky beyond. This small door also determines, within the tall rectangle of the painting, where the height begins to exceed the width; and the two diagonals of the square thus marked would intersect in the wedding ring that Joseph is putting on Mary's finger. Needless to say, the high priest, the bridal couple, and the followers are also arranged in the strictest symmetry (Plate XVI).

The temple is a regular twelve-faced, domed rotunda, the very type of building that in its central structure has so often been a favorite of stationary, classical styles. The circle (and the polygon) is indeed "beautiful in its purity and simplicity, and wonderful in its continuity" (George Santayana, *The Sense of Beauty*, N.Y. 1896, p. 68). While Raphael drew its outlines, Bramante was

building his little round *tempietto* in San Pietro in Montorio at Rome.

Raphael's School of Athens in the Stanze of the Vatican (1511) is riper, but no less classical than the *Sposalizio*. And with all due allowance for the mural style, we cannot help resenting the almost obtrusive interference of 'art' and 'perfection' with life and character. We are willing to give ourselves away to what the painter depicts, but the subject seems to recede from our eyes; indeed, it becomes a mere pretext for displaying symmetry, balance, and dignified aloofness. Not for one moment are we able to forget the stage director who, grouping and draping, rounds out a floating toga to fit in the semicircular curve of the mural; who lifts a man's arm to counterpoise it with his protruding leg; who shifts his groups until their outlines meet in the focal center where Plato and Aristotle pose, discussing. They are discussing, to be sure, but do not be mistaken: their golden words are carefully prepared, memorized, and rehearsed. In the end we leave Raphael's masterwork with the fervent wish for less perfection and beauty, and more life and character!

But then, the beginning of the sixteenth century was the age of rules and canons of proportions. In 1505, Jean Pélerin le Viateur published a *Perspective artificielle*, and the book that Luca Pacioli had printed in 1506, bore the characteristic title *Divina proportione*.

However, construction and calculation, standards and 'correct' measurements were certainly not the only aspects of that classical age. Leonardo da Vinci himself, who in his *Trattato della Pittura* established their theoretical foundation, warned against canons of any sort because of "the immense variety of nature." His own madonnas and the portrait of Mona Lisa seem to challenge ratios and standards. And yet they are classical, too: Mona Lisa, whose cryptic smile has so often been searched for hidden passion and secrets, is in her very inscrutability a paragon of composure and serenity.

The simplicity of her costume, too, is striking to anyone familiar with the extravagant fashion of the preceding generation. The hair is now smooth and parted; other ladies, and men also, wear their locks long, hanging down on the shoulders. "The whole trend of

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women's dress in the *fin de siècle* period of the fifteenth century displays a certain quiet, almost demure character when compared with the flamboyant costumes of the middle and late fifteenth century. . . . Before the end of the fifteenth century the influence of ancient Greek and Roman art had become a factor in determining the style of Italian costume" (Houston). The waist becomes higher, and up-standing collars yield to *décolleté* necks. The conical steeple was abandoned in favor of low, close-fitting caps. The *poulains* were replaced by round and square-toed shoes; and the *chausses* had to be divided into two separate parts.

Spain joined only reluctantly in the new classicism, but she could not evade it—witness the noble, reserved University of Alcalá, which was begun as early as 1508.

Even the Netherlands underwent conversion. Gerard David, the greatest painter among them, had in 1498 presented the Skinning of the Bribed Judge with gruesome matter-of-factness. But his second period, commonly dated from 1499 on, ignored naturalism and brought serene unconcernedness, contemplation, stability, symmetry, and even beauty for the sake of beauty. In his last period (1512-23), he overdid the new 'classical' style and lapsed from his former chiaroscuro into bare, unbroken colors and from natural warmth into monumental, academic frigidity.

With David, Flemish national painting was interrupted until Peter Brueghel resumed it half a century later. In the meantime, Quinten Matsys, Jan Gossaert Mabuse, and Barent van Orley were caught in the snares of Italy. The tomb of Guillaume de Croy, Archbishop of Toledo (d. 1521), in the convent church at Enghien in the Flanders, is a pure example of Netherlandish Renaissance sculpture. Architecture followed a little later, with the House of the Salmon at Malines (1530-34) and the profuse Maison de l'Ancien Greffe Flamand in Bruges (1535-37).

England, France, and Germany also remained hesitant, except for the up-to-date attitude of their courts. In England, Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Hampton Court was begun in 1515 as the earliest intrusion of Italian ideals. It was followed by Pietro Torrigiano's

Italian tomb of Henry VII at Westminster. But on the whole, the native Gothic traditions survived.

In France, the stalls given the cathedral of Amiens between 1508 and 1519 were a flamboyant apotheosis of wood carving, unforgettable in their overwhelming beauty and the glittering unrest of their thousands of dazing details. Still, there too the Renaissance was coming: Leone Battista Alberti's treatise *De re aedificatoria* had already been translated into French in 1512, and four years later King Francis I had convoked Leonardo da Vinci.

The most astonishing work of a German contemporary master, Matthias Grünewald's altar from Isenheim (1512-16), now in Colmar, Alsace, is high-strung, expressionistic, and violent to the limit. Mary, at the foot of the cross, shrieks with all her might; the heavy lid of Christ's stone coffin flies off with a crash, the guards are hurled away, and Jesus darts up like a flame. Gales seem to agitate all drapery; and the tabernacle with the fiddling angels is so turbulently flamboyant that it hardly suggests solid material. Color overpowers drawing; in painting mystic skies and mountains, Grünewald achieves miracles unique in times before the nineteenth century. 'Beauty,' however, must not be expected; the angels are afflicted with pigs' eyes and turned-up noses, and not even Christ has noble, dignified features.

Albrecht Dürer, on the contrary, tried to join the Italian highway and, after a stay at Venice in 1508, proceeded to compositions as perfectly balanced as the Four Apostles in Munich, a German version of the typically Italian *sacra conversazione*, in which hardly more than St. Paul's angular folds recall the master's Gothic background (Plate XVII). Even the theoretical problems of the Italian Renaissance became his: he wrote a treatise on perspective, aimed at a canon of man's proportions, and in the same spirit of classicism claimed that perfection and beauty were found in the sum of all human beings.

Yet Dürer had too much of a Gothic spirit to become a classicist. High-strung, eruptive, mystic, he understood the Renaissance of Italy, but was neither able nor willing to lose his native heritage.

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The man who better succeeded in absorbing the new ideals of the South was Hans Holbein the Younger of Augsburg. He was not quite twenty years old when he began to place his models against the pillars and arches of a decorative Italian Renaissance or the friezes of classic antiquity, and he was less than thirty years old when he composed his famous Virgin of the Burgomaster Meyer in Darmstadt (1526) as a typical *sacra conversazione*. But even without such all too obvious allusions, he had more need for the humanistic virtues of clearness, balanced form, restraint, and calmness than any other German of his time.

While Holbein was painting Italian architecture, his native city—probably all Germany—was given, around 1519, the earliest actual Renaissance building: the Fugger Chapel in St. Ann. In the same year, Peter Vischer created St. Sebald's tomb in Nuremberg as the first work of German sculpture in which the Gothic style was married to the Renaissance.

In 1504, the very year of Raphael's *Sposalizio*, the printer Petrucci at Venice published the first collection of musical *frottole*, that is, of northern Italian half-courtly, half-popular songs in strictest form, indeed in symmetrical structure, with a *ripresa* or refrain at the beginning and the end and between the stanzas, the whole being performed by a voice singing the melodic upper part and two or three instruments accompanying in plain chords note against note, without polyphonic complication (Example 22).

In 1508, a Milanese lutanist, Giovannambrosio Dalza, published, at Petrucci's in Venice, the fourth book of his *Intabulatura de Lauto*, which is the earliest preserved collection of printed dance music, especially of *padoane* or pavans. Compared with the motley, ever-changing *bassa danza* of the generation before, the newly accepted pavan was as static and simple as a dance can be. Just alternating between the two fundamental *passi* of the time: the single step (the second foot being drawn up to the first) and the double step (the second foot being drawn past the first, which then is drawn up to the second), it stood on the borderline between a solemn processional march and a dance proper, without pantomime or emotion but,

Example 22. Frottola

Bartolomeo Tromboncino

[♩ = 96]

Se ben or non sco-pro et fo-cho dell' a-ma-ra vi - ta

mi - a Questa doglia a - cer-baet ri - a Fie sco-per - ta.

Fie sco-per - ta a tempo e lo-cho. Se ben or non scopro el

fo - cho dell' a - - ma - - ra vi - - ta.

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in Count Baldassare Castiglione's words, with *una certa dignità*.

In 1505, the Fleming Josquin des Prés, greatest composer of the time, published his second book of masses, including that known under the title *Ave maris stella*, which seems to have been written not long before. Flemish polyphony has after Ockeghem's generation again become reserved and limpid; indeed, it often yields—as in the *Incarnatus est* of Josquin's *Pangue lingua* mass—to a pure and simple chordal setting in the taste of the Italian *frottola*. The structure of these later works is quite regular and transparent and often rests on clearly separated phrases of three or four measures, which are frequently contrasted by the alternation of high and lower voices (Example 23), and the text is well laid out, as suits a

Example 23. *Pangue lingua* mass

Josquin des Prés



humanistic age. Indeed, one must agree with the words of Heinrich Bessler's *Musik des Mittelalters und der Renaissance*: "the pendulum, compared with Ockeghem, swung unmistakably and decidedly to the other side, to swing back only a generation later, with Nicolas Gombert."

Music paid its respect to the ideals of the Renaissance not only in the unwonted clarity and strictness of its style but also in an occasional bow to the little that the time knew of ancient music. In 1507, the Tirolese Petrus Tritonius, following a suggestion of Conrad Celtes, the humanist, published the odes of Horace in a simple chordal setting for four voices, which strictly obeyed the poetical meters of long and short syllables. Two greater men, Paul Hoffheimer and Ludwig Senfl, followed with *Harmoniae poeticae sive carmina nonnulla Horatii* (Poetical harmonies or some Horatian odes).

Celtes and other humanists had since 1497—the year of Leonardo's Last Supper—written Latin plays for the German Emperor Maximilian I with complete arrays of gods and muses, fauns and satyrs; and the earliest humanist of them all, Grünspeck, expressly sneered at the German language. Even in Italy, where the vernacular had been established in literature for two hundred years, Sannazaro, poet of *Arcadia*, had relapsed into Latin in the 1490's, and Pietro Bembo followed in a formal, frigid Ciceronianism. The *Arcadia* was a Virgilian idealization of pastoral life—"You have everything that you wish to imitate in that second nature, Virgil," said a contemporary, Julius Caesar Scaliger, in his *Poetices* lib. III cap. 4. In 1506, Count Castiglione responded with a pastoral drama, *Tirsi*. The greatest success however came in 1508 to Montalvo's romance *Amadis of Gaul*. But the period was classical-minded not only in the serene flight from reality and in the idealization of rural, careless existence or in the love and deeds of imaginary knights. It also created the first real tragedy in Trissino's *Sofonisba* (1515).

1530

CHRISTIAN EGENOLFF, printer in Frankfort on the Main, who three years before had published sophisticated songs on Horace's odes, offered in 1535 music in a quite different vein: street and horsemen's songs, *Gassenhawerlin* and *Reutterliedlein* which, though not exactly vulgar, showed a new delight in things unvarnished, vivid, and smart. In exactly the same year, the first collection of *Villote alla veneziana* answered with an equally popular style of dance songs. And six years later, Giovanni Domenico Nola presented the earliest *canzoni villanesche* or rustic songs: "a clownish matter," as Thomas Morley said, in dialect, parodistic and often uncouth, and set to a "clownish music" in irregular rhythms and in simple, often parallel, triads with the melody in the upper voice part.

It was the time when Pieter Brueghel painted robust and humorous scenes from the life of Flemish peasants (Plate XVIII).

Toward the middle of the century, the spoken drama deserted clas-

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sical ideals and models. The tragedy, led by Cintio's *Orbecche* (1541), indulged in torture scenes, and the comedy descended to the rough milieu of peasants and shepherds, while Bandello's *Novelle* and Il Lasca's *Cene* told stories of unwonted atrocities with sexual emphasis. The new spirit is sufficiently characterized by the name of the body in which some poets were united: Accademia dei Rozzi, they called it—Academy of the Louts.

In France, Rabelais published a part of his juicy, comic monster novel *Gargantua et Pantagruel*, the poetic monument to the love of life, exaggeration, and immoderate loudness of its generation. And four years later, 1537, Bonaventure Despériers' *Cymbalum Mundi* was so audacious that the author incurred a prosecution for impiety.

Small wonder that the new French *chansons* had such an unusual popularity: one Parisian publisher, Pierre Attaingnant, printed two hundred fifteen of them in the year 1529 and again no less than thirty-five collections in the ten years 1539–49. Although this type of chanson is known as polyphonic, its polyphony is as a rule restricted to an imitative beginning; quick-witted and light-in-hand, it needed clean-cut, catchy melodies and spicy rhythms. Its words, sometimes sentimental and often, as Claude Goudimel put it, *lascives, salés, et impudiques*, required a speechlike conciseness for which there was no place in the music of other nations (Example 24).

Example 24. Chanson

Berchem

[d ca. 80]

Jean de La-guy, mon bel a-mi, vous m'a-vez a-bu-sé-e.

etc.

While most chansons were short—a minute or little more in performance—Clément Janequin, leader of the generation of 1530, wrote, about that year, whole cycles of several similar chansons about eight, nine, or ten minutes long, to depict with humor and *esprit* one characteristic subject—*Les Cris de Paris* (The Cries of Paris), *La Bataille* (The Battle), *La Chasse au Cerf* (The Stag-Hunt), *Le Caquet des Femmes* (The Babbling Women), or *Le Chant des Oiseaux* (The Singing Birds)—in which four voice parts suggested all imitable sounds, far from the dry, unimaginative descriptions so common in naturalistic music.

The corresponding form in Italian music, first printed in 1533, was given the venerable title *madrigal*, but bore not much resemblance to its namesake in the fourteenth century. Its texts, in free, irregular verses, treated sentimental subjects with wit and delicacy and avoided too serious an attitude. The music drew on popular styles but followed the words more closely and shunned repeats and caesuras. This the new composers, Arcadelt, Verdelot, Willaert, attained by grafting the smoothly running polyphony of the Flemish motet upon the chordal style of Italy. No stylistic fusion could have better met the needs of that refined society of princes and patricians which had come to the fore after the decay of chivalry. Four, five, six singing partners, sitting down at a table, each with his part, and singing in perfect concert without the prevalance of one dominating voice—this was the ideal way of performing music in the best of taste for the singers' own delight (Example 25).

The madrigal, being a social, indeed an aristocratic form, had to display a certain finish that untrained eyes might easily mistake for classic reserve. But even in its beginnings under the Flemings Arcadelt and Verdelot, who clung to the square-cut strictness of the preceding generation, it reached a novel freedom. A few years later, in the hands of the Flemings Willaert and Rore, it lost all symmetry, all balance of sections, all petty partition. The close association of text and music—in itself a criterion of nonclassical styles—led to a kind of endless melody and allowed for all sorts of descriptive inter-

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Example 25. Madrigal

Adriaen Willaert

Qual dol-chez - za giamma - 1
di can-to di Si - re - na

pretation incompatible with a classical attitude. On the other hand, the Venetian composers, led by Adriaen Willaert, Nicola Vicentino, and Cipriano de Rore, carried emotional expressiveness so far that they eventually destroyed tonality, invented chromatic melodies, and modulated, or rather shifted, from chord to chord to stress the poet's eternal *dolcezza*, *dolente's* and *haimè's*.

Religious music, too, broke through the walls of the rigid church tonalities and stressed emotional texts in bold modulations, which often were not indicated by sharps, naturals, flats, but were left to the penetrating insight of the singers. This *Secret Chromatic Art in the Netherlands Motet*, as Edward E. Lowinsky calls it in the title of his recent book (Columbia University Press, 1946), was partly identical with the so-called *musica reservata* of the time which as an esoteric art of those initiated was opposed to the obviousness of the *musica communis* and, by concealing stresses on certain words, had in the Netherlands the practical issue of hiding views that the church was not supposed to discover.

Meanwhile, the polyphony of the church again abandoned the classicalism of Josquin's style and under Nicolas Gombert's leadership reverted to the freedom of Ockeghem's diction.

In social dancing, the ceremonious pavan became obsolete after 1530 and was replaced by the lighter and livelier *passamezzo*. Italy, however, was rapidly losing her dominant position. As early as 1520, Duke Federigo Gonzaga had taken dancing lessons *alla francese*. The social power of the future, the French court, brought the sprightly, fanciful galliard to the fore and rehabilitated the branle, which Count Baldassare Castiglione's *Cortegiano* of 1514, the book of etiquette for Italian Renaissance society had permitted *in camera privatamente, ma in publico no così, fuorchè travestito*—only in private, but not in public, unless disguised. Branles were favorites of the French court under Henry II (1547–59)—branles from the French provinces and from distant countries, from Burgundy, Auvergne, and Champagne, from Scotland and Malte, where they had kept their exuberant vigor and life. And many of them were descriptive: the Washerwomen's Dance, the Pea Dance, the Dance of the Hermits, or the Clog Dance.

In this spirit of folklorism and exoticism the French court also accepted the tap dance *canaries* and two excessively strenuous dances from Provence, the *volta* and the *nizzarda*, in which the gentleman grasped his lady in a quite unorthodox way and flung her up so that, in Brantôme's words, he "always revealed something pleasing to the sight." And it was in the same spirit that the dance in Italy was somewhat stormy. Simeone Zuccolo da Cologna had cause to write a book on The Madness of Dancing, *La Pazzia del Ballo* in 1549, and to describe how the spectators egged the dancing girls on with shouts and cries. And in 1536, Antonius de Arena found himself reminded of a cockfight when he saw the galliard. Small wonder that the vocabulary of steps included forms, both vehement and angular—such as the several high leaps, *cadence*, *capriole*, and *saut*, or the thrusts of the foot, forward (*grue*), backward (*ruade*) side-ward (*ru de vache*), and their combinations—which in no way agreed with the *aerosa dolcezza di movimenti* that the preceding generation had cherished.

Jean Goujon, twenty years old, was ready to lead French sculpture to agitation. Side by side with his wild relief of the Descent

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from the Cross, the Metropolitan Museum keeps an anonymous French Dormition of the Virgin, made about 1555-60 which, overcrowded and exaggeratedly lively, is frankly Baroque in the popular sense of the word. And speaking of 'Baroque' about the middle of the sixteenth century, the mind reverts to the noisy, excited groups of the Spaniard Juan Juni.

Even Italian sculptors swerved from the static ideals of the Renaissance proper. Michelangelo, who thirty years before had created the wonderfully restrained *Pietà* in St. Peter's and the 'close' Madonna in Bruges, was giving his statues in San Lorenzo at Florence (1524-32) the passionate tension that our eyes record as an audacious, powerful torsion of the body (Plate XIX). His architecture of the Biblioteca Laurenziana (1524-34), partly by his pupil Vasari, is no less Baroque. The steps of a tripled staircase bulge forward and again end in protruding rounds; volutes intensify the tempo of the rails; the columns appear in pairs; and out of an irresistible *horror vacui* every surface is filled to capacity. Such trends assume an almost intolerable form in the heavy, overdecorated, and restless tomb of Pope Julius II in San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome. Michelangelo was nevertheless so radically antinaturalistic that, as his biographer Vasari reports, he refused to make the likeness of anything, unless it was in an absolute sense perfect.

Michelangelo had many emulators and still more antipodes. Among painters, Daniele da Volterra might be called an emulator. Among antipodes, Benvenuto Cellini opposed overdecorated elegance to Michelangelo's overdecorated heaviness; against his austerity and hard-drawn, sculpturesque outline, Correggio held sensuality and the softness of *sfumato* and *chiaroscuro*; his Roman aloofness found its contrast in the Venetian Titian, who with dash and brilliancy presented life in all its gaiety and opulence (Plate XX). Recent art historians have summarily included not only Michelangelo's motley contemporaries but also the heterogeneous masters of the following generations into the seventeenth century, under the unfortunate title of mannerists, which in its vague generalization and at once derogatory connotation should not be accepted without reserve.

like Titian's festive painting, Venetian architecture was inviting rather than haughty or cool. Saint Marc's Library (1536), Jacopo Sansovino's masterwork, has its façade dissolved in open arcades with lively clusters of pillars and columns in a vigorous relief that grants picturesque play of sun and shadow. The following year, in Germany, the City Hall at Görlitz in Silesia was given an outer staircase which in its daring sweep was truly Baroque. Other Baroque elements appear in Italy from 1540 on: in Michele San Micheli's Palazzo Ilacqua in Verona (1540), the fusion of the two upper stories by verberful through columns or, on Giulio Romano's church of San Benedetto al Polirone, the concave wedges or gussets along which the eye glides down from the central nave to the lower lateral naves. Fashions, too, reflect the change. The 1520's, 30's, 40's are "the age of puffs and slashes"; the waist descends, men's codpieces attain stupendous sizes, the shoes grow exceedingly broad, and beards reappear. The ladies begin about 1545 to fasten their hair high up on their heads and to display an extravagance in dresses, upright collars, ruffs, and jewelry, which oddly contrasts with the noble simplicity of the generation before.

1567

THE YEAR 1567, the French poets Jean-Antoine de Baif and Pierre Ronsard, leader of the literary club La Pléiade, founded an Académie de Poésie et de Musique in Paris in order to force the imitation and the forms of Greco-Roman poetry on Frenchmen's verses. Anne Jodelle, youngest member of the Pléiade, had as early as 1552 laid the cornerstone of French drama with his *Cléopâtre captive*, a play so truly Greek that his friends of the Pléiade in rapture presented him with a wreathed he-goat, the *tragos* of the ancient comedy (which present made him suspect of paganism). In the field of music, the circles around Baif and Ronsard fostered *chansons mesurées à l'antique* that is, metrical compositions in the manner of the Greeks with one time unit to every short syllable, and two units to every long syllable—just as Celts had done around

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1500. And Claude Goudimel who, as the chief creator of the Huguenot psalter from 1551 on, not only strove for sober simplicity but also was careful to do justice to the meter of its words.

In the same year 1567 in which the Académie de Poésie et de Musique was founded, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, the patriarch of the musical counterreformation, published his second book of masses, including the famous and, alas, so much romanticized *Missa Papae Marcelli* (Example 26). While his greatest contemporary, the Fleming Orlando di Lasso, was, as a versatile *homme du monde* and *grand seigneur*, living and traveling all over Europe and writing more than two thousand works, magnificats, masses, madrigals, motets, chansons, villanelle, and psalms in a truly Mozartian mastery of every style and mood, Palestrina never left his Roman homestead nor even the papal churches and was so intensely, uncompromisingly, and almost fanatically concentrated on church music that he printed apologies for having composed a few secular madrigals in earlier days. Reacting against the unbridled dynamism and the stress on polyphonic technique of the generation before, he resumed the Josquin style of 1500 with its predilection for symmetrical structure and quiet harmonies and gave it an austere serenity almost unique in postmedieval Christian art.

The counterreformation also stressed the static popular forms of religious music. Filippo Neri, founder of the Congregazione dell'Oratorio in Rome, fell back upon the age-old *lauda*, the simple devotional song of laymen's fraternities. And in the 1560's, he caused outstanding composers like Razzi, Animuccia, Soto, indeed Palestrina himself, to revive its sober, square-cut structure.

The dictatorial role of polyphony was no less challenged in the secular field: the simple music of one voice, writes Zarlino in his important *Istitutioni harmoniche* (1558), moves the heart much better than do the complications of counterpoint. The appearance of *canzonette* marks a further step; once a first collection of Neapolitan *canzoni* for three voices had been printed in 1570, the light-footed *canzonette* of the 1580's and, from 1591, the closely related *balletti*, incredibly successful all over the world, re-established the predom-

Example 26. Missae Papae Marcelli

Palestrina

[♩=40]

Ky-rie e-lei-

inance of Italian limpidity and 'naturalness,' which had gone underground when the Italo-Flemish madrigal appeared. In all these semi-popular art forms in dance character, the composers kept from affected words and subjects, from flowing rhythms and structures, and from polyphony which, as one or two generations later Father Marin Mersenne contemptuously said, "had been invented merely

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to cover defective melody and the ignorance of modern musicians." Once more, the beat was straight and strict; the forms were simple and symmetrical, the number of voice parts shrank, and melodies became natural, with *fa-la-la* refrains easily caught up. It is significant that early in that time of antipolyphonic trends, in 1558, Zarlino's *Istitutioni harmoniche* had established the logics of harmony, as based on the major and the minor triad and their inversions, and therewith had marked the end of the church modes.

This situation explains the antipolyphonic attitude of the Florentine Camerata, a group of noblemen, scholars, and artists who gathered in Count Bardi's house on the Arno to debate the aesthetic problems of the time in the spirit of Plato, the purist. The gist of their musical discussions, reported in Vincenzo Galilei's *Dialogo della musica antica e moderna* (1581), is: polyphony, responsible for the degeneration of music, must be abolished; descriptive music is ridiculous; a new monodic style ought to be created in faithful devotion to Plato's ideas and to Greek music (of which they only knew, and misunderstood, the theory). No doubt, Baroque music sprang from these roots, but in forms and a spirit that the erudite rebels of Florence could hardly foresee. The beginnings were a classical reaction.

Galilei's own test compositions are lost, but at least we know that they were vocal monodies with the accompaniment of viols. In this respect, he was by no means a pioneer. Recitatives of a somewhat wooden character occur in Alfonso della Viola's pastoral play *Sacrificio* (Ferrara, 1554) and also in the famous *Ballet de la Royne* that the court of France attended in the very year of Galilei's Dialogue. And, like so many features of that time, the recitative had been anticipated in the Raphael-Josquin generation. Count Castiglione's celebrated book *Il Cortigiano* exalts the delicate *cantare alla viola per recitar* of his days. Although later it was dynamic and dramatic, the recitative was in the beginning, just as much as Palestrina's art, directed against the autonomy of music which threatened to choke the words of the text.

Sculpture testified, in Brinckmann's words, to "a failure of Michel-

gelo's influence," which led to "a seeming relapse" instead of continuation toward the Baroque. Four outstanding spokesmen give an account of leading trends in the fine arts. In 1563, Vignola, the architect Il Gesù in Rome, presents his famous *Regola delle cinque ordini d'architettura*, Rule of the Five Orders of Architecture. In 1567, Vincenzo Danti's *Trattato delle perfette proportioni* brings the old classical idea of a perfect canon to the fore. Andrea Palladio, herald of Vitruvius' Roman order and builder of a Roman theater in Vicenza which in 1585 Sophokles' *Oidipous* was performed, sets the fashion for more than two hundred years when his *Quattro libri d'architettura* (1570) again and again insists on *regule* as the guiding principle in art. In 1584, Lomazzo's *Trattato della pittura, scultura, ed architettura* chimes in: without geometry and arithmetic nobody can hope to become a painter. Elsewhere, he adds that portraits should exalt the dignity and greatness of their models and suppress the subjects' natural imperfections.

The Florentine Angelo Bronzino, purest representative of idealized portraiture, kept the classicistic tradition of Raphael alive, just as there were musicians in Gombert's time who had not forgotten the lute. Bronzino's canvases never show emotion, action, emphatic gestures, or 'fussiness'; always quiet, always cool, they are the perfect paragons of reserved dignity. And they are firmly drawn, without effects of light or color, and still more so toward the end of his career (1572). The mannerism of Michelangelo's imitators hardly more than touched Bronzino's work. And yet, he was no reactionary, even a belated leftover of times bygone, as is proved by the fact that his greatest admirer and protector, Grand Duke Cosimo I of Tuscany, was sixteen years his junior and in matters of art entirely up-to-date.

Paolo Veronese, with his worldly Venetian decorativeness, deficient in brilliant color, and virtuosity in handling the boldest problems of mass composition, space, and perspective, was almost Bronzino's antipode (Plate XXI). And Nikolaus Pevsner is certainly right when he says, in his *Barockmalerei in den romanischen Ländern*, "while other painters shaped the soul of their time, "Veronese

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stands apart as a comforting, perfect evidence of the fact that no style reigns unchallenged." Yet even Veronese, so well able to play around with the intricacies of foreshortened obliqueness, quite often restrains himself to the strictest symmetry—not only in architectural canvases as huge as the Banquet in Levi's House (1573, Venice, Academy) but also in those smaller sizes like the Annunciation of 1581 in Venice or the Crucifixion at San Lazzaro dei Mendicanti in Venice, which also belongs in the 1580's.

The French scene, strongly under Italian influence, is similar. In the very year 1567, Philibert Delorme, creator of the Tuileries, published *Le Premier Tome de l'Architecture*, after the window painter Jehan Cousin had, in 1560, printed his *Liure de Perspective*, and the ceramist Bernard Palissy, in 1564, his *Recepte véritable*. It was the all-obliging *règle* that they were seeking. A few years later, 1570, the tomb of King Henry II in the Valois Chapel of St. Denis Cathedral indicated an energetic turn to strict classicism.

The English made their contribution to this movement in favor of form at the cost of content in a quite different and yet related way. In 1579, the poet John Lyly published the first part of his famous—or shall we say ill-famed—novel *Euphues*, which with its highly artificial preciosity was responsible for the 'euphuistic' style of the 1580's. Two years later, in 1581, Torquato Tasso finished polishing the noble, elegant verses of his epic *Gerusalemme liberata*.

These traits of strictness in form and restraint of expression would leave the picture incomplete and incorrect, unless we stress another, very different trend of the time, which was briefly touched upon in the couple of lines devoted to Palestrina. The Venetian Tintoretto, greatest of the painters who "shaped the soul of their time," developed, with some of his contemporaries, from personal, sensuous, palpable conceptions to a more and more impersonal visionary, and often almost ghostly style. In this evolution, Tintoretto drew very close to the flaming timeless and spaceless world of Greco's disembodied martyrs and saints and of the verses of Luis de León. But he also linked with the strangely rapt, immaterial style of the later Palestrina, who in his Song of Song motets of 1584 traced mystic,

restless visions in flickering shadows and lights until he died in 1594, the year of Tintoretto's death. And it is far more than an accident that the spiritual connection between Italy and Spain, so manifest in the nearness of Tintoretto and Greco, became true of music also. The outstanding masters around and with Palestrina in Rome were two Spaniards, Cristobal Morales, born in 1512, also the year of Tintoretto's birth, and the great mystic Tomas Luis de Victoria.

The academicism and the mysticism of the period had in all their contrast a common front against the rule of the senses and unaffected joy in life and nature which only the later Baroque was called upon to restore.

1600

THE ANTIPOLYPHONIC ROAD that music took inevitably led to the opera. The first attempt in this direction was made in 1597, when Jacopo Peri composed music for Rinuccini's play *Dafne* and performed it in Jacopo Corsi's house at Florence for the learned Camerata mentioned in the preceding section. The work is lost, and we do not know its nature. What we know is the enthusiasm with which it was celebrated as the final recovery of Grecian tragedy. In 1600, Peri, and also Giulio Caccini, composed music for Rinuccini's play *Euridice*, and both these works are preserved. Seven years later, the decisive victory of the new form was won with the drama of man's fatality in grief and in mirth, in home and hell and heaven, in a myth of monumental simplicity and a musical language of timeless grandeur: Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Breathtaking modulation and orchestral colors never heard before are preserved in this incomparable score; its melodies in sharp profiles and sweeping rhythms have withstood the changing tastes of centuries. Nothing is petty in this unique masterwork; the music flows in one powerful stream, now in spirited recitatives, now in terse and square-cut tunes.

The operas of 1600—or Emilio dei Cavalieri's scenic oratorio performed at Rome in the same year—have neither the passion nor the freedom and the boundlessness of Monteverdi's giant work. Their

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emotional expressiveness is limited; even the crucial moment, so deeply moving in Monteverdi's opera, when Orpheus learns that Euridice has died—*la tua diletta sposa è morta*—brings only a weak harmonic shift. The recitatives are not free and flexible; stiffly, they follow a uniform four-beat rhythm throughout and give way in all too frequent cadences.

In the music drama, for which *Orfeo* set the standard, music was faced with fully novel tasks. It had almost at one blow acquired the elasticity and striking power to follow the rapid changes of moods and actions. One year after *Orfeo*, the lengthy preface to Marco da Gagliano's opera *Dafne* demanded that music and action be strictly synchronized; every step and every gesture must obey the orchestra. The singer might pause after the first strophe and make three or four steps but always in time with the music. He should begin his step with the sustained penult and so on into the smallest details.

So minute a synchronization recurred only two hundred fifty years later in Wagner's Remarks on Staging the Flying Dutchman (1852) where the hero is meticulously told how to time his movements: "During the deep trumpet notes (B minor) quite at the close of the introductory scene he has disembarked, along a plank lowered by the crew, to a shelf of rock on the shore. The first note of the ritornello of the aria (the deep E sharp of the double basses) accompanies the Dutchman's first step ashore; his rolling gait, proper to sea folk on first treading dry land after a long voyage, is accompanied by a wavelike figure for the 'celli and altos: with the first quarternote of the third bar he makes his second step—always with folded arms and sunken head; his third and fourth steps coincide with the notes of the eighth and tenth bars . . ." Indeed, in its merging of poetry, music, action, and its painted wings, the early Italian opera was a *Gesamtkunstwerk* in Wagner's sense.

The musical backbone of these early operas was the recitative sung to the accompaniment of the chords set up on a thoroughbass or figured bass.

According to the nice definition by the Grand Chaplain Sébastien Brossard in James Grassineau's English translation of his *Musical*

tionary (London 1740, p. 195), the recitative "borders upon declaiming, as if one declaimed in singing, or sung in declaiming." Truly imitating the natural inflection and meter of speech and finding purely melodic organization in rhythm and form, it rendered the sentence as a whole, stressed the main idea, and hastened words of minor importance wherever epic and dramatic passages in their transitory character and rapid change of mood did not allow for the display of a steadily flowing melody.

The word *recitativo*, however, had a broader and essentially more melodic meaning around 1600 than it has today. It made possible eloquence and unprecedented power that the divine word took on in the Spiritual Concerts of the German Heinrich Schütz but it also comprised the dramatic declamation of secular masters. For the recitative, proclaimed its loudest herald Giovanni Battista Doni, should be sung everywhere, on the stage, in church, at home, and in oratory, since it allowed the words to be distinctly understood although they were quite close to ordinary speech, yet to be emotional and expressive. After all, said the Frenchman, Father in Mersenne, in 1636, "a singer's performance should have the effect of a well-made speech." And more than three decades earlier, composer Giulio Caccini who in the Florentine Camerata had successfully trained to quote the Greeks, referred to Plato's words: "Music is in the first place speech and rhythm, and only melody, tone." As a consequence of such an attitude Doni recommended good actors to serve as models to modern composers. Actors would teach them where the pitch should rise or fall, where the tempo must be slow and where more rapid, and how certain words should be stressed. Actors also would teach them how differently a prince speaks to his vassal or to some petitioner, and that a matron is unlike a simple lad, a young girl, or a harlot.

His sounds engaging. And Doni would be a realist, if not a naturalist, were there not an irksome point. "Actors" would teach how a prince or a matron speaks and not the prince or the matron themselves. This is the way not of naturalists but of those ignoring living models, take refuge in idealized paragons other

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artists have created. We know such expedience from the fine arts where academicists—Doni's French contemporary Poussin, for example—availed themselves of the ready-made poses on ancient reliefs instead of studying life and nature directly.

The thoroughbass to which the recitative was sung was performed by accompanying instruments. During the sixteenth century, in times that printed single voice parts but not scores, organists had prepared the thoroughbass as a short cut for the difficulties of co-operating with choruses, whether this meant supporting a *cappella* choruses while they were being rehearsed or actually playing some of the parts.

The special technique of the thoroughbass required two adaptations. (i) The frequent intersection of the lower voice parts was ignored; instead, a *basso continuo*, an uninterrupted bass line, followed the momentarily lowest notes, to whatever voice they might belong. (ii) The polyphonic weaving of a greater number of voice parts could not be rendered adequately on keyboards and therefore was replaced by chords that 'realized' the harmonic train of the composition. These chords, however, were not written but only symbolized in figures above or below the corresponding notes of the thoroughbass (3 for the third, 4 for the fourth, etc.) and their actual position, density, and connection were left to the player's discretion.

It is obvious that such practice broke up polyphony or, better, that such practice was possible only in a time in which polyphony was disintegrating and harmony, consolidating. Indeed, the organist's provisional score, supplementing the copyist's and printer's separate parts, was an eloquent witness to a growing vertical conception. By 1595 (Adriano Banchieri's *Concerti ecclesiastici*), conversion had gone so far that for the following one hundred sixty years no performance could be thought of without at least one keyboard instrument or lute to play the unwritten chords upon the thoroughbass, whether in opera, church, or chamber. Even most solo music was accompanied by a stringed bass and an improvising

chordal instrument without any meaningful intermediate lines that could interfere with the all-important melody.

But lines there were; the texture of that music was certainly not as thin as printed editions would make one believe: we learn from Agostino Agazzari's treatise of 1607, *Del sonare sopra 'l basso con tutti li stromenti* (On Realizing the Figured Bass with All the Instruments) that each member of the orchestra was expected to improvise his own part on the thoroughbass.

The recitative upon the figured bass was then no longer the arid, antimelodic psalmody, the only concern of which had been not to threaten comprehension of the text. In the very year of *Orfeo*, to be sure, the preface to Monteverdi's *Scherzi musicali* (in a later edition subtitled *Arie, & Madrigali in stile recitativo*) pronounces that "speech be the master, not the servant of music." But this tenet no longer justified a recitative that secured the supremacy of the text only in virtue of its own melodic shortcomings. A new conception, the *stile rappresentativo* or style representing (emotion), had imbued the recitative with an unprecedented power of characterization and expressiveness.

Indeed, Father Marin Mersenne, who as a Frenchman belonged in a French and therefore an un-Baroque sphere of art, wondered at the convincing power of illusion which allowed modern Italian singers to make their listeners forget that they were merely playing roles and were not themselves the personages they were supposed to represent. Modern music, he says in his *Traité de l'Harmonie Universelle* (1636), "forces its way into the listener's soul to appropriate and lead it whither the composer wishes." Fifteen years before him, another Frenchman, René François, had in his *Essai des Merveilles de Nature* already described how an Italian lute player can easily do "what he will with men." A truly Baroque idea, indeed.

Since in impressing the listener's soul the way of least resistance pointed to the lachrymal glands, the 'lament' became a characteristic requisite of the new style. Nothing could better illustrate this tendency than the subjects of Vincenzo Galilei's sample composi-

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tions, spoken of in the preceding section—the monologue, from the thirty-third canto of Dante's *Hell*, of the unfortunate Count Ugolino, who starving saw his children starve; the responsorial Lamentations of Easter week; and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Themes more lugubrious cannot easily be found.

Accordingly, the earliest operas were tragedies, though courtly rule imposed a happy ending. No comic opera was among them and they did not allow for humorous episodes. The greatest of their group, Monteverdi's second opera *Arianna* (Mantua, 1608), made history through an event less essential in itself than in its having been reported as unwonted (though not unprecedented). When the heroine, lamenting the desertion of her lover, burst out singing that deeply moving melody, *Lasciate mi morire*, Let me die, the aristocratic audience shed tears (Example 27). A similar result had been

Example 27. Lamento d'Arianna

Monteverdi



observed eight years before, at the performance of Cavalieri's *Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo*. This was a new effect and a new goal for music. In 1613, a certain Angelico Patto edited a collection called *Canaro pianto di Maria Vergine sopra la faccia di Christo estinto*, Lyrical Plaint of the Virgin Mary over the Face of the Dead

Christ; Biagio Marini composed *Le lagrime d'Erminia* in 1623 and *Lacrime di Davide* in 1655. As late as 1689, Purcell climaxed his opera *Dido and Aeneas* in a soul-stirring lament (Example 28). It is

Example 28. Dido's Lament

Henry Purcell

[♩=60]

When I am laid, am laid in earth may my wrongs cre-ate No.

Str. *pp*

trou-ble, no trouble in thy breast;

More than coincidence that a book which appeared in the same year as Monteverdi's *Arianna*, 1608, Constanzo Antegnati's *Arte organica*, makes the first mention of the lacrymose organ stop we know as *fiffaro* or *vox humana*.

It is also worth mention that Lodovico Viadana, switching back to the religious field, challenged polyphony in its innermost province: in 1607, the year of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, he wrote a monodic mass in *stile rappresentativo*.

The imprint on Protestant music was stronger than that on Catholic music. Heinrich Schütz, the greatest German and Protestant master of the seventeenth century, published in 1629 the first part of his motets for solo voices and instruments, the *Symphoniae sacrae*. Familiar with the new Italian style as Giovanni Gabrieli's disciple,

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he knew the expressive power of the sung word and did not hesitate to introduce what he himself called the *stile oratorio* and to base his melody on the natural cadence of the declamatory word rather than on purely melodic inspiration without, however, striving for theatrical illusion.

The madrigal joined the new style in its own way. It became free in melody, rhythm, and structure, as its poetry was. It grew so definitely vocal that without words its melodic turns and harmonic shifts, indeed, its very rests would be meaningless. And far from being the moderately emotional expression of a group of singers, it became the individual, passionate, and highly dramatic outburst of self-centered composers—it became Baroque. To concentrate on the most original of the last madrigalists in the works of Don Carlo Gesualdo, prince of Venosa, polyphony had ceded the best of its former dominating place to a harmony in which simple triads rival bold inversions of altered seventh chords. These pieces moved in modulations of the weirdest kind with appoggiaturas, 'changing' notes, harshly dissonant entries, interrupted cadences, and chromatic progressions; they were always fascinating and often of irresistible beauty. Contemporary critics admired Gesualdo's madrigals as the creations of an incomparable genius, just as much as critics of the nineteenth century scoffed at them as the amateurish experiments of a "cavalier stumbling about in the maze of modulation." True, his modulation, logical from a coloristic viewpoint, was illogical when seen in retrospect from the angle of Rameau's harmonic system. True, he did not strictly confine his unwonted modulations to underscoring the ever-recurrent *io moro's* of his love songs. True, he overdid chromatics from sheer delight in eccentricity. These shortcomings should not be minimized. For they stamp Gesualdo not only as one of the boldest pioneers in music history but also as a genuine master of the Baroque, contemporary of the famous, if not notorious poets, Marini in Italy and Góngora in Spain.

Glancing at the picture of this highly dramatic, emotional, passionate style, we yet should not expect a naturalistic school of singers to thunder or shout. Lodovico Viadana wanted his epochal *Con-*

rti ecclesiastici of 1602 to be performed "with a soft voice, delicately and nicely." In Peri's *Euridice* of 1600, the singers were supposed to take *bellezza e forza* from improvised grace notes, and not only from those which could have been recorded in notation but more so from those which in their impalpable vagueness eluded the skill, as Peri himself wrote. And Monteverdi introduced the most ruinous coloraturas under the pretext that *Orfeo* had to win over the dead of Hades.

This strange compromise between dynamism and Italian love of sensuous beauty seems in a similar way to have shaped the fate of painting in the same generation. It can be symbolized under the name of Eclecticism—Roman Eclecticism. The Roman Caravaggio rejects all scenery and dips his figures into black shadows, the better to stress their force and tension with flashes of light. His movement is strong and direct; how bold is the perspective conception of St. Paul in the Piazza Maria del Popolo in Rome, when the saint is thrown off his horse! To energy Caravaggio adds a sound naturalism. As a young man, he dares what nobody had dared before him, to paint just a basket full of fruit, and nothing else; and as a seasoned master, he makes occasional escapes from holy legend into the world of cheats and rogues and several times had his works rejected on delivery. Even in the holy legend, he could delight in a certain forwardness. In

Doubting Thomas (Uffizi), Christ does not just expose his scar to be reverently looked at but pulls the flesh apart and allows the hostile to rummage in the wound. Caravaggio's biographer Bellori tells indeed that "when some persons showed him the finest statues

Pheidias and Glykon and recommended them as models, he pointed at a crowd of men and said that nature had given him enough masters."

In Bologna, the works of the three Carracci, and above all, Lodovico Carracci's frescoes of the 1590's at San Michele in Bosco, represent about the limit of energetic movement, of loud and violent gesture, of crowded masses packed in a showy scenery. But the Carracci would not have referred to the masters given them by nature; they were eclecticists, not naturalists.

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If Caravaggio may be looked at as a radical wing, and the Carracci as a center party, the other wing would be held by Guido Reni in Bologna, the pet painter of the millions. In his countless works, character is completely sacrificed to empty beauty which, being where it should not be, is a nuisance rather than a virtue. In the central figures, passion has yielded to the petty sentimentalism of skyward glances, and in the bystanders, to an almost indecent indifference.

Goethe was right when in 1786 he wrote in his Italian diary—I follow A. J. W. Morrison's translation of 1866, but take the liberty of correcting its mistakes—"No sooner are you attracted by the *gusto* of a Guido and his brush, by which nothing but the most excellent objects the eye sees are worthy to be painted, but you promptly withdraw your eyes from a subject so abominably stupid that the world has no term of contempt sufficient to express its meanness; and so it is throughout. You are always in the dissecting-room, by the gallows, in the carrion-pit—always some suffering, never an action of the hero—never an interest in the scene before you—always something for the fancy—some excitement accruing from without. Nothing but malefactors or fanatics, criminals or fools, alongside of whom the artist, in order to save his art, slips in a naked fellow or a pretty damsel as a spectator, in every case treating his spiritual heroes as layfigures on which to hang some beautiful mantle with its folds. In all there is nothing that suggests a human notion! Scarcely one subject in ten that ever ought to have been painted, and that one the painter has chosen to see from any but the right point of view."

With the dramatic and emotional trends of *rappresentativo* music, with Caravaggio's pitiless naturalism, with the Bolognese delight in "deeds of horror or convulsive sufferings, malefactors or fanatics," the door was wide open to the naturalistic, ecstatic, passionate, and cruel trends of Spanish art. Indeed, the eyes of Europe were for decades focused on Spanish painting and Spanish poetry, on El Greco, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Alarcón y Mendoza. And the irresistible stamina of Spanish-American dances—*chacóna*, *pasacalle*, *folía* and, above all, the *sarabanda* which "exhibited indecency in

a thousand positions and gestures"—provides French and Italian dancing with the *dynamis* lost in the polish of courtly ballrooms.

German architecture at the beginning of the seventeenth century may be represented by two outstanding buildings: the *Friedrichsbau* of the castle in Heidelberg (1601-7) and the *Rathaus* in Paderborn, Westphalia (1612-16). The former, generally labeled German Renaissance and rightfully claimed as German, has features that liken it to the early Italian Baroque: rich motive and detail, interrupted pediments with rounded profiles and scrolls, statues between the windows, and a fascinating play of shadows. The *Rathaus* in Paderborn still clings to the old peasant type of German house, in which a huge, steep gable dominates, but two smaller, almost abutting replicas of the main building with its gable jut out from the front—so that no façade proper can be seen but a picturesque ensemble of projecting and receding blocks with charming contrasts of light and shadow.

1642

IN 1642, LORENZO BERNINI began the powerful sarcophagus for Pope Urban VIII in St. Peter's—one of the most characteristic Baroque works, full of exuberant energy, life, and profusion. Two years later, he devised the bulging, jagged tabernacle with Santa Teresa lying in the ecstasy of love under carved, gilded sunbeams which break through marble clouds (Plate XXIII).

The leading architect of the Baroque, Francesco Borromini, had just finished the church of San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane in Rome and was working on his most representative building, the Oratorio, in the same city.

In the North, Peter Paul Rubens had died two years before. His greatest Dutch contemporary and antipode was Frans Hals, who opposed genre to Rubens' *gran maniera*, and a predilection for the merry life of toppers, fishwives, market women to his courtly leanings. And he painted with a brush so bold and vigorous that all the numberless genre masters of Holland after him seem tame and pale.

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Also in 1642, L. von Siegen invented mezzotint engraving, which—a symbol of the trends of the time—dispensed with lines and only aimed at masses and gradations of light and shadow.

It was in 1642, again, that Rembrandt entered his third and last period and, with his monumental *Night Watch* in the Rijksmuseum, won one of the greatest victories of color and light over classical drawing, and of nature and freedom over academic pose and symmetry. His lesser contemporaries, men like Ostade, Teniers, Terborch, dedicated their busy brushes to painting life as it was and as the nation loved it at the tavern, in shops, and at home. Holland's writers, too, had their heyday in those years, and the books of manners that Vondel, Hooft, and Huygens printed were no more orthodox than Netherlands genre painting.

The genius of the South was the Spaniard Diego Velázquez, a colorist like Rubens, an impressionist like Hals, a light-and-shadow master like Rembrandt, yet wholly himself and almost a stronger naturalist than any of them.

In Italy, however, the high Baroque generation experienced a classical countercurrent from about 1620 on. Its leader, the aging Guido Reni, had lapsed into an unwonted simplicity of composition—witness his *Contest of Atalante and Hippomenes* in Naples, National Museum, where the action takes place on one frontal plane with bodies of an icy beauty arrested in rigid poses. To Borromini's architectonic excesses, this classical countercurrent opposed the almost pure Renaissance style of the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice (1650). Along the same line, though with another, a moralistic approach, the style of the generation before was assailed by men of the church: by Cardinal Federico Borromeo in a book on *Sacred Painting* (1634) and by the Jesuit Ottonelli, together with the painter Pietro da Cortona, in a *Treatise* of 1652.

Religious music climaxed with the splendor of the Italian, especially the Roman, polychoral style, in which from two to sixteen groups of singers and players with trumpets, kettle drums, and trombones, placed at different sides and altitudes of the church, united, contrasted, echoed, overlapped, or mingled in a confusing richness

of what we, for lack of an adequate term, are tempted to misname vistas—auditory vistas.

When a French critic, Abbé Michel de Marolles, reprimanded Italian music of the time (1657) for its noisiness, frightful, monstrous leaps, and lack of sweetness, he was thinking less of this festive style than of the opera, which had in 1637 been given the first public theater in Venice and was rapidly becoming the outstanding representative of national music.

Also in 1642, thirty-five years after *Orfeo*, the aged Monteverdi wrote his last opera, *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*. More than ever, his music served the drama without asking much for itself. Choruses had disappeared, and instrumental interludes were reduced to a minimum. The form was wider open than at any time before and the recitative, admirably correct in its declamation and more flexible than in the earlier operas, easily slurred over all separating cadences.

Still, the same genius of form, which had reacted in the fine arts, was in the opera, too, rebeginning to counterbalance unbridled dynamism. In the Coronation of Poppea, lyric moments occasionally assumed the form of *da capo* arias, in which, after a contrasting second part, the first part is repeated to close the form. Moreover, the tragic love of Poppea and Ottone is duplicated and contrasted by the amourette of two attendants—an unfailing symptom of a more formal, static conception (cf. Chapter X, Disjunction and Conjunction). Lastly, the *Incoronazione* was the earliest opera with an historical subject; *la gran maniera*, the classical style in all arts, sneered at the irrational vagueness of myth and fable and preferred history as the proper object of sane reasonableness.

Form and classical attitude, imperishable in Italian art, had indeed reconquered most of the ground that the generation of 1600 had yielded. As early as 1626, the Roman composer Domenico Mazzocchi, prefacing his opera *La Catena d'Adone*, had spoken of the growing *tedio del recitativo*, and even Giovanni Battista Doni, the loudest herald of 'modern' music and of the recitative itself, warned that an opera exclusively recitativo was unbearable. Following this order of thought, Stefano Landi's *Sant'Alessio* led in 1634 to the

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'classic' pattern of opera, with *da capo* arias, two *sinfonie* (which anticipated the standard overtures of the French and the Italian form), with the contrasting motive of a couple of *servitori*, and with a *castrato*, who sacrificed character to the sensuous charm of the voice, and nature to unconvincing affectation.

At the same time, the half-dramatic forms of oratorio and cantata, long before prepared in the musical life of Italy, became under Giacomo Carissimi's leadership important factors in the musical life of Italy. His melody, harmonically simple and rich in sequences, had already the classical beauty and noble grandeur of the coming turn of the century.

A new rhythm appeared: the slow measure of three halves, and particularly with a dot to the second half, either in the first or the second bar. This strangely hesitant rhythm is known as the rhythm of the saraband; but it also occurs in the passacaglia, the chacone, and many movements without specific dance names. The hesitant character of the three-two time is sometimes driven to extremities: much later, in the aria universally known under the nickname of *Largo*, from Handel's opera *Serse*, the initial notes of the first and second parts are drawn out so long that they actually form surplus measures.

The counterpart in costume was the long train which trailed behind the elegant ladies.

In the dance, treading and leaping movements are practically abolished; *saltarello*, *tourdion*, and galliard have disappeared from the dance hall; and folkloristic features have faded just as they have in contemporaneous literature. Practically all couple dances from the early seventeenth to the early eighteenth century had indeed the same fundamental step in three well-poised phases, *plier*, *lever*, *poser*, bend, lift, draw up, in keeping with the three-two rhythm and also with the solemn, hesitant motion betrayed by the art works, and by architecture in particular, with its preference for horizontal expanse.

In all this classicalism, contrasting with the unrest and exaggeration that popular conception gives to the Baroque, the French were much more radical than the Italians. Averse to the "noisiness, frightful, monstrous leaps, and lack of sweetness" that they disliked in

Italian music, they thought, in the words of Father Mersenne, that “melodies, composed with art and fitting their texts, can move the audience to pity and rue; but that their principal end was to delight the cultivated listener, and not, to rouse his passions.” Thus, French music did what Perrin, the poet, claimed to have done: “banish the darker passions and stick to subjects unexpected, amorous, and spirited.” As a true French rationalist, Mersenne distrusted imagination, sensuous perception, and any judgment based on it, and again and again stressed that music was a part of mathematics. In this attitude, he had the full support of the leading French philosophers of his time, of his friend Descartes and also of Blaise Pascal, who called imagination “a proud power hostile to reason” and, worse, “a mistress of error and falsity.”

It is a comfort to pass from such frigid aesthetics to the work of a master like Champion de Chambonnières, the patriarch of French *clavecinistes*, who in all his noble reserve was a thoroughbred musician, inventive and spirited (Example 29).

Example 29. Rondeau

Champion de Chambonnières

Briskly.

Fine

affacc 2

D.C. al Fine.

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In the fine arts, France was no less un-Baroque—in the popular sense of the word 'Baroque.' In an influential book, *De pictura veterum* (1637), the Frenchman Franciscus Junius impressed upon the artist's mind the sacred duty of following antiquity to the letter. To the French, as to most Italians, the paragon of purist classicism was Raphael, and they knew no better title of honor for their painter Eustache Le Sueur than to call him the French Raphael. They sent a whole generation of painters to study in Italy: Poussin, Le Brun, Blanchard, and many others. And in the very year 1642, the greatest of them, Nicolas Poussin—who then, a few years before turning to his last heroic style, was painting in a sober, dry, and rational manner—met in Rome with the future chief of French official art, Le Brun, to seal the continuity of French classicism right in the face of Bernini and Borromini.

Their contemporary Claude Lorrain, so infinitely closer to modern eyes, was cast in a different mold. In his visionary landscapes, he dared to show the sun and sunlit spaces and even the mist enveloping water and air. He certainly was not a rationalist, almost rather a romantic. But he, too, held his visions in the iron clamp of classical discipline.

It was at this time that tragedy in France accepted the Aristotelian three unities of action, time, and place, and that it no longer tolerated crowds of murderers on the stage or heroes of less than princely rank. Corneille's *Cid*, played in 1636 in front of a multiple scenery, now went into a single room with four doors, to be used for any of Racine's tragedies as well.

Since all radical classicism inevitably leads to academism, the foundation of academies was a logical step. The Académie Française of language and literature was founded in 1635; the Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture, in 1648; the Académie de la Danse, in 1662; the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, in 1663; the French Academy at Rome, in 1665; the Académie des Sciences, in 1666; the Académie d'Architecture, in 1671. They drew up elaborate charts of precepts for 'pure' art and prescribed the very subjects to be treated. Charles Le Brun, in one of his academic lectures, pre-

laid special rules for the 'correct' delineation of all human passions and sentiments in art, and demanded that painting be "founded on a demonstrable science": geometry. Drawing became the leading principle, and color was relegated to the hindmost place, because, in André Félibien's words (1666), "it cannot be regulated scientifically." In a true Cartesian spirit, the epic of that time had, to refrain, the verse: *Et sur mes passions ma raison souveraine*.

Even unacademic painting had somehow a classic attitude. In 1641, Louis Le Nain had done *La Charrette*, and in 1642, Antoine Le Nain finished his famous Family Reunion, both in the Louvre. In complete disagreement with the principles of the Academy, the three brothers Le Nain, and particularly Louis, the greatest among them, described peasant life and gave it color, light, and *plein air*. There is not a trace of Baroque commotion or eloquent gesture; the peasants hardly move or speak, and some, such as the mother in Louis' Peasant Family, attain majesty.

The same was true of an England in which Palladio's ideals reigned supreme. Her greatest master, Inigo Jones, professed, in his own words, an architecture "solid, proportional according to the rules, masculine, and unaffected."

1675

IN 1675 WERE LAID the cornerstones of two outstanding buildings:

Dôme des Invalides in Paris, by Jules Hardouin-Mansard, and St. Paul's in London, by Sir Christopher Wren. Both were Baroque not in the popular meaning of distortion or exaggeration but in a more serious meaning that the word has in modern art history, a period prominent in central accents, richness of details, and thorough integration of all individual parts in one consistent whole. See also chapters VII, Ethos and Pathos, and XIV, The Cycle of the Later Ages).

This broader concept does not exclude classicism (which is the very opposite of distortion and exaggeration) but, on the contrary, includes it as one of the basic creeds of the time. Mansard's me-

RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE

monial church for the veterans is one of the noblest documents of strict classicism in its simplicity and quiet grandeur. And Wren, too, "was a supreme classicist, devoted to his Roman Orders and his geometry. Speaking of the different sorts of beauty, he said, 'But always the true test is natural or geometrical beauty.' He conceived of no nature apart from geometry; and outside the provisions of classicism he allowed no liberty. 'An architect ought to be jealous of novelties in which fancy blinds the judgment; but the glory of that which is good of itself is eternal.'" (Quoted from Frank P. Chambers, *The History of Taste*, N.Y., 1932, pp. 129 ff.)

French painting, however, was modifying its classicistic creed. An influential critic of the time, Roger de Piles, began to compare the great masters in all styles and in a truly academic spirit gave them credit points, which almost throw American colleges into the shade. Out of the optimum of twenty points, Michelangelo, for example, obtained eight for composition and eight for expression, seventeen for drawing, and only four for color. Rembrandt, on the contrary, was allotted fifteen for composition, twelve for expression, only six for drawing, but seventeen for color.

A generation ago, the academy had proclaimed: "drawing makes the merit of painting, not color," and Raphael had been its hero. Now, de Piles, from 1676 on, dared to call the colors of Raphael none too strong and his *clair-obscur* deficient; Caravaggio and even the three Carracci had done better. "Coloring is not only an essential part of painting, but is indeed its *differentia*, and is the very part that makes the painter a painter" (translated by Chambers). Progressive members of the academy were as the Rubenists opposing the old-fashioned Poussinists, and they got help from another side. Chambers rightly stresses that Leibnitz's monadic philosophy also encouraged the new tendency toward a moderate naturalism: all individual objects were different, it taught, and only in the very divergence of their characteristic traits were they truly real.

Even Dutch painting became ambiguous. Jan Vermeer van Delft, perhaps the most fascinating master of the time, was a colorist as few had been, and he also delighted in the little accidents of appear-

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ance, such as a face reflected in an open window or seen through the iridescent glass in the act of drinking. But he was almost uninterested in space or depth: his scenes are mostly closed in behind the figures by a wall parallel to the canvas, and the figures themselves appear in plain profile oftener than on the paintings of other masters. At that, they make no violent gesture and generally sit at some peaceful, if not immobile occupation, tating, strumming the harpsichord, reading, or writing a letter. And the very colors, so attractive in the exquisite harmony of white, gray, blue, and lemon-yellow, are strangely cool.

Music, too, was basically on the static side with only a certain connivance at dynamic trends. The showy full-fledged orchestra at last succeeded even in England, where the idea of consort, a chamber music ensemble with one man to each part, had been strongest; in bitter words, the author of *Musicks Monument* (1676), Thomas Mace, already pillories the 'modern' orchestras with twenty violins and ten basses. The new form of the age, the concerto for solo instruments and orchestra, which Giovanni Maria Buononcini created in 1677 and Corelli and Handel led to a peak, was very regular in its structure: symmetrically, two rapid movements enclosed a slow one and, inside, *ritornelli* or refrains of the orchestra alternated almost rondolike with freer *divertissements* of the soloists. In a similar way Froberger's, Rosenmüller's, Locke's suites of four dance movements followed the symmetrical ABBA form: the two slower movements, allemande and saraband, stood at the beginning and the end, and the two faster ones, courante and gigue, in the middle.

Also in 1675, the greatest master of musical tragedy in France, the Italo-Frenchman Jean-Baptiste Lully, performed his opera *Thésée* in the Royal Palace. As a close collaborator of Molière, he was deeply interested in drama, diction, and eloquence, and willing to subordinate music to poetry. Faithful to speech, he followed the texts so scrupulously that the beat of his recitatives continually changed. They run smoothly into arias, which in general are short and do not differ much from recitatives. The all too faithful obedience to the caesuras and rhymes of the libretto results in a certain monotonous disjunction, and melody proper is avoided rather than

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desired. With all this, there is a strange coolness in his works, and even in the often colorful orchestration; emotion is not absent but moderate. The master imposed an iron discipline on his personnel, both on the stage and in the orchestra. He was very careful in his directions as far as he deemed them necessary but did not allow his performers to take arbitrary tempos or to indulge in ornaments and cadenzas of their own invention.

The ballet demanded much space on the stage of Lully and other Frenchmen. The dance had indeed reached a peak, nay, *the* peak, as Pierre Rameau, the *maître à danser*, claimed. However, the perfection that he had in mind was not expressiveness, vitality, or imagination but, on the contrary, technique, clarity, and balance. To secure these accomplishments, the masters devised and canonized basic still-practiced 'positions,' five each, of the legs, the arms, the trunk, and the head, which allowed for all possible combinations of movements forward, sideward, and back without loss of poise. Movement was thus considered to be a transitory connection of stationary points, and nothing could better illustrate the static character of French art. The five positions expressly imply that the feet be never more than one foot apart—"close movement reigns supreme."

The masters of the so-called Neapolitan opera, led by Francesco Provenzale (whose earliest opera dates from 1653) and made world famous by Alessandro Scarlatti, were simple in their means but had the stilted attitude of *la gran maniera*. They stressed melody and overemphasized the *da capo* aria. They not only acted against polyphony, but also neglected proper rendition of the text, strangled the recitative, and frequently, failing to write it down, left it, as an unimportant accessory, to the improvisation of uninterested singers. In short, they sacrificed drama to the delight in sensuous melody and to an ever-more obtrusive stardom.

Lastly, it should be mentioned that in 1675, the German theologian, Jacob Philipp Spener, published his book *Pia Desideria* and therewith set up Protestant *pietism*, a strong movement to restore the piety of the heart and active Christendom against a cold and arid

orthodoxy. His sentimental pietism heralded the torrid Baroque which was dawning over Germany.

1690

GERMANY'S BAROQUE CLIMAXED in the works of two extraordinary masters, the Austrian Fischer von Erlach and the Prussian Andreas Schlüter.

Fischer von Erlach, whose artistic personality recalls that of Francesco Borromini, started his career (though after the design of an Italian master) with the Holy Trinity Monument on the Graben in Vienna (1687). Perhaps more than any other work, it dissolves architecture into sculpture, and sculpture into shapeless clouds. Even in his buildings, and above all in the University Church and in St. John's Hospital at Salzburg (1696-1707), architecture flows almost insensibly into decorative sculpture and evaporates in carved clouds; façades bulge out or else curve in; and domes, avoiding commonplace rotundity, assume the elliptic shapes that Bernini had been the first to devise.

Much more moderate, like all North German art, are Andreas Schlüter's *Zeughaus*, arsenal, in Berlin and, in the same city, his excellent equestrian statue of the Great Elector Frederick William on a bridge near the Royal Palace (1703).

France, under the aging Louis XIV, was experiencing the heyday of Jules Hardouin-Mansard's grandiose classicistic Baroque, with the main parts of the palace of Versailles and, in 1699, the unmatched unification of the Place Vendôme at the end of the Rue de la Paix. More than the noble, reserved style of architecture, Hyacinthe Rigaud's portrait of the monarch gives an idea of the frosty, theatrical pompousness of the time (Plate XXIV). Spain, always prone to overdo dynamic styles, was enjoying the orgiastic excesses of the sculptor and architect José Churriguera, his sons, and numerous followers.

Italy, too, had a renewed 'wild' Baroque, witness to which is

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Tremignan's façade of San Moisè in Venice of about 1680—"an orgy of decoration." It shows even more in stage decoration where imagination, unhampered by practical considerations, had the field clear for jotting down its dreams. Such dreaming found its realization in the overwhelming canvas palaces designed by the brothers Ferdinando and Francesco Galli da Bibiena. These buildings—the pride of the best theaters in Italy, Germany, France—were daring structures in the style of the time, presented in oblique view, with broken staircases and vistas into adjacent rooms; their incalculable depth and involution added an element of fear to the awe of richness and grandeur (Plate XXV).

While this happened in the fine arts, German poetry was degenerating into a truly Baroque pomposity and lasciviousness. Led by the literary society of the Pegnitzschäfer, Shepherds on Nuremberg's river Pegnitz—what a name!—the poets wandered into a sweetish dallying. It means quite a jump from the verses of these provincial *Spiesser* poetasters to the oriental trends in the drama of John Dryden or of Thomas Southerne and to the first translations into French and English of the *Arabian Nights*, in 1704. The latter testifies to the exotic leanings that we rightly expect from so dynamic an age and actually find in a quite different field: the *chinoiseries* or imitations of Chinese designs and lacquers on porcelain, furniture, even harpsichords.

In fashion, the waistline became low. The history of the dance contributes the remarkable fact that in Vienna the German emperor Leopold I (1658–1705), favoring the more dynamic native dances, flatly forbade the static, formal dances of France to be performed at court.

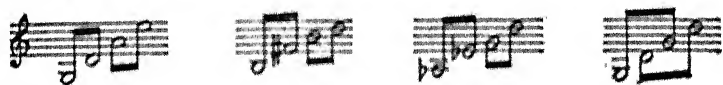
Passing to music, the eye is arrested by the strange yet beautiful form that makers in South Germany gave to their viols. The outline is fantastically undulated and lobated, the uneven front reflects the light in a delicate play of gloss and shadow on its varnish, and the irregular sound holes lick up like flames. New instruments of an exotic character were sought: in Hamburg, cymbals and tri-

angles were introduced to stay and, in 1710, August of Saxony established a Polish band with four pairs of cymbals.

Perhaps the most Baroque of German composers was the Austrian Heinrich Biber. He wrote a monster mass nine hundred measures long, the *Missa Sancti Henrici* (1701). He again represented Christ's Passion and other holy stories in cycles of miniatures for the violin, which despite the inadequate medium evoke the memory of Fischer von Erlach's cathedrals, with their solemn façades in the sunlight and the dusk of their mystic recesses. Nor do these pieces omit rich and often meaningless ornaments. A violin and a harpsichord—that sounds commonplace enough. But the way Biber uses the violin is Baroque in its contempt for rule and tradition and the natural or conventional limitation of a given material. The strings seldom keep their usual pitches *g d' a' e''*; they are lowered, or sharpened by a semitone, a second, a third or even a fifth, and the resulting *scordatura*, mistuning, would read, say (Example 30). Chords otherwise

Example 30. Scordaturas

Heinrich Biber



impracticable become easy, and all the mistuned strings, now dim, now strident, create unwonted timbres.

Biber's sonatas on episodes from the life of Christ, beginning with the Annunciation, are accompanied by small woodcuts serving as titles and are almost descriptive. But they render emotion rather than happenings. Other Germans did not hesitate to describe events and actions. Johann Kuhnau, predecessor of Bach at St. Thomas's in Leipzig, published in 1700 a Musical Representation of some Biblical Stories in six sonatas to play on the clavier (with a long apologetic preface which shows that he did not feel quite comfortable in his program music). And about the same time, a violinist Johann Fischer wrote, of all things, a Musical Composition on the World-famous Saltworks at Lüneburg. . . . Even young Bach,

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once and never again, paid his tribute with a *Capriccio sulla lontananza del fratello diletto*, On the Absence of his Beloved Brother.

It was in this naturalistic decade that the Germans changed the static ABBA structure of their suites into the more dynamic, open arrangement ABAB by giving the fast and nimble gigue the last place after the saraband. So deficient did the older form seem that a publisher in Amsterdam, Pierre Mortier, took care to reprint the *Suites de Clavessin* of the long deceased composer Froberger set "in better order."

The picture would be incomplete without the truly Baroque opera in Hamburg, the first public opera in Germany. After decent beginnings in 1678, even the participation of Handel, Keiser, and Telemann did not prevent it from lapsing into the popular, and from the popular into the vulgar. Where once Biblical subjects like Adam, David, Esther had been given, the audience, used to the atrocities of Lohenstein's tragedies, rejoiced at stories from the local underworld with scaffolds, beheading, and genuine blood from pigs' bladders.

Italy and England went other ways. Arcangelo Corelli and Henry Purcell (Example 28), both exponents of an Italian style, were thoroughly aristocratic and seldom intimate even in their chamber music. They had the noble dignity and the well-poised stride of the *gran maniera* without its coolness—Purcell with the stress on vocal music and Corelli, exclusively devoted to music for strings, sonatas and, for the first time, *concerti grossi*, in which a *concertino* of two violins and a 'cello strove against the (sometimes a hundred and fifty) pieces of the *grosso*.

Although characterization of melody is the most delicate task in writing on music, a brief description of Purcell's or Corelli's musical language may be attempted. In the slow movements—where it seems to be at its best—orientation is purely harmonic; the melody, frequently just a broken triad, is a beautifully drawn connecting line along a set of simple chords which, from below are supported by evenly striding, dignified basses. Rarely following a straight path, it proceeds rather in sequences that repeat the same idea or motive on

higher pitch (which is reminiscent of the redundant clusters of volutes, pilasters, or capitals in Baroque architecture but also of its ornamental volutes that repeat the same curve at an ever-increasing distance from the center). The motive is often so devised that in its repetition it suggests a springy, jerking lift rather than a continuous ascent. This simile is not rhetorical: few types of melodies are more suggestive of bodily motion and gesture—of the same expressive, bold, and noble gesture that we know from paintings of the time, dignified, eloquent, and on the fringe of theatricalism. The span is wide, both vertically and horizontally, and cadences, unavoidable in organized musical form, are veiled by a hasty interception of the ball before it reaches the ground. Still, the general attitude is simplicity; the melody keeps strictly to diatonic patterns without any of the chromatic spices so generously dispensed at the beginning of the seventeenth century; modulation sticks to the nearest tonalities and color is mostly monochromatic, never motley.

1725

THE EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION put an end to the Baroque in the times of the French *Régence*, which bridged the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV—1715–23.

The evolutionary forces of the period are known as the Rococo. This name belongs in a narrower sense to a certain form of decoration in architecture and furniture, in a wider sense to the fine arts embracing this kind of ornament, and in the widest sense to all the arts that after the death of Louis XIV extricated themselves from the theatricality and the frigid academism of the later Baroque without however withdrawing from the courtly, aristocratic sphere in which this style had bloomed.

The Rococo originated in France in the 1720's as a typical end development, replacing power and heaviness by a light-footed, fanciful elegance, using Italian ornaments, best known under the French names *rocailles* and *coquilles*, rocks and shells, from which the style derived its name, but also scrolls and branches of leaves, the monkey

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motives of *singeries* and the Far Eastern motives of *chinoiseries* in atectonic, fantastic, unsymmetrical clusters. And all this freedom and profusion displayed a taste, a hovering lightness, a joy of living hardly ever preceded and never repeated.

The courtly buildings of the time of Louis XV, particularly in France, Saxony, and Bavaria, were dominated by decoration. Matthias Daniel Pöppelmann's *Zwinger*, museum court, in Dresden (1711-22) is almost unique in its fantastic overdecoration. All these buildings hardly contributed to the evolution of architecture proper, except in their lightness and elegance. The typical painters of the Rococo were the Frenchman François Boucher, who had the full-fledged amoral eroticism of the period and its playful decorativeness, though little human warmth or interest, and the Venetian Giovanni Battista Tiepolo who, more than others, had its hovering, light-footed volatility.

Music, often ahead when style turns from static heaviness to dynamism had reacted some twenty years before the fine arts. On the stage, André Campra, Philippe Destouches, and, later, Jean-Philippe Rameau presented pastoral operas of a radically unheroic attitude. And in the chamber, François Couperin Le Grand, the king's musician, seconded with equally unheroic pieces for harpsichord and for strings. While Lully had written ballets and operas for the great ceremonial performances, Couperin created his delightful four-part *Concerts Royaux* in 1714 and 1715 for informal Sunday afternoons in the palace of Versailles. In these pieces, solemn grandiosity yielded to playful elegance; melodic austerity to a decidedly melodic style with profuse ornamentation; full harmony to limpid broken chords. Fine and facile, the musical Rococo or *style galant* avoided both passion and heaviness.

Revolution in style and conception, on the contrary, found a weighty herald in the Neapolitan philosopher Giovanni Battista Vico who, in his greatest work, *Principi di una scienza nuova* (1725), dared separate art from law and reason and reinstate imagination as its essential quality.

The revolutionary forces that put an end to the Baroque have

no handy name like the Rococo, which covers the evolutionary forces. But they can easily be described: they oppose human warmth to academic frigidity, sober simplicity to stilted pompousness, real life to a sham world, ethical standards to amorality, democracy to aristocracy.

Among painters, the Fleming Antoine Watteau was the earliest to burst into the world of Louis XIV. He fought the frostiness of the masters in charge with the poetic visions of his dreams; human and warmhearted, he ignored their rationalism, aloofness, and hard-drawn lines and dared to show man's soul and nature's charm. Uninterested in heroic acts or passions, he shunned cothurni and strutting Alexandrines. He painted tender couples embarking for Cythera, the blissful isle of love, or quietly sitting in parks unspoiled by Lenôtre's garden shears; or actors, in whom he saw the suffering soul through make-up and professional smiles.

Warmheartedness duly shows in music. In 1728, Bach's contemporary and compatriot Johann David Heinichen, a Saxon, claimed in a book on the thoroughbass (*Der Generalbass in der Composition*) that "the end of music was to move the emotions [*Affekte*]."

In that generation, the history of musical instruments lists a series of remarkable events. In 1711, a distinguished Italian author, Scipione Maffei, wrote in the *Giornale dei Letterati d'Italia*: "It is known to everyone who delights in music, that one of the principal means by which the skilful in that art derive the secret of especially delighting those who listen is the *piano* and *forte* in the theme and its response, or in the gradual diminution of tone little by little, and then returning suddenly to the full power of the instrument; which artifice is frequently used and with marvellous effect, in the great concerts of Rome . . ." (translated by E. F. Rimbault).

This paragraph served to introduce Bartolommeo Cristófori's revolutionary invention of our modern piano, the *gravicembalo col forte e piano*, in which, as Maffei explains, "the production of greater or less sound depends on the degree of power with which the player presses on the keys."

In the same year, 1711, in which Maffei introduced Cristófori's

invention (made in 1709 at the latest), an English monk in Rome, Father Wood, devised a different type of piano; the Frenchman Marius followed in 1716, and the German Schroeter in 1717.

On February 8, 1712, the short-lived English magazine *Spectator* announced that "Mr. Abraham Jordan, senior and junior, have . . . erected a very large organ in St. Magnus' Church, at the foot of London Bridge, consisting of four sets of keys, one of which is adapted to the art of emitting sounds by swelling the notes, which never was in any organ before." The contrivance was a box for the pipes of one manual with a sliding shutter which could be gradually opened or closed at will.

It cannot have been mere coincidence that the organ was given its first intensity-changing device at exactly the time in which all countries were attempting to rid the harpsichord of its inflexibility. Still less was it mere coincidence that all the countries were interested in such devices at a time when the age "allowed man's soul to speak again."

The musical pioneer of the era was Domenico Scarlatti of Naples. While Bach and Handel shaped their ideas with the structural discipline of architects, he jotted his down with the capricious freedom of an engraver. Bach and Handel were 'tectonic,' and Scarlatti, 'atectonic,' without any concern for the even progress of a given number of voice parts. And while Bach and Handel, as a rule, wrote music in an almost abstract sense, without much caring for the medium of performance, Scarlatti, founder of the pianistic style, composed for harpsichord out of the spirit, sound, and technique of his instrument. The many hundreds of his short sonatas in one movement often alternate between a loose polyphony and broken chords, with rapid passages in octaves, sixths, or thirds, audacious jumps, and crossed hands. They are never dry or dull, seldom melancholy, often exultant, and always bold, witty, and brilliant (Example 31).

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, celebrated composer of the *Stabat Mater*, and several minor masters stood at Scarlatti's side when the new spirit began to take shape. They hated pathetic gesture, cothurni, and pseudo majesty. Their goal was *cantabilità* and emotion, grace

and intimacy, but also dash and delight in sudden changes of mood, which betrayed the ascendancy of the comic opera (*La serva pa-*

Example 31. Sonata

Domenico Scarlatti



drona!) and soon resulted in the two contrasting themes of the sonata form, the masculine subject first and the feminine second.

The second campaign of the time was led by realism against the sham world of the late Baroque and the Rococo.

Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, not Boucher, was Watteau's actual complement. Like the older master, he spurned majestic forms and the pseudo heroism of theatrical gestures; and he, too, bathed his scenes in a warm and limpid *clair-obscur*. But far from being a dreamer who built a world of his own, he loved the simple realities of nature and everyday life. Devotedly, he would paint delightful still lives in silvery tones and cozy *intérieurs* of small people: he was a bourgeois in the best sense of the word and a herald of the honest, working *tiers état* (Plate XXVII).

Artistic and intellectual life was indeed gliding away from the court to salons and coffee houses; paintings were displayed in public exhibitions; and the weekly *Mercure de France* opened the era of journalistic art criticism. Again, Anne Philidor—a man—founded in 1725 the famous Concert Spirituel as the earliest public concert institution of France. In the same year 1725, Allan Ramsay's pas-

toral comedy *The Gentle Shepherd* foreshadowed the popular ballad opera of England, which only two or three years later reached its early peak in the unbelievably successful *Beggar's Opera*, with the catchy tunes that J. C. Pepusch had compiled to fit John Day's lampoons against the official Italian opera, the court, and the government.

Art was becoming democratic.

A significant fact from the history of the dance remains to be recorded: in the earliest attempt to do away with the unnatural, conventional garbs of the ballet, Mademoiselle Sallé, celebrated ballerina of the Parisian opera, who scorned mere technique, saults, *entrechats*, *pirouettes*, advocated and in 1733 introduced authenticity of costume as to country and period on a starring tour to the Covent Garden Theater in London. On March 15, 1733, the London correspondent of the weekly *Mercure de France* reported that in one of her own ballets, *Pygmalion*, she "had ventured to appear without *panier* or skirt or anything but her own hair on her head. She wore nothing in addition to her bodice and petticoat save a simple robe of muslin draped and adjusted after the model of a Greek statue."

While the *Beggar's Opera* celebrated its first triumphs, William Hogarth, the English painter and engraver, was busy finishing the six canvases of *A Harlot's Progress*, the earliest English work to point at the vices and follies of the time and to oppose the inexorability of actual life to the pseudo life of those that he called the nature-menders. When Reynolds, one of these menders, was thirty years old, in 1753, Hogarth published a book, *Analysis of Beauty*, in which he lashed out against nature-mending in the memorable words: "Were I to paint the character of Charon, I would thus distinguish his make from that of a common man's; and in spite of the word low, venture to give him a broad pair of shoulders, and spindle shanks, whether I had the authority of an ancient statue, or basso-relievo, for it or not."

Classicism was indeed not dead, even outside conservative England. True, the reversal of the 1720's had the same target everywhere: the Baroque and its theatrical grandiloquence. But while in

France this wide-scoped, motley style had found expression in a cool and rigid classicalism and therefore had met reaction from anti-classical forces, the hot and boundless Baroque of Italy and Germany, contrariwise, cooled off to soberness, simplicity, and moderation in a process for which antiquity, the versatile cure-all in crises of style, again had suitable models ready.

In Italian architecture, Carlo Fontana's Palazzo Bolognetti in Rome (1700) had anticipated the reversal, which a generation later became perfect in Ferdinando Fuga's characteristic additions to the Palazzo Corsini in Rome (1729-32). The theory of this reversal was written by Carlo Lodoli (1690-1761), who, in Venturi's words, "was the first to consider the beauty of an edifice as the representation of its function."

Germany joined in the 1720's. Nothing could be more significant than Fischer von Erlach's two monuments in Vienna: the incredibly turbulent Trinity Monument on the Graben (1687-93), discussed in the preceding cross section, and the moderate Fountain on the Hohe Markt (shortly before 1723); or, for that matter, the contrast between the orgy of his University Church at Salzburg (1696-1707) and the Roman classicism of the Karlskirche in Vienna or the sober simplicity of the Imperial Stables, on which he worked until his death in 1723. In a similar way, another great Viennese, Georg Raphael Donner, led sculpture from the convulsive, flamboyant South German Baroque to tectonic, indeed, to classicistic forms.

German poetry chimed in: from 1730 on, Johann Christoph Gottsched, professor in Leipzig, tried to force the rules of French dramaturgy on German tragedy.

England had at that time the supranational ideas characteristic of classical periods: John Toland's pamphlet *Pantheisticon* was in 1710 printed in 'Cosmopolis' and Alexander Pope addressed his *Universal Prayer* to the

Father of all! In every Age
In every Clime ador'd
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

One cannot well leave a cross section of 1725 without having reverently bowed to Handel and Bach, the greatest masters of the time, and having tried to assign them places of honor. Paradoxical as it sounds, these places are not easily found. Bach and Handel, both born, like Domenico Scarlatti, in 1685, two years after Rameau, were titanic epilogues to the passing Baroque rather than heralds of the time to come. Handel, who in 1725 wrote *Rodelinda* and *Apollo's Feast*, had the full dramatic spirit of the Baroque; and Baroque were the heroic style of his historic operas and Biblical oratorios, the splendor of his anthems, the power and breath of his choral fugues, and the pompous stride of his themes.

Bach was no less Baroque. Witnesses are the gigantic size of the B minor Mass and the Passion according to St. Matthew; the Venetian double chorus at the beginning of the latter work; the central position that he gave to the fugue, as the strictest, most unified, and most progressive form; the density of his scores and the riches of their harmony; the golden glitter of his Gloria trumpets; and also the acrobatic play with inadequate means in the neck-breaking polyphony for solo strings.

Yet there are things in his music that belong in the present and future rather than in the past. Take the profuse Rococo ornamentation of his chorale-preludes. But then turn to the Brandenburg Concerto in D major of 1721: nothing could be more human, more heartfelt, more intimate, and therefore wholly un-Baroque. Take the many compositions in which the second theme of the coming sonata appears, as in the Italian Concerto or the C major Concerto for Two Harpsichords. Take all his transcriptions from Italian contemporaries and on the whole his eagerness to study the modern styles of France and Italy.

But the magic force of genius defeats analysis: though Baroque, Rococo, and what not, he is not just the sum of all these but their integration in a higher unit, in which they almost lose themselves.

CHAPTER SIX

The Latest Past

1760

"NATURE! NATURE! And our compositions must be beautiful; let us renounce art, when it is not simple; it convinces only when it is concealed; it triumphs only when it is unrecognized and is taken for nature . . . We must not merely practice steps; we ought to study the passions."

The French ballet master Jean-Georges Noverre wrote these words in 1760 in his *Lettres sur la Danse et sur les Ballets*, one of the most revolutionary essays in the history of the arts. Nature, character, soul, truth, and passion are his key words; mere technique is worthless. The dancers must if necessary give up their prescribed movements in exchange for a soul; they must forget their feet and legs to concentrate on facial expression and gestures. Away with the old masks which had banned the play of feature from the dancer's domain; away with the long and cumbersome court dresses which covered up the free play of the body; away with the classical symmetry of figures—they injure truth and kill illusion.

Social dancing could not but follow similar trends. Thirty, forty years before the manuals had totally ignored whatever dance existed besides the classic, restrained minuet; now, the modern manuals, such as De la Cuisse's *Répertoire des Bals*, a *Théorie-Pratique des Contredanses* (1762), would in their turn ignore the vanishing minuet. The old court dance was actually given its last manual a few years later, in 1767, while a new dance, the waltz, was taken over from German mountaineers and rapidly spread all over the world. "Every

THE LATEST PAST

dance must have character and soul, express passion, imitate nature!" proclaimed its heralds.

Nature, against the stilted aloofness of the Italian *opera seria*, was the war cry of Gluck, when, in 1762, he entered a new phase in his development with a music drama which had more than just the subject and the title in common with Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Gluck's reform, coincident with similar innovations in Jomelli's and Traetta's works, once more made the drama paramount. Unity of action, deep emotion, and moral ideas were required, while the scores had no place for musical vagaries, coloraturas, or even polyphony. The dominant role of the recitative was re-established; the sketchy *secco*, hastily sung to the dry accompaniment of the harpsichord, yielded to a more elaborate form with accompaniment of the orchestra, while the *da capo* aria, antidramatic and self-sufficient, lost its monopoly. The chorus, almost forgotten, came back with Handelian vigor as the "ideal spectator." The orchestra stressed dramatic accents and emotional atmosphere with an individualization and artful combination of instruments that has granted Gluck's scores a place of honor in all the manuals of orchestration up to modern days.

Gluck even complied with the contemporary demand for exotic subjects. He wrote two charming comic operas with the scene laid in the Islamic Orient, *Le Cadi dupé* (The Cheated Judge) in 1761, and *La Rencontre imprévue ou les Pèlerins de la Mecque* (The Unforeseen Meeting or the Mecca Pilgrims) in 1764, and gave exotic episodes to his *Iphigénie en Tauride* (1779). Noverre, too, experienced the appeal of exoticism, though his acknowledgment sounds somewhat didactic: he thought that a "ballet well done was an animated picture of the passions, customs, usages, ceremonies, and costumes of all peoples of the world." It was the time when James Macpherson had a tremendous success with his *Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands* (1760), *Fingal* (1761), and *Temora* (1763), allegedly translated from the Irish bard Ossian; when Johann Gottfried Herder was compiling the folk songs of all peoples, primitive and civilized; and Paul Whitehead, in a prologue to Arthur Murphy's *Orphan of China* (1759), sang:

Enough of Greece and Rome: Th'exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more . . .

Mademoiselle Clairon of the Comédie Française dared in 1755 as the first actor on a French stage to appear in Chinese costume in *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, and in a Near-Eastern costume in *Roxana*.

And again in the Comédie Française, Voltaire shouted at Clairon's colleague, Mademoiselle Dumesnil: "You take that too tamely . . . it lacks force and fire." "How?" demanded Dumesnil; "one would have to have *le diable au corps* to strike the tone you want me to take." "Right," answered Voltaire, "*le diable au corps* is the thing. Without it—no good poets and no good actors" (Thomas Wood Stevens, *The Theatre from Athens to Broadway*).

"*C'est la nature vivante, animée, passionnée, que la sculpture doit exprimer sur le marbre, le bronze, la pierre.*" This was the creed of one of France's greatest sculptors and most implacable foes of Rococo and classicism: Falconet. About 1760, he created the delightful timepiece with the three Graces in the Camondo Collection of the Louvre, and seven years before, he had given a beautiful all-round group of Leda to the porcelain manufacturer at Sèvres. Shortly afterward, he made the most vehement sculpture of the time, the monument to Peter the Great in Leningrad (1766–78). Masters of the Baroque had before him set their riders on wildly prancing horses but Falconet even sneered at the idea of an elegantly carved socle and placed the hind legs of the steed on a rough, unhewn monolith of more than three millions of pounds. It was almost a symbol that he had jotted down the first idea of his work on Diderot's table, who, to give him the tenderest pet name called him the Jean-Jacques (Rousseau) of sculpture.

Nature, soul, imagination, character, warmth reappear in the writings of Diderot, d'Alembert, Grimm, and the other Encyclopedists or authors of the gigantic *Encyclopédie* which as the greatest spiritual monument of the age was published between 1751 and 1766. While they enthusiastically espoused the cause of Gluck and Falconet, they aimed their wits at academies, classicalism, and rationalism. The Vitruvian system of measures, paramount in France and

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Italy, "seems to have been invented only for monotony and the suffocation of genius." And elsewhere: "The exact imitation of nature might make an art that is poor and mean, but not false."

"Nature! Back to nature!" exclaimed Rousseau, the most famous of the Encyclopedists, who in 1761 published his epochal novel *Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*. Extravagant, passionate, melancholic patron saint of democracy and romanticism, he fought against reason for the judgment of the senses. As a musician, he severely criticized the decorative playfulness of the contemporaneous French *baroque opéra*, and particularly of Rameau's compositions. And, deeply impressed by Pergolesi's charming comic opera *La Serva Padrona* and its unexampled success in France, he even tried his hand at writing a light musical comedy of his own: *Le Devin du Village*, The Village Seer, in which, as once in Adam de la Halle's *Robin et Marion* a hundred years before, plain rural life and unassuming tunes replaced stilted action and bombastic arias (Example 32).

Example 32. *Le Devin du Village* Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Lent et marqué [♩=80]

J'ai per-du tout mon bon-heur, J'ai per-du mon ser-vi-teur Co-

lin ma dé-lais-se, Co-lin ma de-lais-se. etc.

From 1760 on, or, more exactly, from 1759 on, Rousseau's amateurish seed bore blooms in a powerful school of operas in the light vein under the leadership of Monsigny. Germany responded with the simple actions in the vernacular and the catchy, popular melodies of the *Singspiel*, which came to live with Johann Adam Hiller's *Der Teufel ist los* (The Devil to pay), 1766, and *Lottchen am Hof*.

Charlotte at Court), 1767, and lead in a straight line to the *Nischütz* (1821).

The unnaturalness of the *opera seria* was attacked from still another, opposite angle. Reasoning that music had an expressive power beyond the spoken drama, but that in the catastrophies of their lives, people after all do not sing, the generation created the *melodrama*, which all words were recited, not sung, while the orchestra expressed what the actor left unsaid. Again, Jean-Jacques Rousseau inaugurated the new form in his *Pygmalion* (1762) and was soon followed by the German Georg Benda. The melodrama, so dear to Beethoven in the following age, has never since disappeared. Arnold Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912) is its latest realization.

The very landscape cried for nature. Fashionable parks were emerging from the classical French to the anticlassic English garden. The Royal park in Versailles had been typically French, in André Le Nôtre's strictly symmetric array of aisles left and right from the dominating central aisle which, rhythmicized by fountains and water courses, opens into the country far beyond. And French are the trees stiffly cut to geometric forms and hedges as even "as were the avenues by Boileau" (Theodor Fontane). But awe (read: boredom) yields to comfort and delight when you enter the English garden and Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon, with its informal natural beauty, where the trees grow freely from the lawn and the footpath wanders in leisure through bosquets and arbors.

Nevertheless, classicistic resistance was greater in England than anywhere else. English architecture clung to the classicistic trends of the Georgian style, and American architecture followed suit. An outstanding example, the Craigie, or Longfellow, House in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was built about 1760, and at the same time George Washington erected Mount Vernon with its curious Palladian window.

Even in matters of painting the English followed a classicistic line, at least officially. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the leading master and first president of the Royal Academy since 1768, recommended "obedience to the rules of art . . . grand subject matter . . . the purest

and most correct outline." Color, to him, was "unworthy of representation. . . . The whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind." This sounds almost like Plato's creed. But Reynolds was no zealot and recognized true beauty even when it was presented in anticlassical forms.

Four years younger, Thomas Gainsborough cared little for antique statues or grand subject matter. His actual interest was devoted to society portraits—in which, however, he achieved perfection—but to the charms of English landscape: "Madam Nature, not Man, was then his only study," wrote his contemporary, Philip Thicknesse. This was new enough to rouse antagonism. Disdainfully, some critical saucebox wrote: "He fills his canvas with thatched cottages, and their bare-legged inhabitants. This is vulgar nature—pray avoid it."

All this struggle for nature implied inevitable secondary currents, of which the strongest were simplicity, bourgeois spirit, emotionalism, belittlement of craft and, hence, the important role of the amateur.

"Let us renounce art when it is not simple," Noverre had said. Most music of the time, not only that of the Singspiel, is simple in spirit and technique, and he who, with old Bach's grandeur in mind, turns to the generation of his sons must resent their sober, meat-and-melody-and-bass style. It was in keeping with the ideal of simplicity that composers expressly addressed the world of children: one of them, Johann Adam Hiller, presented *Lieder für Kinder* (Songs for Children) in 1769, *Geistliche Lieder für Kinder* in 1774, and *Kinderfreund* (Children's Friend) in 1782.

German architecture behaved similarly. In 1770, the elector of Bavaria decreed that all ecclesiastic building should be kept pure and regular, that "all superfluous stucco-work and other meaningless and ridiculous ornaments" should be cut away, and that "a noble simplicity" should be the goal.

Such simplicity could not fail to celebrate the simple life of everyday instead of "grand subject matter." In Germany, Gottho-

Ephraim Lessing had, in *Miss Sara Sampson* (1755), written the first tragedy of common life. And two years later, Diderot had with *Le Fils naturel*, *The Natural Son*, established the French *drama bourgeois*. Denmark followed in 1772 with Wessel's *Love without Stockings*. The painters, preceded by Chardin, chimed in. In Germany, Anton Graff made hundreds of informal portraits and Daniel Chodowiecki depicted people in comfortable circumstances who play their cards by flickering candlelight. Jean-Baptiste Greuze, in France, painted actual peasant life and with his *Village Bride* aroused in 1761 what Goncourt called "a riot of enthusiasm."

Such bourgeois realism, however, was very far from the outwardly similar ways of the Dutch a century earlier, because it lived on a delight in emotion that the Netherlands had hardly ever known. Sometimes such emotion rose to actual passion in works which, in Diderot's words, being "terrible or sensuous, at the same moment that they charm the ear, carry love or terror to the depths of your heart, dissolve your senses and purge your very soul."

Often, emotion dwelt in the shallow waters of a lacrymose sentimentality. Greuze, with his charming girls in difficulties, leaned to this side more than to passion. But his age, which had in downright earnest accepted La Chaussée's *comédie larmoyante*, found in Greuze's melodramatic paintings only *la sensibilité* that it was striving for. And it was in the spirit of the age that, when Emperor Joseph II of Austria once visited Greuze's studio and asked from where he took his themes, the painter answered: "Sire, they are in my heart."

Diderot himself, admirer of passion, was equally open to the delight in melancholy longing close to sentimentality that the romantics were to resume. He loved wild scenery and the sweetish sadness of solitude and once explained: "A palace must be in ruins to be an object of interest." Both picturesque and melancholy, ruins were indeed so much à la mode that certain painters could specialize in rendering crumbled walls and broken columns. One of them, the Frenchman Hubert Robert, called himself *Robert des Ruines* and was by his compatriots given the unprecedented title of *ruiniste*.

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The "sweet melancholy of solitude" was in keeping with a curiosity little noticed byway of music. Oliver Goldsmith's celebrated novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1761) remarks that English ladies of the time "would talk of nothing but high life . . . pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." The last was a set of tuned drinking glasses (still to be seen in this country) which Benjamin Franklin, about the same year, was converting into a well-constructed instrument, the glass harmonica. Rubbed with moistened fingers, it yielded an indescribably pure, vague, and immaterial sound which "seemed to emerge from infinite space and to fade away into endlessness" and thus "anticipated one of the romantic ideals" (see the author's *History of Musical Instruments*).

Thirteen years before Goldsmith, James Thomson had in his romantic poem *The Castle of Indolence* praised another immaterial instrument, the wind-blown aeolian harp:

Ah me! what Hand can touch the Strings so fine?
Who up the lofty Diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn Airs divine,
Then let them down again into the Soul?

It is consistent with this taste for sentimental, intimate instruments that Germany, the most sentimental and at that time truly lacrymose nation, neglected the rigid harpsichord in favor of the older time-clavichord. And the latter, weak, affectionate and overdelicate, allowed the player's fingers to give the individual notes *vibrato* and stress and therewith an emotional life, indeed, a soul denied to other keyboard instruments.

Even England, then the foremost land of harpsichord, felt the impact of sentiment. But it was in vain that in 1760 the Anglo-Swiss manufacturer Burkard Shudi in London forced a Venetian swell box (in the form of horizontal blinds above the strings to be opened or shut at will) upon the harpsichord. Superseding the instrument as well as the clavichord, the modern piano, designed to render keyboard music with all the shades of changing intensities after sixty years of penury, came to the fore for good. In 1768, it first appeared as a solo instrument in a public concert in London, played

Bach's youngest son Johann Christian, and quickly overthrew the feeble clavichord and the rigid harpsichord.

Nowhere did the emotional needs of the time more firmly materialize than in the music of Bach's sons Carl Philipp Emanuel and Johann Christian and in the so-called Mannheim style. Carl Philipp Emanuel, the elder son, once an outstanding representative of the *galant*, at last anticipated Beethoven's personal language, and Johann Christian, the youngest son, preceded Mozart in his heart-*cantabilità*. In Mannheim on the Rhine, the duke of the electorate, Carl Theodor, entertained a court orchestra of world renown, which from the 1740's on, when Johann Stamitz and Franz Xaver Richter held the baton, became epochal in discipline, in a pastiche, truly symphonic style, and in the development of emotional crescendos and decrescendos over longer passages. Characteristically enough, it also gave its name to a (then already existing) ornament, *trappogiatura*: the Germans called it the Mannheim Sigh.

It was almost inevitable that the triple ideal of nature, simplicity, feeling should lead to a typically romantic belief in inspiration at a certain contempt of professional craft and academic rules. Johann Christian did not claim that not the imitation of insipid models but "the artist's inspiration is the breath of the Divine." And elsewhere he declared: "There is something in that that none of your rules can save."

In Germany, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing chimed in. Attacking the musical critic Marpurg in Berlin, he rhymed:

*Nun tadle mich, daß ich die Regeln schmäh',
Und mehr auf das Gefühl, als ihr Geschwätze seh',*

He might in English verses be:

Do nag at me for hating all their rules,
I heed the feeling heart more than the prate of fools.

About the same time, in 1767, Lessing was writing his *Hamische Dramaturgie* to free the German drama from the fetters of French classicism.

Rousseau in France and Doles, Bach's disciple and one of his suc-

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cessors at St. Thomas's, sneered at the fugue and other contrapuntal forms, and Handel is reported to have contemptuously said that his cook knew more counterpoint than Gluck.

It was only natural then that such a time allotted a big share to amateurs. Rousseau composed his *Village Seer* not despite his being a dilettante but with a particular stress on this fact and refusing to correct his little shortcomings lest such polish might interfere with his personal stamp. Germany's music greatly depended on laymen: Sperontes or, more soberly, Johann Sigismund Scholze, who in 1733 published the earliest collection of German songs under the title *Singende Muse an der Pleisse*, Singing Muse on the Pleisse (Leipzig river), was a lawyer; Johann Friedrich Graefe, who edited the following collection, *Sammlung verschiedener und auserlesener Oden* (1737-43), was no musician either; and Christian Gottfried Krause, the leading spirit of the Berlin school of the Lied, again was a lawyer. One should not forget in this context that most German orchestras and choruses of the eighteenth century were *Liebhaborchester* and *Akademien* of amateurs.

No doubt, a good many of the art works created as alloys of simplicity, bourgeoisdom, and sentimentalism were of necessity superficial and feeble. Strong opposition was aroused in the *Sturm und Drang*, Storm and Stress, in which the younger generation of German poets fought for independence, passion, and vigor against tradition and academic standards, against the frigid formalism of older French and French-inspired poetry and the insipid optimism that ignored the miseries of life and social wrongs. Shakespeare and Rousseau were their gods; Schiller and Goethe, authors of the *Robbers* and of *Werther*, their leaders. So anticlassical were they, that Goethe laid the scenes of *Götz* and *Faust* in the Middle Ages, and in face of the Münster of Strasbourg he was, as a student, moved to a wild (and hitherto unwonted) enthusiasm for Gothic art. Seen from the viewpoint of parallel developments, it is remarkable that in that very year 1770, Horace Walpole, ancestor of the Gothic Revival, erected an imitation abbey in Strawberry Hill, London.

In painting, this movement anticipated, as it did in poetry, the

romantic realm of blood-curdling horror. Johann Heinrich Füssli's *Nightmare* of 1781 (the year of Schiller's *Robbers*) is one of the most powerful documents of the high tension of those days.

The composer who more forcefully than any other musician embodied the trends of the time was Joseph Haydn. Unlike Mozart, he delighted in nature and country life, and in his fifth symphony of 1761, long before the *Seasons*, he dared replace the courtly minuet by a genuine Austrian *Ländler* with stamping accents on the downbeats. Even before the German poets entered the Storm and Stress period, he began to cut his flowing melodies by sudden, ominous halts or brusque interjections, to veer abruptly from major to minor, and to modulate boldly to far tonalities. And when in the 1770's that literary movement came to its climax, Haydn, whom trashy writing on music has falsified into a good-natured daddy, gave music its full share in rendering man's passion and tragedy. His greatest achievement, though, was the growing unification of the sonata form, with the organic development of often tiny particles of his melodic themes (Example 33).

Example 33. Trio in E flat major

Joseph Haydn



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From here, the doorway opened wide into the modern music nations and, most directly, into the world of that genius—who naïvely solved the problem of the time in reconciling heart and reason, Italian *cantabilità* with French *esprit* and German *schmerz*, classical and anticlassical trends; to whom it was given to be boundlessly free and never shapeless, to be serene in sorrow and in joy and never frigid, to be dramatic, never stogy—Mozart.

Mozart, unlike Haydn, was not interested in nature. But even too, the Storm and Stress of the 1770's left its mark and participated in the (earlier) G minor symphony (Köchel V. no. 183) composed at the age of seventeen, which in its whipping *sforzando* counteraccents is the drama of a tender heart under the impact of inexorable fate.

Mozart's gift for reconciling opposites, however, represented a way the common destiny of art in the age of Louis XVI, particularly in Germany. But what to the genius meant reconciliation and synthesis at a higher level became insipid eclecticism in the hands of minor prophets. Johann Joachim Quantz, teacher of Frederick the Great, said point-blank in chapter XVIII §87 of his celebrated Essay on Flute Playing, *Versuch einer Anweisung in der Flöte traversiere zu spielen* (1752): "If one knows how to take the best qualities out of the musical styles of various nations, one obtains a mixed style, which without being arrogant one could call German style."

Eclecticism was no less recommended in painting. In 1762, the year of Gluck's reform, the painter Raphael Mengs published his *Ideen über die Schönheit*, which urged artists to combine Raphael's design with Titian's color and Correggio's chiaroscuro, without realizing that these elements excluded each other—that Raphael's color had to be Raphael's, not Titian's, and that Titian's drawing had to be Titian's, not Raphael's.

In all this lack of character and decision, the arts not only journeyed from Italian to French and German styles, not only from Raphael to Titian and Correggio, but also from Gothic to classic idealism; so we watch the most unexpected result: that with its enthusiasm

Gothic cathedrals, Storm and Stress, and Dutch-inspired realism the age knew how to reconcile an almost violent love of classic antiquity. The connecting link was the common ideal of simplicity and 'nature' as opposed to the ecstasy and noisy eloquence of the Baroque and Rococo with their carefree, amoral, overdecorated gracefulness, grown meaningless in a world of enlightenment and democratic ideals on the threshold of the great revolution. Besides, antiquity recommended itself by its very definite ideas on the moral role of art, so dear to an age in which art, in Diderot's words, should render "virtue adorable, and vice repugnant."

In 1762, when Gluck was performing his *Orpheus*, two Englishmen, James Stuart and Nicholas Revett, printed their epochal *Antiquities of Athens*; and in 1764, Johann Joachim Winckelmann published his famous *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums*, History of the Arts of Antiquity, the earliest art book called a history. In the same year, Paris saw the beginnings of the Madeleine in the style of ancient temples and was soon to see the Panthéon and the triumphal arches on the Carrousel and Etoile squares. And in 1766, Lessing wrote his famous dissertation on the antique Laokoön group.

The heralds of antiquity praised the noble simplicity and quiet greatness of the Greeks. But the statues Winckelmann had seen in Italy were Roman statues or copies; the Laokoön group Lessing analyzed was a Hellenistic sculpture of about 50 B.C.; and the models of Parisian architecture stood in Rome, not in Athens. It was not the genius of Pheidias that the classicism of 1760 evoked. A year before, Sir William Chambers, the builder of Somerset House in London, had in his influential *Treatise on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture* (1759) expressly said: "Since the Grecian structures are neither the most considerable, most varied, nor most perfect, it follows that our knowledge ought not to be collected from them, but from some purer, more abundant source; which, in whatever relates to the ornamental part of the art, can be no other than the Roman antiquities yet remaining in Italy, France, or elsewhere."

If this eager statement proves that the classicism of the age was not too close to Periklean ideals, we find an unmistakable hint at dy-

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namic trends in the fashions of the 1760's. Men's toupees grew higher, and the ladies broadened their skirts until, some six feet wide, they were forced to sidle through the doors; they pulled their hair high up on vertical stays until they had to stoop below the lintel, and donned no less enormous hats.

Only the following age was classicistic in earnest.

1793

AS EARLY AS 1780, Goethe, withdrawing from Storm and Stress, had in *Tasso* created a drama truly classic in spirit and form, and six years later he wrote from Venice that he had rid himself "for all times, thanks God," of "grouchy Gothic saints, packed above one another on little corbels" and of "tobacco pipe columns, pointed turrets, and flower jags."

The revolutionary generation displayed no passion, unrest, chaos. Nor did the political emancipation of the *Tiers État* beget a bourgeois style. Quite to the contrary, it turned away from genre and decorativeness and strove for severity, classic grandeur, and great, historical subjects. Jacques-Louis David, leading master and official dictator of painting in the Revolution and "grave-digger of the *Dixhuitième*," utterly despised Fragonard's impressionism and decorative elegance as well as Greuze's petty sentimentalism. He would not condescend to glorify the sugary distress of sweetish dairy girls or the giggling lust of pink *baigneuses*. His subjects were Leonidas, Andromache's Grief, the Oath of the Horatii. And he presented them in the severest form, in sober, hard-drawn lines and cool, contrasting colors. 'Natural' they certainly were not—"what matters truth if the poses are noble," he said. But once again, it was not the serene Periclean spirit that David's classicism evoked but the pitiless genius of Rome, in its blend of austerity and showiness, of grandeur and pose.

David's strongest fellow classicists were two Italians, Vittorio Alfieri, the dramatist, and Antonio Canova, the sculptor, last of the great Italian masters. Canova's earliest works still have the dynamic temperament of the 1770's and 80's in forms almost Baroque; but at

about 1787, when he was thirty years old, he quieted down to so pure a classicism that some of his works can hardly be told from Greek or Roman statues. His two tombs for popes show the difference: the earlier one depicts Clemens XIV in the act of blessing, his body shaken by a true Michelangelesque passion, the garment floating, the arm thrust forward in magic violence; the later one represents his predecessor Clemens XIII serenely kneeling down in static profile.

The names of two northern masters may be called as further witnesses to classical sculpture: the German Johann Heinrich Dannecker and the frigid Dane Bertel Thorwaldsen, who used to say he had been born on the day he arrived in Rome, and whose Blessing Christ is still the obligatory requisite of Protestant ministers' parlors.

German painting in a quite different way was affected by classicism. Asmus Jacob Carstens drew austere cartoons of ancient and religious subjects. His direct or indirect pupils, Peter Cornelius, Johann Friedrich Overbeck, Philipp Veit, and others, wandered to Rome in a somewhat romantic escapism and founded a brotherhood in 1812 with its seat in an abandoned monastery. These 'Nazarenes,' precursors of the English pre-Raphaelites, were purist, out-of-the-world idealists who, scorning naturalism and Storm and Stress, and also official academicism, reverted to the 'naïve' and 'honest' ways of Italian painting before Raphael. In a palish style, they attempted Biblical subjects in hard-drawn lines with raw and unrelated colors.

Architecture still kept to the Roman Revival inaugurated by the 1760's. It reached its peak in the Empire Style under Napoleon's court architects Fontaine and Percier, who blended solemn grandeur with severity and elegance, and in the less decorative and more organic creations of England. Outstanding monuments of the Revival, besides the Madeleine and the Arc de Triomphe mentioned in the preceding section, were Thomas Jefferson's designs for the Virginia State Capitol in Richmond (1785) after the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, at which he once had gazed "like a lover at his mistress," and the Brandenburger Tor in Berlin, which Langhans built from 1788 to 1791.

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It is almost trivial to mention the classicistic trend in feminine fashion that became victorious about 1793: the rejection of everything unnatural, of powder and stays, of the wig and the bustle, the adoption of affectedly simple, close-fitting Roman dresses, and the raising of the waistline to the highest point ever reached; and, for that matter, the fancy for rectangular shawls like the *chlamys* of the ancients, helmets à l'*Athène* or à la *Minerve*, vanity bags decorated to represent Greek vases, and guitars in the form of Greek and Roman lyres.

Music swerved from classic ideals for but a few years, and mostly in the field of opera. It there complied with the horror of the early 90's and gave birth to a noisy, naturalistic style. One of the most gruesome was Jean-François Le Sueur's *La Caverne*, the almost unbelievable success of which may be understood from turning the pages of its truly dramatic score, where motivic development in Haydn's sense is spiced with voices that sing at extreme height, with lavish syncopation, and with the ceaseless excitement of tremolos and agitated passages in the strings.

But after the short lifetime of the horror operas, Le Sueur changed his style with disconcerting swiftness. He professed his belief in Gluck and became no less classicistic than David. He emulated antiquity not only in its spirit but even in its technique; prefacing his opera *Télémaque* (1796), he wrote this astonishing sentence: "Pursuing a strict musical unity in this opera as much as possible, I have at the same time tried to apply the various qualities of the modes, nomes, rhythms, and melodic patterns (*mélopées*) of ancient music to the passions, dramatic situations, and pantomimic movements." The overture is, as he says, written "in the hypodorian mode, the spondaic nomos, and a mesoid melody" (which did not hinder the composer from disowning the mode by the naturalization of the very first F sharp). Indeed, the score of his *Adam* (1809) warns the performers on nearly every page to play with the "pathetic sentiment that the ancient Harmony had" (whatever he fancied this to be).

Luigi Cherubini, born in the same year as Le Sueur, 1760, never lent himself to writing horror operas. Even his *Médée* (1797), so savage in its atmosphere of murder and infanticide, kept within the moderation and economy of a truly classical style, in which a single, carefully saved high A flat at the end of the overture affects the hearer like the ultimate scream of demoniacal possession.

Mozart—who spanned the entire scope of music, in church, concert, chamber, and theater, and, in the drama, all the range from tragedy to comic operettas—had died two years before 1793. Still, *The Magic Flute*, finished shortly before his death, gives evidence of the growing ethical attitude of art. Designed by its libretto poetaster to be an entertaining, motley Singspiel, it became in Mozart's hands a serious opera, in which the vulgar and the petty traits were driven back to give even stronger relief to the victory of moral power over the evil forces of weakness. And it is significant that the master of *cantabilità* and motivic development found in this late and often flippant work the way to Bach: to his fugues in the overture, and to his austere chorale variations in the grandiose *cantus firmus* ("When in the hour of utmost need") of the two guards.

Beethoven was not yet to take this way. Like Michelangelo, he accepted classical balance and ultimate serenity, but only as the issue of a violent struggle. The *Eroica* (1804), earliest giant among his works, is dynamic, if this none too fortunate word has any meaning. The symphony dispenses with the customary slow introduction; two whipping lashes of the full orchestra and the battle is on—not the military battle with guns and bugles that Beethoven's biographer Marx had in mind but battle in the abstract, essentially against the forces of weakness in ourselves. The writing could not be bolder; at the peak of the development, there is even a clash of two keys sounded together. And yet, the Heroic Symphony, like all Beethoven's works, has an almost classical strictness and an entirely unromantic self-discipline. Beethoven always conquers in his struggle against himself.

1819

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE who, in Sainte-Beuve's verse, knew nothing but his own soul—"Lamartine ignorant qui ne sait que son âme"—wrote in 1819 his ecstatic *Méditations poétiques*, the earliest document of self-centered Romanticism in French literature. And in the same year, Sir Walter Scott reached the height of his fame with *Ivanhoe*. In Germany, E. T. A. Hoffmann was publishing his *Serapion Brothers*, and Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Idea*.

Romanticism in French painting, too, began in 1819, when Théodore Géricault exhibited his masterwork, *Le Radeau de la Méduse*, the raft with the survivors of the ship Medusa. Its naturalism was unprecedented: the artist had bought and studied corpses, and after interviewing some of the rescued and the carpenter who had made the raft, he had almost obtrusively depicted death and horror to the last detail. He also painted dashing horses, battles, bodies of executed men and, not long before his premature death in 1824, he ventured upon some no less challenging subjects, madness and paralysis.

Eugène Delacroix took up the banner Géricault had had to drop. When he exhibited Dante and Virgil in Hell (1822), the critics shook their heads; when he displayed the *Massacre de Scio* two years later, they called him savage, delirious, drunken, barbaric. But while he was hot and immoderate in the ecstasy of creation, he had at the same time the patience of the cool observer and man of research. He avoided Italy, as the homestead of classic influences, but went to Morocco and indulged in the light and life of the south. "Observe first that which strikes the eye and the mind; observe the character of things." Rubens was his god; Rembrandt, whom Winckelmann had called "an ape of nature," he placed above Raphael, and color—from which he excluded gray, as the impressionists did later—above mere drawing. Once, he even ventured to utter that "painting has not always need of subjects." In consequence, Delacroix has

been claimed as their patriarch by both the impressionists and our modern apostles of objectless art.

His antagonist, Louis David's cool and static pupil Ingres, could not with all his matchless mastery check the march of anticlassical art (Plate XXVIII). While he was drawing hard, uncompromising lines, while in his scorn of color he was painting gray in gray *grisailles*, two English landscapists, Turner and Constable, had discovered how air and light dissolve contours and surfaces.

Joseph Turner, starting as an unconventional painter of heroic, dramatic landscapes of England and the Continent, ended as the creator of impressionistic, airy land- and seascapes, in which all objects drown in the vagueness of light-flooded blue and yellow mists.

John Constable was simpler and perhaps more serene but he explored similar grounds, and history can hardly separate them. He is said to have been the first painter to plant his easel right in the face of a countryside instead of recollecting it in the studio. The two currents, the French and the English, met in the momentous year 1824, when Constable sent his canvases to the Salon in Paris, and Delacroix, deeply shaken, went home to repaint the background of his *Massacre de Scio*.

Caspar David Friedrich's high-strung, gloomy work, however different from the French and the English landscape in its mentality, shows that Germany, too, was being carried along by the same wave.

Architecture, on the contrary, unable to conform to romantic ideas, still lived in the Classic Revival. The year 1819 saw Benjamin Henry Latrobe erect the Bank of the United States in Philadelphia, and Thomas Jefferson, the campus of the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, both in classic forms; in London, the Bank of England (1823) was being planned; and in Berlin, Karl Friedrich Schinkel had in 1819 just finished the guardhouse (*Hauptwache*) Unter den Linden, was designing the Royal *Schauspielhaus* on the Gendarmenmarkt, and paid a further tribute to Roman art with the delightful Pompeian murals that he gave some of his interiors.

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Sculpture had a similar difficulty in leaving classic paths. In the 1830's, however, Germany's greatest sculptor, Gottfried Schadow, evolved to a style of motion and significant gesture. And in France, the leading master, François Rude, created his incomparably dashing, violent relief on the Arc de Triomphe (1836), which his compatriots have rightly called the *Marseillaise* in Stone.

The costume of the time developed away from closeness, nature, and simplicity. Gentlemen adopted the top hat and often the loose and flowing *cravate à la Byron*; ladies lowered the waist, wore fuller skirts with starched or padded petticoats, reintroduced the bodice stays which the Revolution had abandoned, and puffed their sleeves to exaggeration. They gathered the curls of their parted coiffure in rolls high up on top and sides, and donned enormous, broad-rimmed hats with feathers, ribbons, and flowers. Even muffs became colossal.

The musical picture is at first sight rather confusing. In 1819, Gasparo Spontini, newly appointed director general of music to the king of Prussia, took a fatal step down from Gluck's dramatic ideals with his opera *Olympia*. Daniel-François Auber performed *Le Testament*, and François-Adrien Boieldieu was preparing for *La Dame blanche*, both in lighter vein. Gioacchino Rossini, the Swan of Pesaro, wrote no less than three operas in that one year and was about to intoxicate the audiences of all Europe with the sweetmeats of his glittering coloraturas.

But east of the Rhine, Beethoven was creating the *Hammerklavier-Sonate*, the Ninth Symphony; Franz Schubert wrote the 'Trout' quintet and the powerful lied *Prometheus*; and Karl Maria von Weber was working on the *Freischütz*, with its romantic world of woods and hunters' horns, of enchanted bullets and haunted ravines.

Olympia, *Le Testament*, and Rossini's three operas are forgotten, and *La Dame blanche* leads the peaceful existence of a venerable dowager. The future belonged, not to Spontini's pompousness, not to Rossini's delicacies, not to the gentleness of the French composers, but to the greatness, fervor, and warmth of the German masters.

Beethoven has been warmly claimed by both the classicists and the romantics, and he has even been called a transition between the

two styles. This last diagnosis is nonsensical, like all alleged transitions in an evolution the very essence of which is continuous flow and transition. And his classification as either a classicist or a romanticist depends upon what definitions the classifier chooses to give the two trends. Even then, it would still be true of Beethoven, as was said in Cross Section 1730 of Bach: that "the magic force of the genius defeats analysis." Altogether, Beethoven is neither a classicist nor a romanticist, nor a transition between the two, nor their sum, "but their integration in a higher unit, in which they almost lose themselves."

He portrayed the storms in his soul and was so self-willed that a critic of as early a work as the *Eroica* (1804) disapprovingly commended some conventional E flat major symphony by an obscure composer as a model of better discipline. And yet, no one was more opposed to the lenient, feminine egocentricity of romantic music. He never allowed his melody to lapse into effeminate chromaticism nor did he break its power in sentimental, weak appoggiaturas. Many of his themes are truly granitic, fateful, inexorable. Authors have spoken of his heroic style. Heroic he was, ever fighting and often triumphant, but never theatrical.

In the last ten years of his life, from 1817 to 1827, he created fewer works than before—it took him longer to give them final, irrevocable shape—and no two of them were alike: each one, unique and solitary, was an individual document of his relentless struggle. Their size became larger and larger; the number of movements within a work increased, and the ranges of voice parts grew excessive. Unity was his ideal; the whole C sharp minor quartet is worked out of the theme of the opening adagio. Accordingly, cadenzas and caesuras were concealed, and the hemless weaving of fugal forms, neglected in Beethoven's earlier works, was called to play a prominent role in his last period. He challenged the exclusiveness of major and minor tonalities, introduced archaic modal scales, such as the Lydian, and created on the whole an atmosphere less material, more spiritual, almost mystic.

Beethoven's symphonies demanded larger orchestras than had

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been used before. Music as a whole, indeed, was steadily developing toward éclat and quantity. The technical shortcomings that had kept brass wind instruments, kettledrums, and harps from regular membership in the orchestra were being done away with. Gerhard Cramer in Munich had in 1812 invented a device to act simultaneously upon all the tuning screws of the kettledrum so that it might quickly join the orchestra in all its moves from key to key. Blümel and Stölzel in Berlin were constructing and improving the additional crooks and connecting valves that give complete chromatic ranges to trumpets, cornets, and horns. And in 1820, Sébastien Érard in Paris, developing the so-called double action, supplied the modern harp with an equally completed range. Érard's name itself and with it the name of Broadwood in London stand for the evolution of the piano away from the tamer ideals of the clavichord and the harpsichord to superlative power. Here too Érard's invention of double action—in another form—in 1823 inaugurated the modern era of the piano.

1854

IN 1854, RICHARD WAGNER finished the composition of *Das Rheingold*, first night of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, and began the score of *Die Walküre*. With a gigantic orchestra, he accompanied, nay led, a gigantic drama which, having grown backward out of Siegfried's tragedy, claimed no less than four nights of performance. And gigantic was the subject: the saga of the North had been remelted to shape the myth of the gods, from the proud erection of Valhalla, symbol of their might, to the end of the world, when the flames from Siegfried's pyre destroy the castle with its heroes and its gods.

While Wagner proceeded from Wotan's sunlit palace to Hunding's lowly hut, Johannes Brahms was beginning his First Symphony—the Tenth, as Hans von Bülow later jubilantly called it. Brahms tried indeed to ignore the 'music of the future' and to continue where Beethoven had laid down his pen. Like his idol, and like Mendelssohn, he submitted to an iron self-discipline and an inexorable strict-

ness of form, to protect his music from romantic degeneration through subjective lawlessness. But what had been convincing in Beethoven and natural in Mendelssohn was often forced in Brahms. That his retrospective leanings created a classicistic countercurrent but not a reversal, in the art of the age, was due much less to a lack of creative spirit or power than to the fact that—as Chapter XIV (Cross Section 1225) will show—the time, dynamic and naturalistic to excess, lacked what the Greeks would have called *kairós*, the fateful moment, for any reaction.

While Brahms was timidly beginning his First Symphony in C minor, Liszt presented a *Faust Symphony*. The mere titles betray their antagonism: Brahms wrote absolute music, to be soberly cited by opus number and key; Liszt insisted on extramusical connotations, indeed, on a literary program (which however was spiritual rather than factual). Liszt, too, was thinking of Beethoven; like that master, he climaxed his symphony in a chorus and a tenor solo to sing the mystic ending of Goethe's work. But he felt free to subordinate symphonic form to the needs of his poetic subject. The general programmatic character, however, is perhaps less important than one musical detail: the great unison that opens the symphony (and reappears later in the second act of Wagner's *Walküre* when Sieglinde awakens). This meandering, searching exposition, a forceful chromatic sequence of four decomposed, 'augmented' triads (Example 34) in which there is no major or minor, and not even a

Example 34. Faust Symphony Franz Liszt



key seems to be the earliest symptom of harmonic disintegration, atonalism, and even impressionism.

While Wagner was attacking the conservative Brahms party in aesthetical pamphlets, the classicists found their herald in the Viennese Eduard Hanslick, who, again in 1854, published his famous,

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often re-edited book *Vom musikalisch Schönen*, On the Beautiful in Music.

Of the remaining great masters, one, a favorite of operatic audiences, and a second, hardly ever in the focus of public attention, were past their prime: Meyerbeer published his *Etoile du Nord* in 1854, and Berlioz was writing his oversized *Te Deum* in connection with the Crimean War. In the same year, a greater composer, Robert Schumann, left the world of work and sanity.

A few years later, the 'Mighty Five' of Russia, Balakireff, Cui, Borodin, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff entered the musical life of the west as pioneers of the folk-inspired national groups, Slavic, Scandinavian, Hungarian, which had a necessary and important place in the music of a naturalistic-romantic age.

Intensity of sound was ever increasing. Wagner's *Ring* orchestra included no less than thirty-three wind instruments, of which seventeen were brasses; the wind pressure of the organ, in earlier times between four and seven and a half centimeters, was up to twenty-two centimeters (to rise to fifty-five in 1867); and under the leadership of Steinway, who had founded his New York firm in 1853, the cross-stringed piano was striving for the utmost power.

French painting had two power centers, which after all were less distant from one another than is generally assumed. The older was the school of Barbizon, a group of eight masters, including Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Millet, and Troyon who retreated to a little village near Fontainebleau, devoted their brushes to landscapes and peasant life—without sentimentalism, without passion or drama, but also without idealization. "It is," thought Millet, "only an immense pride, or an equally immense folly, which makes people think they can rectify the supposed faults and bad taste of nature. What authority have they for this presumption?" Within such simple, honest realism, the masters of Barbizon were as different as possible, embracing all the scope of painting from the epic greatness of Rousseau's trees, Millet's workers, and Troyon's patient cattle, to the retrospective lyricism of Corot's delicate, misty, silvery woods.

In 1854, Gustave Courbet, who was born the very year 1819 in

which Géricault's *Radeau de la Méduse* inaugurated Romantic painting, created his powerful rustic *Rencontre*—Good Morning, Monsieur Courbet!—had it promptly turned down by the Académie and the Salon, and showed it with forty-three other works in an independent exhibition, which he called the *Pavillon du Réalisme*. "The basis of realism," he said, "is the negation of the ideal and all that the ideal means . . . If you want me to paint a goddess, show me one." Small wonder that he was reproached with depicting the outer appearance of things and neglecting their spirit.

To span the whole enormous scope of painting in France at that time, we must furthermore mention its three extremes—Daumier, Puvis, and Manet.

Honoré Daumier, very different from Courbet, was a fine, independent painter—how 'modern' are his windmills!—but more, a great and pitiless cartoonist who with an easy, infallible pencil exposed the human tragicomedy behind good manners and impressive officialdom.

Puvis de Chavannes, painter of the *Panthéon* and the *Sorbonne*, was in his quiet and almost two-dimensional primitivism one of those masters who, to paraphrase the words of Camille Mauclair, make the heart but little throb yet stimulate the mind and pacify the soul. Puvis' final recognition as the greatest muralist of his time dates from 1861. In this year another monumental master, Anselm Feuerbach, entered the age of maturity as Germany's outstanding anti-naturalist.

From another angle, classicism and romanticism were challenged by the impressionists under the leadership of Edouard Manet. Turning his back on the dynamic trends of the century, he was quite unemotional and unrhetorical. Nor did he care for the plastic qualities of three-dimensional or geometrically constructed space; he neglected backgrounds and often arrayed his figures frontally in simple planes—Courbet once reproached him with painting playing cards. All objects were dematerialized, and color became supreme—color in the ever-changing play of air and light, as it impressed the painter's sensitive eye.

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After Manet, impressionism lost itself in technical problems and experiments—the unavoidable consequence of this attitude. More and more, its original realism vanished under the impact of the eternal question of how to represent things. Finally, the how became so strong an obsession that the what no longer had interest, and the American Whistler was right when he called his canvases *Nocturne in Black and Gold*, or *Symphony in White*, or *Arrangement in Gray and Black*.

In 1854, James McNeill Whistler drew illicit sketches on the margins of the austere coast survey plates that his superiors expected him to delineate, and the next year, the young man, as a failure, shipped to Paris to become an artist. Also in 1854 the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan opened the way for Japanese art to enter and to fascinate the West. Without Japanese woodcuts, Whistler, the impressionist, would not have been what he was.

No greater contrast is imaginable than that between Whistler and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the leader of the newly founded Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, who took up the strife for unconventional truth, morality, and the religion of the Nazarenes without the naïveté of the Romano-German group. (It should be remembered that religion was reconquering a part of the domain lost to science and materialism and that, in 1854, the Pope could announce the dogma of the immaculate conception.) Where Whistler was a genuine painter, interested in the impression of his eye rather than in the material subjects of his pictures, Rossetti sacrificed the pictorial problems to his religious, legendary, mystical subject, to *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin* or *The Beloved*, or *Dante's Dream*. If we add to his name that of the pre-Raphaelite John Everett Millais, paragon of humble photographic fidelity, we have a rough cross section of painting in London that reflects the tremendous scope of all the arts about the middle of the nineteenth century.

In sculpture, the works of Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux may show how the masters availed themselves of the picturesque play of light and

shadow to compete with both the romantic and the impressionistic trends of the time.

Under the impact of such trends, the Classic Revival in architecture yielded to a Gothic Revival, which allowed the romanticists to revert to the national past and provided picturesqueness for the impressionists. After Horace Walpole's anticipated revival of 1770, Benjamin Henry Latrobe had made a timid experiment in this direction in Segeley near Philadelphia as early as 1800. In Germany, Karl Friedrich Schinkel had followed with the sketch for a 'national,' and therefore Gothic, church on the Leipziger Platz (1816) and the Friedrichwerdersche Kirche near the Royal Palace (1821-23), both in Berlin.

Not before the 1830's did the growing enthusiasm for the anti-classic style of the cathedrals become an actual movement. Heralded in 1831 by Victor Hugo's novel *Notre Dame de Paris*, it won victory with Sir Charles Barby's Houses of Parliament in London (1840) and was in the following year given its bible with Augustus W. N. Pugin's *Principles of Christian Architecture*. In 1854, the title year of this section, John Raphael Brandon's Gothic Apostolic Church in Gordon Square, London, was built. An American example is Richard Upjohn's Trinity Church on Broadway opposite Wall Street in New York (1846); and an Austrian one, the *Votivkirche* in Vienna (1856).

Fashions, too, were as far as possible from classic ideals: the ladies wore full skirts ten yards round and spiders' waists and, in order to get rid of the numberless wadded, starched and stiffened petticoats necessary to support and stuff the outer skirt, reintroduced the age-old hoop-skirt farthingale under the new name *crinoline*.

Must we add that in such a time the dance was unrestrained? As early as 1845, Perrot and Robert wrote in a book *La Polka Enseignée sans Maître* (The Polka taught without a Teacher): "To dance the polka men and women must have hearts that beat high and strong. Tell me how you do the polka, and I will tell you how you love." And in 1856, one Baron Hübner said of the balls in Paris that "our

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mothers of families danced like women possessed." The new dance of the age was the galop.

1892

THE YEAR THAT BROUGHT US Gerhard Hauptmann's social, indeed, revolutionary drama *Die Weber* (The Weavers) and, at the opposite pole, Maurice Maeterlinck's fragile tragedy *Pelléas et Mélisande*, was one of the most fateful years in music. Anton Bruckner wrote the Eighth, the last of his finished symphonies, and MacDowell his first suite for orchestra; Claude Debussy who later transformed the *Pelléas* play into an opera, composed his earliest work of world renown, the colorful symphonic *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un Faune* in the face of his conservative adversaries Saint-Saëns and Fauré; and Ruggiero Leoncavallo conquered the lyrical stage with his veristic opera *I Pagliacci*. The year before, Gustav Mahler had presented his First Symphony, and Richard Strauss, his symphonic poem *Macbeth*; the year after, Verdi performed his last opera, *Falstaff*, Tchaikovsky his Pathetic Symphony, and Dvořák his Symphony From the New World.

This is a truly confusing list, a kaleidoscope of pitiless naturalism, of mystery, dream, and idyl, of materialism, symbolism, and pious idealism, of belated romanticism and neoimpressionism. The end of naturalistic and also of romantic trends is at hand, and the beginnings of expressionism stand out against the motley background of the past.

In a way, most of these contradictory trends had shaped the man who was greatest in the field of sculpture, Auguste Rodin. With all his grandeur, he had not lost the picturesqueness resulting from the contrast of light and shadow or his belief in realism: "What a teacher the street is!" he exclaimed. But he never rested satisfied with mere reality and boldly pushed forward to expressionism: "Rodin's marbles express the surging tumult of a soul at grips with life," says Malvina Hoffman in *Sculpture Inside and Out*. But already looming was the impassive, unromantic art of Aristide Maillol.

Impressionistic painting had come to an end with Paul Cézanne. There is no movement in his works, no emotion, no space, no atmosphere. They are detached and cool, if not cold, and his figures often have, in the words of his eulogist Novotny, "an almost puppet-like rigidity, while the countenances show an emptiness of expression bordering almost on the mask."

While Cézanne was bringing impressionism to an end Vincent van Gogh had opened the path of expressionism: he would say that in one of his landscapes he had wished to express peace of mind, and in another, sorrow and loneliness. He had taken his life two years before 1892, without having completed the desperate journey from the gloomy darkness of human life to the burning glare and serenity of a southern sun in his paintings.

Ferdinand Hodler, the Swiss, fought romanticism from exactly the opposite end. Symmetrical, frontal, interested in surface rather than in space, in line more than in color, he created a new austere monumental art, in which frontality and symmetry never interfered with an incomparably vigorous movement; in which the surface did not kill the third dimension; and in which the colors added to the almost unparalleled power and life of the lines.

Feminine fashions still clung to 'back-full' skirts, spiders' waists, bustles, and leg-of-mutton sleeves. But the tide was turning. "After 1892 the back-fullness grew much less pronounced. The skirt was no longer draped, but cut in gores which swept out behind" (Agnes Brooks Young, *Recurring Cycles of Fashions*).

As the sun set on the day of Romanticism, minds were singularly attracted by the East and the West as sources of rejuvenation. The year 1892 found the painter Paul Gauguin in Tahiti, trying his brush at Polynesian colors and forms. About twenty years before, Louis-Albert Bourgault-Ducoudray had transcribed *Trente Mélodies populaires de Grèce et d'Orient* (Thirty Popular Melodies from Greece and the Orient) "hoping to extend the horizon among the musicians of Europe." But though it reached a second edition, it was a failure as far as the horizon was concerned. His vision came true when Claude Debussy, deeply impressed by the charms and possibilities

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of oriental music, devised his famous whole-tone scale—inspired by the *salendro* genus of five equal steps per octave, which he had heard from a Javanese *gamelan* in Paris—to help him on his way out of modern harmony with its ‘leading’ semitone, without which there is no ‘functional’ connection of the two principal chords, the tonic and the dominant.

At exactly the same time, American ragtime with its awkward syncopations and shifted accents made its first appearance in Europe and recommended itself as a liberation from the yoke of uniform beats that harmonic music had had to accept. And with American ragtime, Europe experienced the beginnings of a steady influx of American social dances: the Brazilian *maxixe*, in 1890; the one-step or turkey trot, around 1900; the cakewalk, in 1903.

It was more than mere coincidence that the lore of primitive and oriental music, so-called comparative musicology, was established in this country in 1890, when Dr. Walter Fewkes, using Edison’s phonograph for the first time in the interest of musical science, recorded the songs of the Passamaquoddy and the Zuni Indians.

1921–1946

OUR TIME IS ‘STRICT’ and antiromantic. We have departed from the dark and heavily curtained interiors of late Victorian days, so hopelessly jammed with bric-à-brac and upholstery in vague and meaningless colors, to strive for air and light, for limpid display and unbroken colors. Architecture spurns the inane imitation of bygone styles, of sham Greek temples, counterfeit Gothic cathedrals, or would-be Renaissance palaces; it shuns all false pretension and shrinks from meaningless glued-on decoration. Under the leadership of pioneers like Le Corbusier and Walter Gropius, it has turned to *Sachlichkeit*, to practicality or matter-of-factness, which demands the derivation of outer form from inner necessity and usefulness in keeping with Louis Henry Sullivan’s law: “Form follows function.” In its simplicity and functionalism, it often achieves a high

degree of perfection and beauty: the airy elegance of George Washington Bridge and the overawing verticalism of Rockefeller Center in New York are examples familiar to most of us. And what we all know is the unpretentious, convincing beauty of streamlined engines, cars, and ships.

Sculptors, painters, stage designers have fled from space, perspective, illusion, realism, indeed from sensuous perception. They are no longer interested in the experience of their eyes. Instead, an earlier group, around 1920, outdid and ended naturalism in the utmost intensification of the human, the personal, the 'soul,' which we call expressionism, including those who followed man into the unfathomable depths of the subconscious of dream, and of nightmare. Another group—in fact a set of groups—under the names of cubism and constructivism has raised the flag of pure and abstract form, in which the object is meaningless in itself and can or should be altogether ignored. When finally the surrealists in their manifestoes claim to look for things as they ideally 'are' behind their outer appearance, they have, as the Second Part will show, a Platonic program, although it is open to doubt whether Plato would have endorsed the work of Dali.

Music is definitely antiromantic, 'neo-classicistic,' indeed, anti-emotional. With Arnold Schönberg, who calls himself a constructor, not a composer, music has reached a climax of purely functional, structural trends, and his once so elemental antipode Igor Stravinsky has since *Le Sacre du Printemps* (1912) been developing more and more toward austere simplicity, to diatonic themes, indeed, to classicism.

In another province of music, the works of 'ancient' masters are being revived together with all kinds of ancient instruments, and particularly with the so-called Praetorius, Bach, or Baroque organs, which are designed to keep the clean-cut music of pre-Romantic times from being drowned in the messiness of nineteenth century organs. But all this is more than sterile, retrospective historicism or a snobbish fad. It is a symptom that we ourselves have changed and

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are aware, consciously or subconsciously, that certain prior times have succeeded where our own age is still striving and struggling. What superficially looks like archaism is actually a step into the future.

Passacaglias, fugues, *concerti grossi*, toccatas of bygone times invaded our concert programs as curios from the historian's antique shop. But the very year 1921, in which the first Praetorius organ was built, witnessed the publication of Ferruccio Busoni's 'neoclassicistic' *Toccata, Preludio, Fantasia, Ciaccona* and of K. R. Heyman's book on *The Relation of Ultramodern to Archaic Music*. Not much later, Paul Hindemith turned from expressionism to a new structuralism, which in many respects evokes the memory of the 'horizontal' counterpoint of the Middle Ages.

Jazz, too, has, like most musical styles of our time, dissolved the function of harmony. It is, in a way similar to Hindemith's and medieval counterpoint, horizontal. It needs ears willing and able to hear the simultaneous but independent course of superimposed voice parts (\equiv), not, vertically, the chords resulting from their con- or dissonances ($|||$). Jazz, however, has not the constructiveness of present 'art' music. In its shallow, crooning sentimentality, it appeals to the emotions of adolescents, and its improvisational character is about the contrary of balance and strictness. Actually, the commercial jazz and swing of today no longer represent what they used to be around 1920. Nor does 'official' music any longer pay its respects to jazz since Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande* for voices and orchestra (1928). In other words, jazz was a normal feature in the heyday of expressionism but is at odds with the stricter trends of today.

It is certainly in keeping with such trends that the *New York Times* of October 9, 1945, advertised under Fashions, as a "Formality for the Evening Scene," a sheer white jersey, "intricately draped and shirred in a gown that shows a Grecian derivation." And on December 26, 1945, the same paper depicts a coiffure under the title "For Classic Formality" with the caption: "The hair is brushed up

1 the brow, rising to a graceful Psyche knot at the center back of head. A Grecian band encircles the knot."

ompare these advertisements to the fact that the waistline had hed its lowest point in 1922 and 1923 in the heyday of expres-ism, and you have one more proof of the closest synchronism in evolution of all aesthetic trends.

PART TWO

The Nature of Style

The Basic Dualism

1. ETHOS AND PATHOS

THE PRECEDING OUTLINE of a comparative history of art shows that in the to-and-fro of shaping trends two ideals have alternately acted as magnetic poles. The fact itself has not been entirely unknown, although it has scarcely been acknowledged outside the history of fine art. Neither were the adjectives unknown that the author provisionally and very reluctantly used to designate the two ideals: *classic* and *static* on the one hand and, as their counterparts, *baroque*, *romantic*, and *dynamic*. He used them reluctantly because they take undue advantage of the privilege of many technical terms: they are so disconcertingly ambiguous that redefinition seems unavoidable whenever their services are needed.

The word 'classic' is particularly dangerous since it has three different meanings, all too readily confused: (i) the first rank or class, in contradiction to either second-rate or—especially in the language of music—to popular art; (ii) certain, conventionally so-called groups of masters, as the Greeks in the fine arts or the three generations of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven in music; and (iii) any style, notwithstanding in what art, country, or time, that expresses a need for moderation, harmony, and serenity, as opposed to the Baroque or Romantic. This third, modern conception of 'classic' contradicts the second meaning of the word, since neither the Greeks nor the Romans were serene, harmonious, or moderate throughout the fifteen hundred years of their culture and art. To make things worse, most architects and sculptors during and after the Renaissance claimed to be admiring followers of classic antiquity (second

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meaning), and even Bernini, the most Baroque of sculptors in the Baroque, used to call himself an ardent classicist; which he was if we think not of (third meaning) the classicism of the Periklean age but of the immoderate, unbalanced, passionate, indeed Baroque, ideals of Hellenistic Greece or Antoninian Rome.

The word 'baroque,' and for that matter the word 'romantic,' are however just as misleading and dangerous as the term 'classic.' There is again contradiction between the popular and the historical meaning: Baroque, in Webster's *Dictionary*, for example, denotes (1) "irregular in form," (4) "grotesque, in bad taste" which, mirroring the common use of the word, is derogatory. Only (2) defines it as "of, pertaining to, or designating the style of art and architecture prevailing from about 1550 to late in the 18th century," to which the book unfortunately adds that this style was "characterized by the use of curved and contorted forms" which, to say the least, is an oversimplification in the face of powerful trends in the opposite direction during the more than two hundred years of the style. This, then, is another case of confusion: a popular, prejudiced, derogatory catchword versus a gigantic, many-sided phase of history in which regular form, purity, and good taste were more in demand than their contraries.

Romantic, on the other hand, is an attitude compatible with all kinds of styles; it is hardly a style itself. As Irving Babbitt rightfully says: "It requires courage in any one who aspires to be looked on as a careful thinker to use the word at all."

The terms *baroque* and *romantic*, which do not even do justice to the various and changing aspects of Baroque and Romanticism themselves, do certainly wrong the seemingly similar trends of other ages to which they are being applied. No doubt, baroque and romantic qualities reappear in many periods of art history, and a careful use of the two characterizing words is helpful and must not be opposed. But it should never be forgotten that all epochs, far from being mere anticipations or repetitions of the Baroque, Romantic or any other phase of style, are unique in their particular configurations. Rash connotations about developments of the seventeenth or nineteenth would easily expose them to disastrous mis-

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interpretations. As a makeshift—but only as such—I have preferred the word ‘unclassic.’

Recently, the antithesis in question has been called *static-dynamic*. The contrast is taken from physics, where ‘static’ means “pertaining to bodies or forces at rest or in equilibrium” and ‘dynamic’: “pertaining to bodies or forces in motion” (Webster). These are excellent terms. They avoid the inadmissible extension of the names of specific styles and unmistakably express the more universal character of the two basic trends. But they have their shortcomings, too. Taken at face value, they suggest a contrast so radical, so black-white, that they inevitably wrong the subtle nature of art. No style is actually motionless, that is, inert, neither the Periklean arts nor the music of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, not to speak of the dance, which is motion *ex definitione*. As a classic, Beethoven himself would be assigned to the static side; but should he not be unanimously called dynamic, if ever there has been a dynamic master? And would not the same be true of Michelangelo?

Similar pairs of terms have been coined to express the same dualism from other angles: idealistic and naturalistic by Konrad Lange, geometric and imitative by Alois Riegl, *empfindend* or ‘empathetic’ and abstract by Wilhelm Worringer, ideoplastic and physioplastic by Max Verworn, and, best of all, imaginative and sensory by Herbert Kühn. All the first terms denote estrangement from nature in stylization or geometrization and all the second terms, realism and dominant interest in the perception of our senses.

But all these terms refer essentially to sculpture and painting only and cannot without strain be used to describe the common traits of all the arts. Even so, we had better shun such rather specific terms, lest they force an all too easy, distorting formula upon the motley diversity of style all over the world and throughout the ages. It is unfortunate that any less specific terms imply a greater vagueness. But this is the minor evil.

The Greeks set up such a pair of wider, vaguer terms. I am not speaking, though, of Friedrich Nietzsche’s often used, and oftener

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misused, antithesis Apollinian and Dionysian, or wisely moderate and passionately immoderate, which, meant for two contrasting attitudes in Greek mentality, can only sometimes be applied to the un-Greek styles of Western art in the Middle Ages and the period from the early fifteenth to the early twentieth century which we are going to call the Later Ages. I speak rather of the two antonyms in which the Greeks expressed the decisive imprint left on their lives and arts by the collectivism of the Periklean age and the growing individualism after the Peloponnesian war: *ethos* and *pathos*.

The word *ethos* indicated the serene calmness of the soul that the philosophers praised as *sophrosyne*, the wisdom of self-control, the privilege—in Lessing's and Irving Babbitt's words, "never in any matter to do too much or too little." An explanation is hardly necessary; a glance at the composure and coolness of Pheidian gods illustrates the unemotional reserve of serenity. The pose of statues was steadfast; their gestures were so restrained that the limbs seemed anxious to return to rest; and their lack of feeling borders on impassivity.

Ethos, however, implied more than stand-offish reserve and impassibility. It referred, in Plato's words "to the better part of the soul," which was "prone to trust to measure and calculation." It meant *kalokagathía*, the sameness of beauty and virtue, and implied belief in absolute, unalterable values, in perfection, norm, and permanence.

But no individual being or object can ever be perfect or permanent; both perfection and permanence exist as ideas, as archetypes only. Consequently, ethos ignored the characteristic features of actual persons and their passing moods, acts, and appearances. Instead, it abstracted the elements of beauty from the most beautiful specimens, melted them into one, and "trusting to measurement and calculation," it devised synthetic beauty in what it thought were the perfect proportions of the human body, thus doing what, in the words of Byron, "nature could but would not do."

The Greek word *pathos*, on the contrary, meant passion and suffering, and also all outer, accidental influences that might affect

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a thing or a person. The trend of style that took this name did actually veer from serenity to emotion and passion, from hieratic impassibility to human suffering, from unaffected idealism to naturalism with all its 'accidents.'

With the principle reversed, a general shift of ideals, aims and ends was inevitable. Permanence yielded to growth and change, typified perfection to personal character, and uninteresting beauty not seldom to fascinating ugliness. Norm and canon, the patterns of common traits, gave in to emphasis on individual differences; motion and action got the better of cool inertia; and picturesqueness supplanted sober statuesqueness. Life, nature, and truth were the slogans.

The notion of nature, however, calls for an adjustment, since the terminology of aesthetics has given prominence to a pair of unhappy categories, often opposed and still oftener confused: realism and naturalism.

They are neither synonyms nor antonyms. This book calls realism an artist's fidelity to the forms, proportions, and functions that nature has created. A realist gives his figures two arms, not four or six as a Hindu might do; he renders them in natural proportions and makes their muscles act in a physiologically correct, convincing way; and he places them in three-dimensional spaces. The logical antonym of realism would be irrealism.

What this book calls naturalism is a similar fidelity to nature; all naturalists are realists. Their particular attitude is to cherish nature in its innumerable characteristic forms of appearance, whether they are 'imperfect' or not. Indeed, in taking sides against the host of sweetish idealizers and, as Hogarth called them, nature-menders, they might accent the ugly and the imperfect—*la grossière nature* of the French academicians—and print, with Hindemith (Op. 25), as the headline of a movement: *Wild. Tonschönheit ist Nebensache*—fiercely. Beauty of tone is secondary. The correct antonym of naturalism would indeed be idealism.

In keeping with this terminology, ethos is idealistic, and pathos, naturalistic. Both may or may not be realistic.

Irrealism appears in two main forms. One is the grotesque, dream-

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born art where, as the author once said of the Melanesian dance masks, "unfettered, free of all physical ties, the creative fantasy molds into new formation what nature has divided strictly into types and classes . . . And we have all of us set foot upon that kingdom where the masked dance had its real beginning: that dream world in which our horrors and our fears, quite apart from logic and reality, lump themselves into irrational apparitions."

The other main form of irrationalism might also, and perhaps more appropriately, be called prerealism. Its followers are not interested in observing and copying nature, but rather, as children are, in giving shape to memory pictures. Weak and vague, these images are not organic wholes but disconnected details. A man is remembered as a complex of a head, a chest, and four limbs, all of which live in the artist's memory in their broadest, most characteristic aspects without foreshortening and without relation. Only in profile do you see the significant angles of the brow, the nose, and the lips with the chin, and the back of the head at the nape of the neck. The eye, on the contrary, with its long-drawn almond shape and the circular iris, appears in full front. Unconcerned with reality proper, the artist does not hesitate to compose a human body out of these disconnected mental images. The head is drawn in profile but the eye in front and the chest in full or three-quarter front, while the legs with the feet are given in profile, like the head. The same is true of group formations in painting and reliefs: they are never the products of snapshot observation but of a mental assemblage, whether or not the represented persons ever met at the same place or time. This is the law of Mesopotamian, Egyptian, and archaic Greek art. Indeed, not even the classic art of Hellas was entirely free of unorganic frontality.

Abstraction, as a type of style, is the willful neglect of reality in life and nature: it is irrationalism. Uninterested in the exact, photographic representation of objects or scenes, the abstract artist has one of two very different goals. One is the elimination of snapshot accidents in the search of law, simplification, and archetypes. It is in a mild form manifest in the triangular patterns of composition that the Renaissance preferred and in the various canons of 'correct' and ideal pro-

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tions imposed on the human body, both in antiquity and the Later es. It is devitalizing in the radical geometrization of Egyptian and modern art, in the sober prisms of pyramids and obelisks as well in the paintings of cubists.

The other goal of abstraction is just the opposite: expression. ere are two ways to reach this goal. One of them starts from life l nature but violates and stretches correct proportions in order dematerialize the bodies. This is what the sculptors of the twelfth tury did, and it is what Greco used to help his saints in conquer their earthly, mortal bounds.

The second way leads to vitalizing meaningless dashes in ornaments which convey energy, restlessness, infinitude—those ornaments that we find in the decoration of ancient Scandinavia, in the cials of Irish codices, and in the ravel of oriental arabesques.

Needless to say, the first goal of abstraction, thoroughly static, ongs to ethos, and the second goal, so fully dynamic, to pathos. leed, the two types of irrationalism that we call abstraction are the remes in either direction. In between, and facing both of them, stretched the vast expanse of realistic art.

The word abstraction has been used in music to distinguish a gue of Bach or a Mozart quartet in which nothing 'happens,' from ne program symphony in which the composer describes or nar-es an extramusical subject. The term is none too good. It implies ther the search for simplified archetypes nor the vitalization of es meaningless in themselves (since this latter criterion would be e of the majority of melodies). In the interest of clearness, music, agedly abstract, should rather be called 'nondescriptive.'

The basic difference behind all these partial antitheses is that ethos as at the thing in itself, and pathos, at its changing aspects: the st wants the thing as it ideally is, and pathos, as it appears to the uses. Accordingly Sophokles is reported to have said that, while himself drew men as they ought to be, Euripides drew them as ey were. What he actually meant is better expressed in a similar onouncement ascribed to Lysippos: that he carved men as they peared, while Polykleitos had carved them as they were.

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The two polar words *ethos* and *pathos*, though formulated in and for ancient Greece, express an eternal antithesis, which is general and flexible enough to lend itself to the different conditions of all nations, times and arts, and yet they are sufficiently specific and rigid to show the immutable factors in the evolution of style. Consequently, we keep them throughout the book, although, nay because, they are vague and often inadequate. For the less a term is specific, the better it suits those intangible complexities in art which elude determinate titles. The natural adjectives ethical and pathetic, on the contrary, have not been used. They would evoke undesirable connotations of a moral and an affective kind. And they would also be too handy: easy terms are easily misused.

Dualism is in any case prone to mislead into the fallacious thought that an art work necessarily belongs to one or the other side exclusively. The reader will see that this is hardly ever the case: *the two categories imply the courses steered toward one of two poles rather than the poles themselves.*

2. ILLUSTRATIONS

A FEW EXAMPLES will show how the antithesis *ethos*—*pathos* applies to the most heterogeneous manifestations of art.

The first is the Doric temple, main architectural expression of pre-classic and classic Greece. Erected on a few steps, it is rectangular, wide rather than high, with one of its smaller sides turned toward the arriving worshipper. The front, or the front and the rear, or all four sides, are rows of powerful columns with their horizontal 'entablatures' of architraves and friezes, which again support the shallow gable roof. Above the architrave, the vertical movement of the columns resumes in vertically channeled tablets or triglyphs, which partition the frieze; and it is inverted, suggesting descent rather than ascent, in the tiny 'drops' below the triglyphs and even in the gables. Contrasting vivid colors and the alternation of shadow and light played an important role in keeping the individual parts from each other (Plate XXIX).

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To the principles of balance and contrast, of simplicity and closeness in outline, the Doric architect added the principle of seriation: column-space, column-space—even and equidistant—follow without integration into higher units. And he added the principle of symmetry: from whichever side one looks at the temple, symmetry is perfect.

With symmetry and seriation, the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. were so much interested in 'being' and so strongly averse to casual 'appearing' that in one of the most amazing paradoxes they introduced deforming 'appearance' instead of correct 'essence' where the eye threatened to falsify the impression of 'being.' Greek temples are indeed not wholly devoid of irregularities deliberately arranged in a regular frame. To quote from H. van Buren Magonigle's book on *The Nature, Practice and History of Art* (New York, 1924): "In the Parthenon, for example, the columns are not spaced at equal distances; as they approach the angles of the temple they are set closer together; the corner columns which are seen against the sky and which the light therefore seems to consume somewhat by halation, are made thicker to correct this optical illusion; the outline of the columns is not straight but has an exquisite outward curve or *entasis*; and they diminish in diameter toward the top; the axis lines of all the columns not merely incline backward, but lean toward the center also to an extent that would cause them to meet at a height of about a mile; the walls incline backward; the *stylobate* or series of steps on which the columns rest is curved, springing upward toward the center; the line of the architrave, or lintel stones which rest upon the columns, follows another, similar curve. The only straight lines are those of the pediments or gable ends of the roofs, and in the Theseum, built a few years later, these, too are slightly curved."

What Mr. Magonigle wishes to prove is "the freedom of Greek design from any preoccupation with symmetry." What he actually proves is just the contrary: the Greeks were so anxious to create full symmetry that they eagerly acted against any optical misapprehension interfering with straightness or symmetry. They protected

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essence from appearance by making the appearance convey the essence.

Since the balance is perfect, since the equilibrium of vertical and horizontal forces, of supporting and supported parts bars any excess of power, since the even seriation is—or is made to appear—impeccable, the onlooker is not impressed with any one-way motion; his eye might follow the upward trend of the columns, but smoothly glides back along the soft ramp of the gable. Each part, at that, is strictly detached from neighboring parts by its shape and its color: the columns from their capitals, the architrave from the frieze, the cornice from the pediment. Nowhere is the visitor allowed to lose himself in vague distances; nowhere is his imagination stirred. Everything is open, direct, and sane; and the whole building, restful and unproblematic, breathes serenity.

The Gothic cathedral of the fourteenth century shoots high up over the lowly houses crouching at its foot. When you face it, turning around the corner of a narrow street, you stop short in rapture before the huge, confusing mass of ogives, turrets, towers that jerk your eyes up to the sky—"star-high and pointing still to something higher" (Plate XXX).

On entering, you lose yourself in a mystic tangle of naves, transepts, and chapels and in the twilight of heavy shadows scarcely lighted by the glittering fireworks of scarlet, yellow, bluish panes. In the main nave, you experience the same dizzying verticalism that the exterior has forced on you: unresisted and uninterrupted, bundles of slender pillars and ribs flow up to unreachable heights and intersect in the pointed vaults. But you cannot halt and yield to this pull; an invisible power pushes you from arch to arch toward the altar; in flesh or mind, you climb and advance.

From the parvis to the apse, the cathedral develops against symmetry. Even frontal symmetry, although accepted in principle, is willfully spoiled by architects who continue when the original designers have died, as show the one tower of Strasbourg, the differing

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towers of Chartres, the unequal portals of Notre Dame in Paris or Notre Dame in Mantes. The balance, too, is intentionally violated; the middle nave is from two to three times higher than wide, and flying buttresses must help to counteract the surplus of weight. There is no quiescence; everything seems to move. Strict caesuras are avoided. While in earlier Gothic churches the columns have still sharply marked capitals beyond which the ribs resume the upward surge, the later Gothic style suppresses all disjoining links and makes the columns with the ribs one piece from the ground to the vault; conjunction supersedes disjunction. To the plainness of the Greek temple, the Gothic cathedral opposes picturesqueness, and to its moderation, a tendency of growing to gigantic size.

The Charioteer in Delphi and the Gaul with His Wife are excellent paradigms of the basic antithesis in sculpture.

The Charioteer, made about 460 B.C., stands like a column, tall and slim, and channeled with the straight, vertical folds of his long robe. The outline is austere and close; even the hair fits tightly; and the feet firmly planted on the ground, are parallel. There is neither motion nor emotion (Plate XXXI).

The Gaul who has killed his wife and is stabbing himself to death was made about 200 B.C., approximately two hundred fifty years later, and has a Hellenistic character. Everything is pathetic, high-strung, restless, and open. The warrior, who with his left hand gently grounds the flaccid body of his wife and with the right hand thrusts the sword into his breast, presents himself in fourfold torsion. The legs are wide apart, the arms project, the muscles work, and a piece of cloth floats wildly to help in the *stretta* of the drama's closing scene (Plate XXXI).

The Last Supper was a favorite theme of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Painted on the wall of some refectory it lifted the meal of the monks from bodily satisfaction to a spiritual community with God.

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In the most famous Last Supper, Leonardo's fresco in Milan (1497), the dining room is strictly frontal and symmetrical; the supper table extends frontally all across the mural and by its four trestles and the knotted corners and ornamental stripes of its tablecloth emphasizes flawless symmetry. Christ, arms spread evenly out, sits right in the center before the middle window with his head in the vanishing point of the architectural lines. The twelve disciples to the right and the left are arranged in similar groups of three (Plate XXXII).

Decades later, Tintoretto tried his hand no less than seven times at the theme of the Last Supper. All his versions differ among themselves but unite in a common front against Leonardo's solemn, classic style. Where there had been strictest symmetry, balance, austere restriction to the necessary, and dignified tranquillity, Tintoretto used to place his table to the side and had it run obliquely into the depth of the room. Of food there is plenty, including fruit and dessert; Christ sits somewhere among the apostles or rages wildly with the stormy gestures of a wind god; unmannerly boon companions loll in their chairs, feed beggars and dogs, while cats impatiently try to get at the dishes and pans; and empty spots are filled with well-stuffed pantries, eager attendants, or bored and boring extras (Plate XXXII).

Music, far as it seems to be from the apparently visual dualism of 'being' and 'appearing,' of permanence and change, develops between exactly similar poles of tension. The rondo from Mozart's Sonata in C Major for piano, written 1788 (Koechel's *Verzeichnis* nr. 545) and a Toccata for Harpsichord or Organ by Johann Jacob Froberger (d. 1667) may serve as impressive examples.

Mozart's theme, graceful and unsophisticated, extends over four measures, ends in suspense on the dominant, but is at once answered with a full cadence on the tonic. This regular period of eight measures is repeated and then relieved by another theme also four measures long. But the first theme comes back and this time yields

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o a third theme; and thus the principal theme alternates eight times with some other melodic material. Schematically, it is ABACADtc. (Example 35).

We need not look for new concepts or terms to describe the basic qualities of this music; most words can be taken from the description of the Doric temple without any change, however far the temple is from a rondo, Greece from Austria, and the ancient builder from Mozart. The alternation that leads to no definite ending is a typical form of 'seriation' and 'return' motion: the term symmetry has in the current language of music already passed from visual phenomena to the 'period' of two similar 'phrases,' the 'antecedent' and the 'consequent,' of which the first is semicadential and 'open,' and the second, full cadential and 'closed'; the marked caesuras at the end of each four measures make the piece essentially 'disjunct'; and the structure as a whole is clear and concise.

Johann Jacob Froberger's toccata, on the contrary, begins with

Example 35. Sonata

Mozart

Allegretto.

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a powerful chord, sustained until one voice breaks loose and entices the other parts to free themselves and dissolve the heavy chordal harmony in a torrent which during sixteen long measures pursues its way, now soft and hesitant, now in violent cataracts. At last, the voices rally in a *fugato* on two themes, chase one another in chromatic modulation, get entangled in the oddest counterterrhythms, and end in a thunderous cascade (Example 36).

There is development and one-way progression—quite free in structure, without alternation or symmetry, without caesuras, more diffuse than concise, and showy rather than reserved. Mozart's piece has no emotion except the minimum granted to playfulness. In Froberger's toccata, on the contrary, the hearer is from the first to the last note under the spell of an inspired improvisation in which the composer opens an escape, a very personal escape, to feeling and passion.

A last contrasting pair may be taken from descriptions in the author's *World History of the Dance* (New York, 1937).

The minuet, leading court dance between 1660 and 1760, "was performed in open couples; spectators and partners were saluted with ceremonial bows. With dainty little steps and glides, to the right and to the left, forward and backward, in quarter turns, approaching and retreating hand in hand, searching and evading, now side by side, now facing, now gliding past one another, the ancient dance play of courtship appears in a last and almost unrecognizable stylization and refinement" (p. 405).

Voltaire, a pioneer of dynamism, once ridiculed the minuet when he compared the metaphysic philosophers to dancers "who, most elegantly adorned, bow a few times, mince daintily across the room exhibiting all their charms, move without progressing a single step, and end up on the very spot whence they started" (p. 407).

The minuet was indeed more static, balanced, and unemotional than any other dance.

The strongest contrast will be found in the dances of primitive

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peoples. When the Wayeye in East Africa dance their frenetic full-moon dances, "all the parts of their bodies begin to shake, all their

Example 36. Toccata

J. J. Froberger

Free and broadly

muscles play, their shoulder blades roll as if they no longer were a part of their bodies. The drums resound louder and louder. The movements of the dancers become wilder and bolder. Their bodies

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are bathed in sweat from head to foot. Now they stand as though changed to statues. Only the weird jerking of the muscles over their whole body continues. Then when the excitement has risen to its highest point, they suddenly collapse as if struck by lightning and remain for a time on the ground as though unconscious . . ." (p. 18).

The few analyses on the preceding pages make evident that comparable styles exist everywhere—in the fine arts, music, and the dance; in antiquity, the Middle Ages, and modern times; in Greece, in France, in Italy. They also broaden our stock of stylistic qualities: to those that a quick comparison of the Hellenic styles has yielded—serenity, perfection, norm, permanence, beauty—they add the notions of symmetry, seriation, balance, return motion, disjunction, and several more, each with its antonym.

In this chance enumeration, the terms convey empty words rather than useful conceptions. But once they are properly arranged, they grant a firm foothold for further insight. They express (i) abstract notions which guide the artist, (ii) concrete qualities which the artist gives to his work under this guidance.

The abstract notions, all similar in scope, form

the perceptual antithesis: essence—appearance
the aesthetical antithesis: beauty—character
the correlative antithesis: impersonality—personality
the normative antithesis: limitation—boundlessness
the emotional antithesis: serenity—passion
the ethical antithesis: perfection—imperfection

all of which are comprised in the general antithesis: permanence—change.

It is hardly necessary or even advisable to discuss the one great contrast under each of these six headings. To avoid tedious repetition and overlapping, it will suffice to picture the general antithesis under the two aspects of the normative antithesis (Chapter VIII:

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tation and Boundlessness) and the perceptual antithesis (Chapter X: Essence and Appearance). The subsequent Chapter X will all structural features under the heading Close and Open Structures.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Limitation and Boundlessness

I. THEMES

ALL ETHOS STYLES have strict commandments—Thou shalt not . . .

Artists of the pathos side laugh at such restrictions. Art, they say, has not and cannot have eternal laws; it obeys the will of masters who, freed of the strait jacket of rigid tradition, create whatever and however their personalities impel them to create. The Roman poet Lucian, who lived in the 'baroque' times of the Antonine emperors, wrote: "The poet's fancy is the only law of poetry." Seventeen hundred years later, the German archromanticist Friedrich Schlegel proclaimed that the "caprice of the poet will suffer no law above itself" (translated by Irving Babbitt); and a few years after him, the Frenchman Victor Hugo emphasized that "There are neither good nor bad subjects, but only good and bad poets."

Thou shalt not . . . But people get weary of the eternal gods with the eternal smile in eternal beauty. How great is life, how boundless nature! Should we not plunge into its abundance instead of fleeing into the pale realm of normalized beauty? Should we not open our eyes to see how fascinating man is—not the immortal and therefor lifeless god but the mortal, living human, on the throne, in the workshop, in the street; not in the soulless serenity of Mount Olympus but in the bitter fight for life and death, and even in the petty doings of daily existence. Things so habitual that we have forgotten to notice them unveil their charms, but also things remote and rare—romanticism, says Walter Pater, is "strangeness added to beauty." Artists, then, would take to exoticism: the Greeks made their earliest portraits of the outlandish faces of barbarians; Rem-

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brandt moved to Amsterdam's ghetto to have handy models out of the beaten track; Puccini laid the scenes of his operas in Italy, Germany, France, America, China, and Japan; and Charles Lewis Fox, depicting Indians of Maine, exclaimed: "The mission of art is too world-wide to confine itself to beauty alone."

Pathos artists are truly what Diderot was called by his own contemporaries: expansive, and what Irving Babbitt used to call eleutheromaniacs, freedom-ravers.

It has not always been a merely sensuous delight in character and variety that drives the artists away from serene and normalized beauty. Interest in the characterful ugliness of the queer and the ill-fated often creates understanding and sympathy, uses art as a powerful mirror to reflect the tragedy of man without make-up, and tries to stir and to help. Not writers alone have pilloried prejudices and wrongs; the Dickenses, Ibsens, and Zolas are not the only fighters on this side. As early as the fourteenth century, daring painters challenged authority by relegating popes and emperors with tiaras and crowns to the damned in their Last Judgments; in the seventeenth, Jacques Callot's fascinating etchings, *Les Misères de la Guerre*, protested against the barbarism of warfare; in the eighteenth, Hogarth exposed the vices of his time; around 1800, Goya gave a strong prosecuting touch to his engravings; and again one hundred years later, Käthe Kollwitz drew the poor man's doom with all the silent eloquence of her crayon.

Such preacher's fervor has been common to many pathos styles, although in different shades and intensities. It is what Father Mersenne meant when in his portly *Harmonie Universelle* of 1636 he emphasized that music should force its way into the listener's soul and lead him whither the composer wishes.

Thus it is no contradiction that Zola started the twenty volumes of *Les Rougon-Macquart*, the natural and social life of a French family under the Second Empire, while Wagner was working on the *Nibelungen*, or that *Parsifal* and Ibsen's *Ghosts* came out at the same time. No greater contrast could be imagined: the naturalistic writers, who soberly and almost scientifically kept the readers in the present

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world, and Wagner, who grandiloquently led his listeners away into the misty land of myth and saga. Yet both belong in the climate of pathos, of forcing their "way into the listener's soul."

One might hesitate for a moment: does not myth in its agelessness represent the element of permanence required in styles opposed to actual life? Was not myth the almost exclusive theme of the ethos age in Greece? True, Hellenic mythology, in its unworried serenity, if not beatitude, had indeed the proper atmosphere of ethos styles. But not so Nordic mythology. Far from perfection, sereneness, or permanence, its scenery is wild and cheerless and its events are stirring, strange, and even exotic despite all actual or alleged ties of consanguinity. Everything is immoderate, extreme: ice and fire have created a world inhabited by tiny dwarfs and by giants so huge that two of the gods, Loki and Thor, once passed the night in the thumb of one of their mittens. Muscular strength is unbelievable, and unbelievable is the capacity of stomachs: Thor, the thundergod, would eat an ox, eight oversize salmons besides the cakes prepared for all the women, and he would drink two barrels of mead. There is action all the time—galloping, fighting, hunting, storming. And far from being serene, Nordic mythology is deeply tragic and death-conscious. Odin, father of the gods, gives one of his eyes for winning insight into the future; and the future he sees is impending disaster: *ragnarök*, the Twilight of the Gods, the end.

2. DESCRIPTIVENESS

OBJECTS ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL, so Plato says, cannot represent or imitate. Representative or imitative art, he holds, does not contain its own essence and is, therefore, not autonomous.

In times of pathos, on the contrary, without limitation of, and interest in, absolute beauty, the individual arts put up with tasks beyond their capacities. Indeed, many of their masters have particularly delighted in exacting of their arts more than their fathers had risked. This does not mean the dubious achievements and tricks of technique—not the overduplicate tracteries of the Flamboyant style

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which call for wood or wrought iron rather than for stone; not the inadequate performance of Beethoven's violin concerto on a mandolin (which actually occurred in the 1920's); not the cheap imitation of silk and velvet in marble on Italian tombstones; nor the bronze blood that in Cellini's Perseus statue protrudes from Medusa's neck like the stuffing of a doll; not even Bernini's attempt to force the shapelessness of immaterial clouds on rigid blocks of marble. I mean, in a more spiritual sense, the trend to overstepping the natural boundaries imposed on every art by its very nature and to prescribing for one art such themes as would more convincingly be treated by some other art.

We all know the misled authors who hopelessly exert themselves to describe in a torrent of words sceneries that a painter's brush perfectly conveys in a few dashes or those who, with the poet Leconte de Lisle, require that "the first concern of the man who writes in prose or verse should be to set in relief the picturesque side of outer objects." To which Gotthold Ephraim Lessing had already about a hundred years before objected that "any one who would paint directly with words some visible object is forced to enumerate one after the other the different parts of it, and a blurred and confused image must necessarily result from this piecemeal enumeration of details, from this attempt to render the coexistent by means of the successive" (the two quotations from Irving Babbitt, *The New Laokoon*, Boston-New York, 1910).

The opposite way, however, is much more usual: to borrow from literature and to thrust upon the fine arts, music, and the dance such topics that rather need the unequivocal precision and descriptive force of the word; or to violate statuesqueness by charging sculpture with stories of hasty transition, thus inverting Lessing's words and attempting to render the successive by means of the coexistent.

Perhaps the most astonishing example of the latter type is Lorenzo Bernini's early marble in Villa Borghese at Rome, probably of the 1620's, which describes how Daphne, fleeing from Apollo, is pitifully changed into a laurel tree when she can no longer escape. Apollo, for sculptural reasons too close to his victim, looks like an

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eager attendant rather than a lover; and the nymph, in whom metamorphosis has already set in, seems misshapen—half-woman half-tree—because a sculptor can show how a certain person looks at a certain moment but is unable to show transformation. The group is an audacious challenge to the natural laws and limits of sculpture; it renders unsuccessfully what a poet has narrated in an incomparably better way (Plate XXIII).

Ovid's poetic metamorphoses, of which Daphne's is one, have not eluded seizure even by musicians. In 1785, the Austrian composer Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf wrote twelve symphonies 'expressing,' as the title says, one metamorphosis each—Phaeton's crash, Actaeon and the Lycian peasants being changed, one into a stag, and the others, into frogs, Perseus rescuing Andromeda, the petrification of Phinaeus, and seven more. It was fortunate and certainly necessary that a novelist, Johann Timotheus Hermes, retranscribed the twelve from music into words. But then, had not Ovid's words been better?

Trespassing, alas, is well, all too well known in music. It has led to a handy term, program music, to heated arguments pro and contra, and consequently to many controversial books and papers. Most of them could have been left unread and unwritten. Their authors, under the naïve delusion that music began with Bach, have acted as attorneys either for the prosecution or for the defense of that incriminated branch of music without even knowing the documents.

Whether with or without council's permission, descriptive music has existed since the infancy of mankind. For it rests on one of the fundamentals of all art: on the eternal delight in making-believe without lying; in creating illusion without trying to dupe; and in finding analogy in divergence. Bushmen reproduce to the point of illusion the gaits of animals with a light rod that taps the single, weak-toned fiber string of the musical bow; and Siberians imitate cackling geese, barking dogs, and cantering horses on their jaws' harps; just as the horse's gallop has been counterfeited in Liszt's

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Mazeppa and Wagner's *Walküre*. Church bells and chimes, from the heavy drones of the largest to the delicate tinkling of the smallest, have been depicted in the sixteenth century—by a *capella* singers in Senfl's Bells of Speyer, and by a harpsichord in Byrd's famous piece from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book; human voices have imitated warbling birds and wailing cats, cackling women, drums and trumpets in chansons and madrigals—indeed, Béla Bartók has given us in his *Mikrokosmos* an ingenious, witty *Diary of a Fly*. So frequent is imitation that music history has produced some special monographs on Thunderstorms in Music, Water in Music, Horses in Music.

In larger forms, such episodes of sound imitation cannot avoid a somewhat scenic connection: the idea of galloping horses widens into the vision of a hunt with horns and dogs and all the hurry of the day or the imitation of bird calls develops into the picture of woods, in which the birds awaken one by one to greet the dawn.

In a way, Honegger's *Pacific 231* for orchestra (1923) and George Antheil's *Airplane Sonata* for piano (1931) are stragglers of this seminarrative style. True, Honegger denied having "aimed to imitate the noise of an engine." But the musical expression of "a visual impression and physical enjoyment," which opens with "the quiet breathing of the engine at rest . . . and finally reaches the lyrical pathetic state of a fast train, 300 tons of weight, thundering through the silence of the night at a mile a minute," can hardly be looked on as 'absolute' music.

There is no sharp borderline between these larger forms of description and actual narrations, in which composers try to relate in the language of music some story of their own or, oftener, of a poet's or a painter's invention. A story told by a poet, a mood created by a painter find their way to a musician's imagination more easily than stories untold and moods unshaped by a previous artistic concentration. Algerian Kabyls describe the combat against the lion on a single flute; similarly, the Greek Sakadas won the Pythian prize in 586 B.C. by a performance on a pair of pipes of Apollo's fight with the dragon; and in later Greece, the paean depicted through music

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all kinds of human activities and natural phenomena. An almost uninterrupted pedigree reaches from that day to Richard Strauss's *Alpensymphonie* (1915), with some truly naughty children around 1700. This adjective does not so much apply to Johann Kuhnau's six Biblical sonatas for clavichord or harpsichord (1700) where, for instance, the flight of the Philistines from David as a breathtaking fugue in presto is today as convincing as it might have been in its own time. Johann Fischer's idea, however, of describing how they work salt in the pits of Lüneburg in an overture, an entree, an aria, a minuet, and two ballets is, to say the least, bewildering. But then did not Marin Marais in 1717 write a piece for viol and harpsichord to give a *Tableau de l'Opération de la Taille*—the operation for stone in the bladder (Example 37)!

Example 37. L'Opération

Marin Marais

The musical score for 'L'Opération' by Marin Marais is presented in two systems. The first system contains two measures of music. The first measure is labeled 'The sight of the apparatus' and the second measure is labeled 'shuddering on seeing it'. The second system contains three measures of music. The first measure is labeled 'Decision to climb up', the second measure is labeled 'arrived up above', and the third measure is labeled 'the apparatus is let down.' The score concludes with the word 'etc.' and a double bar line.

Romantic narration, from Berlioz to Strauss, has partly turned away from the description of acts and facts to egocentric psychology: the *Fantastic Symphony* or *Lélio* or *Harold in Italy* are no less Berlioz himself than *Zarathustra*, *Don Quixote*, and *Ein Heldenleben* are the confessions and portraits of Strauss.

Altogether, there is no rigid separating line between absolute and program, between nondescriptive and descriptive music. They run into one another, as ethos runs into pathos, as white runs into black in a gamut of grays.

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Not all descriptive music is narrative or imitative in the sense expressed above. There has been a species that for readers with a liking for nice Greco-Latin terms might adequately be called synaesthetic concomitance: the reinforcement of an idea, mood, or act by using two mediums and addressing two senses instead of one, just as we reinforce the spoken, audible word by a visible gesture or smile. Consciously or subconsciously, composers avail themselves of appropriate musical gestures to strengthen conceptions expressed in the text.

The Gregorian chant would trill or coo when birds occur in the words—*Passer invenit sibi domum* (the sparrow hath found a house); and notions high and low have in all times affected the course of melody—rarely have such words as *ascendit* or *descendit* not been answered by some rising or falling group of notes. Bach once prescribed an actual *campanella*, a carillon connected with the keyboard of the organ, to toll in his cantata *Schlage doch gewünschte Stunde*. And in certain requiems—Verdi's, for instance—the allusion to the Doomsday trumpet in the *Dies irae* on the text words *tuba mirum spargens sonum* releases long drawn-out trumpet signals in the orchestra. Berlioz, finding the effect too poor, has instead devised four full-fledged brass bands high up in the corners of the church with cornets, trumpets, trombones, and ophicleides. But the result is empty noise not awe or terror. Composers of the non-illusionistic type, like Brahms, would never attempt so hopeless an undertaking.

Such synaesthetic concomitance, however, is only the inner field of description. In a spacious outer zone, all music—seemingly absolute and certainly neither imitative nor narrative—is actually inspired by, or at least suggestive of, some definite character, mood, or event. Of this kind are the little pieces—*Charakterstücke* in German—from Farnaby's *Toye* and Peereson's *Fall of the Leafe* in Elizabethan times to Robert Schumann's *Kinderstücke* and Debussy's *Cathédrale engloutie*. And we should include the numberless *tombes* composed, from about 1640 on, as *éloges* and mostly in the form of some dance, with their admirable straggler, Maurice Ravel's

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Tombeau de Couperin (1914-17). Nor should we ignore the more or less well-done portraits beginning with *Doctor Bull's my selfe*, the humorous harpsichord piece in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book (c. 1600) which so nicely closes in a doubtful question mark, and concluding with Edward Elgar's *Enigma Variations* (1899), with each variation addressed to one of his friends.

Actual borderline cases between descriptive and absolute music are not designed to describe or to transcribe but to express with musical means the mental atmosphere that some poetry or painting has created in the composer's imagination. It is in this spirit that Ossian's alleged verses gave their mood and color to Mendelssohn's Hebrides Overture; that Wilhelm Kaulbach's mural of the battle against the Huns inspired Liszt's symphonic poem *Die Hunnenschlacht*, and Böcklin's painting *Gefilde der Seligen*, Weingartner's symphonic poem of the same title; but also, the other way around, that the music of Brahms evoked the visions of Max Klinger's *Brahmsphantasie* etchings.

'Absolute' music, however, is by no means in itself indicative of ethos. Quite the contrary, ethos periods, fond of reason and definiteness, have generally given preference to vocal music and its unmistakable meaning, while purely instrumental music needs a good amount of pathos in its native soil to allow for its fancy and vagueness. The famous challenge "*sonate, que me veux-tu?*" (sonata, what do you want of me?) came from a country whose music has mostly been on the ethos side.

In such a vocal spirit, the Golden Age of Greece rested satisfied with musical instruments in a truly primitive stage and confined their role chiefly to mere accompaniment. Plato, fanatical prophet of ethos, had in the second Book of the Laws something to say against musicians who "divorce melody and rhythm from words, by their employment of *kithara* and *aulos* [lyre and pipe] without vocal accompaniment, though it is the hardest of tasks to discover what such wordless rhythm and tune signify." This is nothing less



Women's Dance around the Man. Paleolithic rock painting from Cogul, Spain



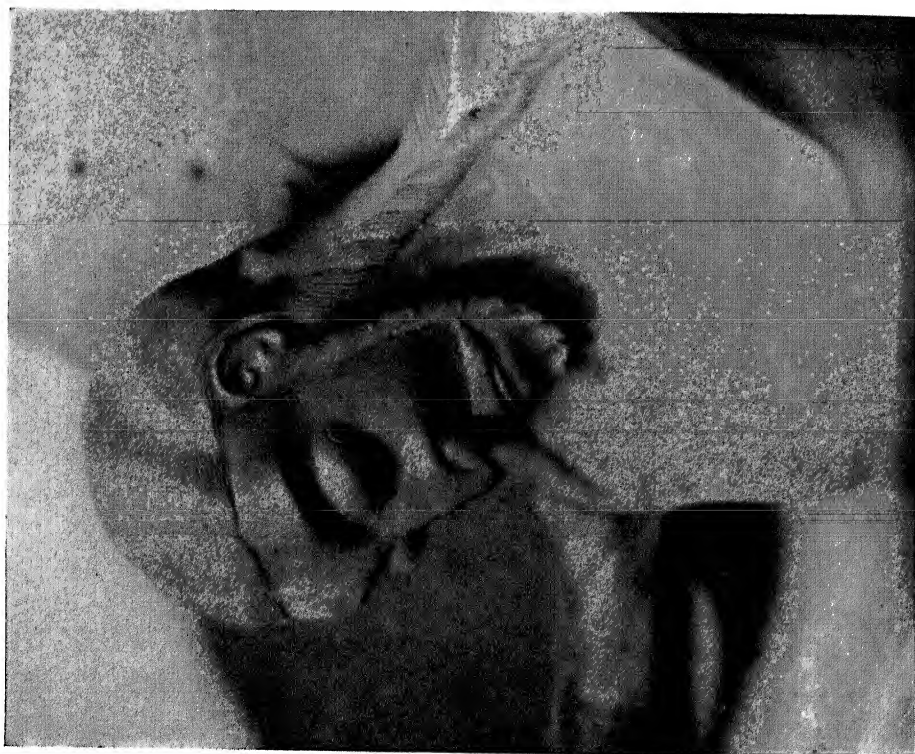
Paleolithic Mask Dancers

Cavern of Teyjat, Dordogne

Cavern of Trois Frères, Ariège



Ivory in the Gospel, *fol. Latin 93v*, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, middle 9th century (after Adolf Goldschmidt)



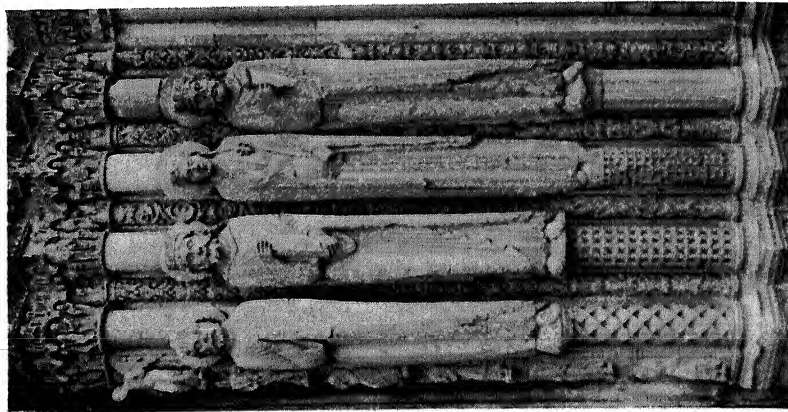
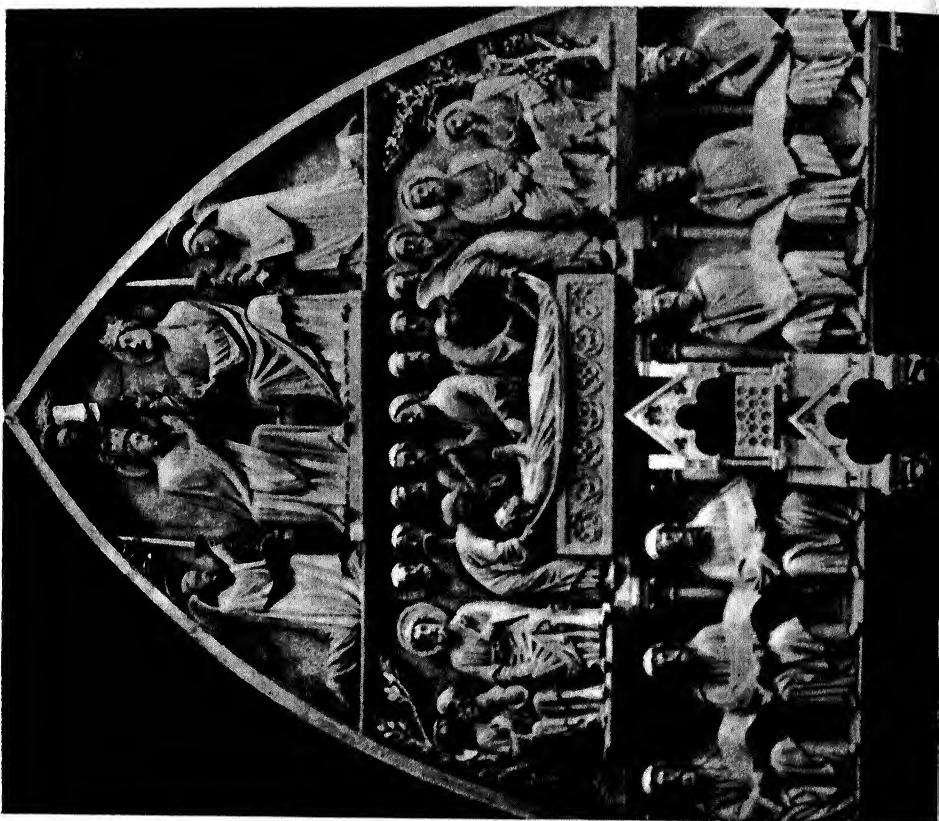
Head of Christ. Bronze. Crucifix. Werden. Abbey. Charph.



Saint Elizabeth. Cathedral, Bamberg



Tympanum of portal. Abbey Church, Moissac (*University Prints, Newton, Massachusetts*)



The Ancestors of Christ (?). Column men, west front, Cathedral, Chartres (*University Prints, Newton, Massachusetts*)





The Presentation of the Christ Child in the Temple, Pulpit of Nicola Pisano. Baptistry, Pisa
(University Prints, Newton, Massachusetts)





Mourners from the Tomb of John the Fearless,
Klaas Sluter. Museum, Dijon (*University Prints,*
Newton, Massachusetts)

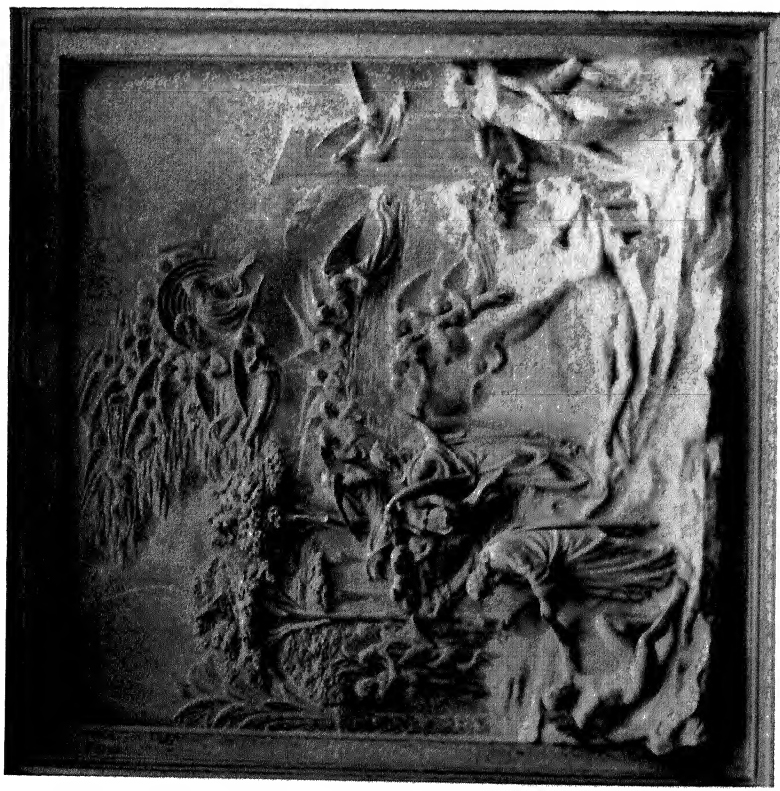


Annunciation. Simone Martini. Uffizi Gallery, Florence (University of Chicago Press)

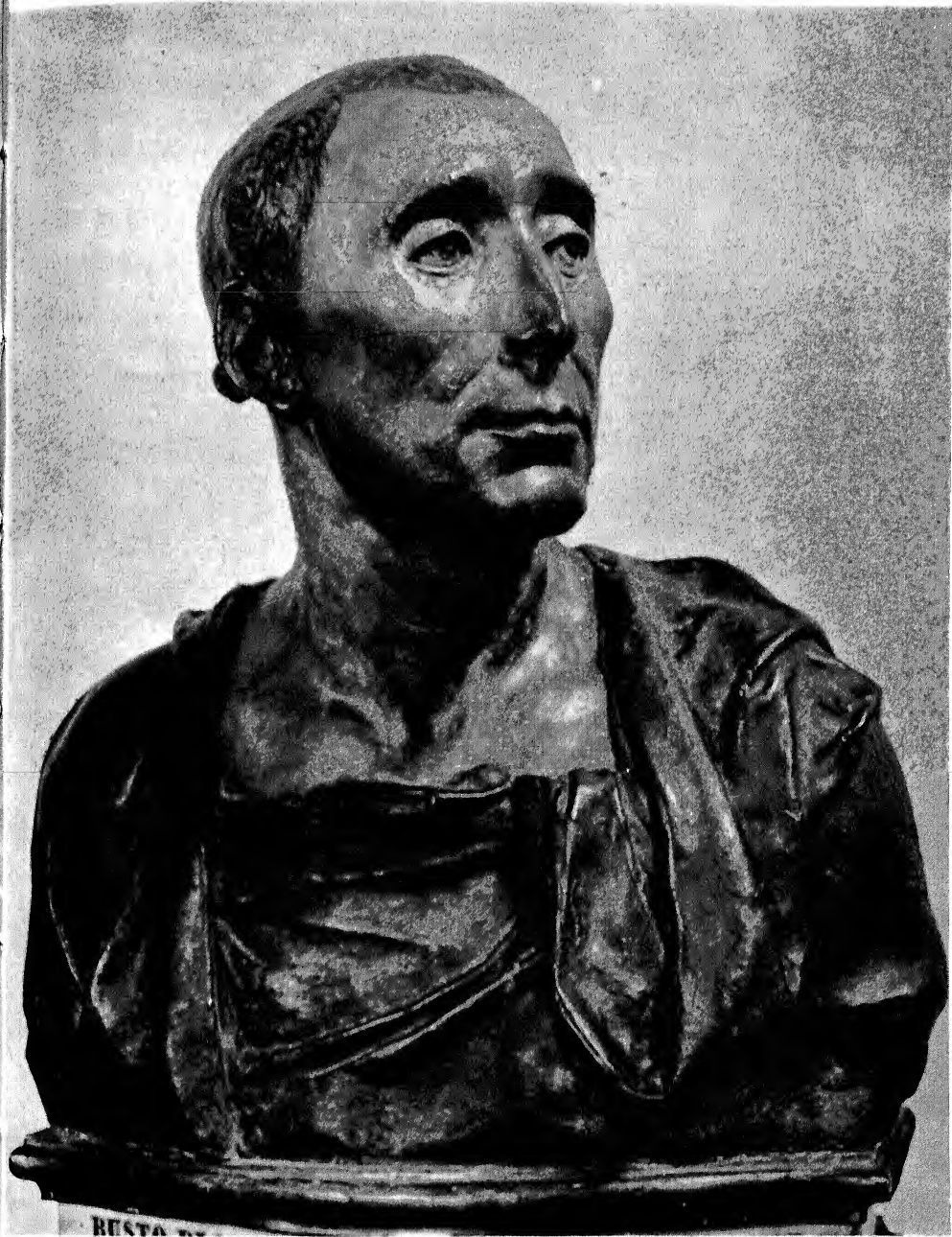


Miniature of the Hours of Milan, Palazzo Madama, Turin

Evulsion from Eden, Masaccio.
Brancacci Chapel, Florence



The Creation and Fall of Man, Ghiberti's doors, Baptistery, Florence



Niccolò Uzzano, Donatello. Bargello, Florence



Princess of Este, Pisanello. Louvre, Paris



Confinement, Ghirlandaio, Santa Maria Novella, Florence



Tasks of Hercules, Pollaiuolo, Uffizi Gallery, Florence